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The Educational Supplement will be published regularly with the CRITIC on Oct. 1, Jan. 1, April 1, and July 1. Educational books, school apparatus, &c., should be sent for review as early in the quarter as possible.

## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

### THE BRITISH MUSEUM—ITS OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES.

PUBLIC attention has been called frequently of late to the constitution and management of the British Museum: the defects of the library catalogue; the slow progress which, defective as it is, has been made with it; the scanty courtesy which has been shown to the public by some of the officials; the constant squabbles between Mr. PANIZZI and the booksellers; the notorious want of room and attendants for students; above all, the entire absence of any section of British archaeology, and the apparent determination on the part of the trustees that there shall be none—all these things, taken together, present such a body of accusation as perhaps no corporation, save the *poco curante* one of the British Museum, could stand up under for a single day.

All parties interested in the matter are agreed that some reform must take place; and the only reason why the reform has not taken place long ago is, that the aggrieved parties have made their complaints separately, and not in common. Everybody knows the *ris inerte* of corporate bodies, and the enormous amount of energy as well as of combination necessary to make even the slightest impression upon them. A thousand men who hurl their separate pellets against a blank wall, not only do nothing towards overturning it, but get laughed at for their pains; whereas had they formed their contribution into one cannon-ball the wall might have been levelled without difficulty. The well-founded complaints of innumerable individuals concerning the mismanagement of the British Museum have long illustrated the former part of our simile. It is to be hoped that ere long their combined action will exhibit the truth of the latter.

The public is at length awake to the fact, that, although we have a national collection unrivalled in extent as well as in value, and although the public purse is willingly opened to add to its treasures, yet neither are the right objects purchased nor the right use made of those which are. Nor is it only of this negative mischief that we have a right to complain—the arrogance which is exhibited by the trustees, as well towards the public in general as towards individuals who venture to ask questions or suggest improvements, can have but one object, namely, that of preventing the timid and peaceable from indulging in any such queries or suggestions. If the trustees are allowed to go on unquestioned and uninterfered with, all will be well; but before the nation can be reasonably called upon to regard the trustees of the British Museum as the Medes and Persians regarded their lawgivers, it has at least a right to know who they are; what are their qualifications; what they have done; and what they have left undone. Now the trustees are of three classes—those who are so by descent, those who are so *ex officio*, and those who are elected to their posts. It is difficult to urge anything against the rights of the first: they are the descendants of those to whom the Museum is most largely indebted; but it ought to be distinctly understood that their position is an honorary one. To be the descendant of CHELSEDEN does not qualify any man to perform the operation of lithotomy, nor would an unbroken descent from SHAKESPEARE entitle the man who boasted it to be a professor of poetry; and yet it is possible to conceive circumstances under which some honorary distinction, connected with medicine or the arts, might be conferred on such persons. Of the next class of trustees, namely, those who are so *ex officio*, there are several who, from the very nature and character of the offices they hold, ought to be immediately relieved of the additional burden. To suppose that the Archbishop of Canterbury, loaded with years and labours, and with the care of the whole Church resting upon his mind, can find time and energy for the affairs of the British Museum, is a simple absurdity. The Prime Minister, with the war in the East, and the varied phases of public opinion at home to engage his attention, has surely enough to do.

No one supposes that the Lord Chancellor is a gentleman particularly at leisure; and as to the Bishop of London, if the offices which that distinguished prelate holds were cut up and divided amongst any half-dozen strong-minded and strong-bodied individuals, they would all find enough to occupy them for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, without ever entering into the precincts of what was once Montagu-house. These gentlemen, therefore, at all events, might be relieved from an office which has already become exceedingly unpopular, and, from continued mismanagement, is becoming daily more so. The truth is, that both classes to which we have referred appear to regard their trusteeship merely in the light of bestowing upon them a certain amount of patronage, in the exercise of which they have not always, or not wholly, consulted the interests of the public. To go no further than one instance, the appointment of Mr. PANIZZI himself, however well qualified that gentleman may be—and we have no inclination to throw any doubt on the subject—was yet an outrage to the nation, an intolerable insult to the scholarship of the whole country.

To return, however, to the trustees: we find next on the list the President of the Royal Society. This is perfectly as it should be. That distinguished society has thoroughly righted itself with the world, and stands now in the proud position of being, if not the first of existing learned corporations, at least second to no other. Lord Rosse, too, is well worthy of the chair which he occupies, and no one could be found more fit for the office of trustee than a nobleman at once so scientific in his tastes and acquirements, and so advantageously situated. The next name is that of the President of the Society of Antiquaries, Lord MAHON, and here it is impossible to speak with the same unmingled approbation. The Society of Antiquaries does not stand so well with the public as the Royal Society, and this for the simple reason that it does not with the same fidelity fulfil the purposes for which it was founded. It is split up into cliques, one of which, and not the least mischievous, is said to be under the control of the officers of the British Museum itself: and, in fine, the society requires a searching and extensive reform. When that reform takes place, no man will have a better right to sit at the board of trustees than the president of this ancient society; and, in the mean time, it is assuming no more than is due to Lord MAHON to admit that he has the qualification of great ability and extraordinary learning. At the same board ought also to have seats the presidents of the other various learned societies, especially the Geographical and Geological; and if to these were added a few of the most distinguished metropolitan Professors, such as FARADAY, FORBES, and OWEN, a board of management might be formed which would at once satisfy the demands of the nation, and do honour to this country in the eyes of foreigners.

If the question were put, how the Board, constituted as it now is, has worked, the answer may be found by referring the reader to the series of complaints with which this paper commences. But it is not the public only who have to complain; their remonstrances have found an echo in the House of Commons; and we shall shortly have a blue-book, giving us the correspondence between the trustees and the executors of the late Dr. FAUSSETT on the subject of the splendid collection known by his name, a correspondence which, from what we have seen of it in private, will, we hesitate not to say, be found as discreditable to the trustees as honourable to Mr. C. R. SMITH and the executors. It is to be hoped, too, that at the same time some account will be given why the manuscript collection of plays henceforth to be called, we suppose, the Ellesmere collection, should have been allowed to become the property of a private nobleman. But, as we have before observed, the public is not the only complainant. Among their officers is a gentleman who has rendered great service to British numismatology, and who, in addition to being an authority on this somewhat complicated subject, is supposed, and we believe rightly, to be profoundly versed in history and British archaeology. This gentleman, Mr. HAWKINS, undertook, at the request of the trustees and to be published at their expense, a work on the History of England from the period of the Revolution. The book was printed; but, whether the views expressed in it did not accord with those of Mr. MACAULAY, or whether the Prime Minister suspected in its pages materials contrary to the laws of order, as maintained by the Russian and Austrian Governments, or whether the Bishop of London considered it undesirable that the theology of the revolution should be unnecessarily discussed—all which causes have been stated, and in none of which we believe—certain it is that the book has not been allowed to be published, nor has Mr. HAWKINS been permitted to retain a copy for himself. If the censorship of the press at Rome or St. Petersburg be sharper than this, all that can be said is, that their practice is very sharp practice indeed. With facts like these before us, it is clearly the duty of all concerned in the great question of education to watch closely the proceedings of a body so unqualified for their position, and to endeavour, by every available means, to put the British Museum in its true position as the basis of a great university for the education of the metropolis.

## THE LITERARY WORLD:

## ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SEPTEMBER is the warning month of winter, the period when we can no longer blind ourselves to its approach, or think of it as we thought of it in June. Be it bright as it may, we begin to realise in it the approaching old age of the year, and to turn our thoughts involuntarily to the requirements and pleasures adapted to the period of which it is the *avant courier*. The advance of the short days is an approach towards books—indeed, it is something more; for there are few occasions, even during the long evenings, when we so thoroughly enjoy what Mr. MATHIAS calls the Pursuits of Literature as on the day when we have drawn the arm-chair for the first time in front of that luxury—but little valued when it has become an every-day enjoyment—the fire of the winter season. Out-of-door life is no ally of literature. Nature is too jealous of her supremacy to allow us, in her presence, to read any book but her own. Shade ourselves ingeniously as we may, the sun will ultimately penetrate our retreat. Mother Earth—she might be stepmother Earth, she is so hard and unyielding—refuses us, when we test her, the ease her green sward would seem to proffer us for our studies; and who is there that ever attempted to read walking, who has not found himself compelled, after vainly endeavouring to steer clear of the ditch on one side and the road on the other, to deposit finally his book in his pocket, and recognise the great truth, that only one thing is to be done successfully at a time? But when nature and out-of-door pleasures have begun to lose their charm by fair wear and tear, and the hours approach when we must seek our enjoyments in a more circumscribed sphere, our steps turn involuntarily towards that long-neglected cornucopia, the bookcase. Then comes the pleasant desultory turning over old favourites: the moment has not yet arrived when they, too, will have lost their novelty, and we shall be reduced to experiments—and the volume of Scott or Smollett one remembers least about, or the poet one knows and loves best, turns up for our enjoyment, and we revel for a short time in what disuse has rendered a new pleasure.

As, however, the necessity for a change of mental diet unquestionably will arise, the booksellers, those at least of them who are provident takers of time by the forelock, are probably even now, like the King in CAREY'S "Crononhotonthologos"—the parent of the modern burlesque drama by the way—"immersed in cogitundity of cogitation" upon projects for the winter season, about which I may perhaps have something to say ere the month is over. The few novelties they give or promise us now, as stopgaps, are almost exclusively works of one of three classes. They are either books which, forming links in the chain of some series, must be regularly forthcoming, independently of any considerations of time of year; works completed, by some accident too late for last season, and not worth a six months' loss of capital in waiting for next; or pet-children of dilettanti authors, published on commission, which, not being likely to sell at any time, may just as well transpire now to make a show in a rather thin book list, and evidence, to the uninitiated at least, the enterprise of the publisher. Of the promises I mentioned in my last, some are promises still. Of the pledges which have been given to us since, the most noticeable are Lord Metcalfe's Life and Correspondence, by Mr. KAYE, the author of the well-known History of Afghanistan; Lord CARLISLE'S Diary of a Cruise in Turkish and Greek Waters; a History of British Guiana, by Dr. DALTON, and a volume on the Baltic by Mr. SCOTT. Among the reprints announced to be produced immediately, I am happy to be able to mention Mr. BENTLEY'S four-shilling edition of PRESIDENT'S valuable biography of Ferdinand and Isabella—a piece of really cheap literature; and Mr. HEFORTH DIXON'S life of Howard the philanthropist. Those readers of fiction who cannot enjoy the "medicine of the mind" in portions, will be glad to know that a complete volume of the "Newcomes" is now ready, and a new novel by the author of "John Drayton," on its way; while the homœopaths who prefer their literature in globules, will find their requirements provided for also. A new novel, in monthly parts, entitled "Martin of Cro Martin," from the pen of "HARRY LORREQUER," is announced by Mr. LEVER'S old publishers, CHAPMAN and HALL—it looks well to see the two crafts hold together so long—and the first portion of a new tale in *Household Words*, by that clever daguerreotypist of provincial life, Mrs. GASKELL, called "North and South," which, if the lady be allowed to tell her story in her own way, will not fail of enjoyment to us.

*Apocryphs of the Household Words*, I observe that the Council of the Guild of Literature and Art, of which the careful editor of that publication, Mr. WILLS, is the honorary secretary, have recently submitted to their brethren and the public what may be considered as their first report of their proceedings and objects in the formation of that institution: a brief notice of which will hardly fail to be interesting to those who are associated directly or indirectly with the cause of literature. After explaining the reasons for the very long delay which has attended the presentation of their budget (arising, they repre-

sent—from certain outstanding accounts of local committees, the difficulties attending the sale of their theatrical properties, and the length of time occupied in obtaining their powers from Parliament), and stating in general terms the objects they have had in view, the council proceed to give an abstract of their charter, and to submit their by-laws, subject to the confirmation of a general meeting of the members, whom they are now prepared to enrol. The general scheme of the association, as thus finally settled, is briefly as follows:—The members of the Guild, as we have been before informed, are to consist of two classes, professional and honorary. The qualification for the former is carefully defined, and is worth giving, as showing, for the benefit of any similar institution hereafter, how easy is such definition. The professional members are to be writers of either sex, of books not being translations (translations from the ancient and Eastern languages excepted), writers in periodicals, and writers of dramatic and other theatrical pieces not being translations or adaptations from any foreign language. Considering Mr. DICKENS'S own sufferings at the hands of adapters for the stage so vigorously denounced in his second great work, I am rather surprised that the last four words were not omitted; "not being translations, or adaptations of existing books," would, I am almost disposed to think, have been a better way of putting it. Some genius may be required in adapting to English tastes and habits of thought a French work; but very little to "break into blank" a well-constructed English novel. But, to continue: The honorary members are to comprise persons to be chosen by the council, not following literature as a profession, but distinguished for their knowledge and encouragement of it. The subscription of the professional members is to consist of the premium on a policy of insurance for 100*l.* or more, to be effected through the Guild in the National Provident Institution, or a contribution to the Provident Sickness Fund, established, I apprehend, in connection with the same office; that of honorary members of a subscription of a guinea or more annually, or a life subscription of ten guineas. The latter are to derive no benefit from their subscriptions beyond the tantalising privilege of attending the meetings of the Guild, without voting, and the advantages, free of expense, of any lectures which may be given in connection with it. The advantages offered to professional members are stated to be—life assurance on more favourable terms than could be afforded without its aid; assistance to pay the premiums in case of need; the benefits of a sickness fund, if specially contributed to; and a prospect, in the event of the funds of the institution proving, at some future period, sufficiently flourishing, of annuities and residences, where necessary to be granted in association with certain duties connected with popular instruction, which may do away with the eleemosynary character of such grants. The means by which this scheme is to be carried out are: an allowance of 5 per cent. made to the Guild by the assurance office in which its insurances are effected; the subscriptions of honorary members; the contributions of professional members to the provident fund; any future donations which may be obtained; and a present sum of 3615*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.*, stated, in a balance-sheet of account from April 1851 to April 1853, appended to the prospectus, to arise from "donations of the amateur performers of the Guild of Literature and Art, as per account" (this account is not printed, probably from its being voluminous, but will, no doubt, be laid before the general meeting of members to be held hereafter); and 568*l.* 16*s.* from donations, annual subscriptions, and dividends, subject to a deduction of 399*l.* 11*s.* for expenses;—making a total sum of 3790*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.* net.

Such is the scheme of the society of the Guild of Literature and Art, and the means available for carrying it out; and, considering the advantages with which

it commenced its career, the *Io Pæons* which preceded it on its lengthened tour throughout the country, and the names with which it has been associated, it is impossible to disguise from ourselves that the result is one which must be received with surprise and disappointment by all who are interested in the objects for the advancement of which it was established. That the combined efforts of royalty, aristocracy, provincial wealth, and literary genius, should have been able in two, nay, three years, to effect no more towards encouraging habits of providence among literary men than the accomplishment of such a scheme as the present, and the accumulation of 3790*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.*—something less than is gained every day for a monument to one of them—would seem a melancholy satire either upon the benefactors or the *beneficiaires*. To have had a dramatic apology for their character played before audiences—some of whom perhaps might otherwise have remained ignorant that any such apology was necessary—in every provincial town of note in the country, for 3790*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.*, will probably have been a no more agreeable reflection to literary men than it was to Falstaff to have been required to "imperial his honour gratis." We can only hope that the histrionic efforts of the amateur performers of the Guild of Literature and Art will have succeeded in satisfying the country gentlemen that we are really "Not so bad as we seem;" otherwise some of them may have doubts about it.

If the return recently presented to Parliament by the Census Commission is to be relied upon as correct, the number of authors and authoresses in Great Britain available as professional members of the Guild of Literature will be but limited. I find from that voluminous record that the number of persons returned to the census as "authors," "editors," or "writers," in the year 1851, was eighteen hundred and forty-four; viz. seventeen hundred and thirty-eight male, and one hundred and six female; and that of these the great metropolis swallowed up the lion's share of eleven hundred and ninety-five. It further appears that England is fortunate enough to boast no less than ninety-two authors who are under twenty years of age. Strange times these, again say I, when infants are aspiring to teach.

By the way, I had imagined that, with the demise of the *Phonetic Nuz*, the movement for the revision of the English language, which had alarmed us all with the dread prospect of having to recommence the studies of infancy in our more mature life, had deceased also, and left us at liberty to spell our words as our fathers spelt them before us. I am concerned to have to record that such is not the case. On passing along the Wellington-road, St. John's-wood, the other day, the following terrific-looking announcement met my bewildered gaze, on a board outside a house:—"For Djentfmen onli: Apartments or a Bed Rum furnicht."

The offerings which have been tendered in aid of the advance of knowledge in the past fortnight, by persons of very opposite creeds and callings, will have suggested some pleasurable reflections to the lovers of literature. Cardinal WISEMAN has been giving up for a night the pulpit for the platform, as a lecturer upon the education of the people at St. Martin's-hall. Mr. MACREADY has appeared once more upon the stage in its service, and has been starring it within the modest theatre of the Sherborne Literary Institution in a similar character. Lord DERBY'S eldest son has been doing his part also at the opening of the Athenæum at King's Lynn; and Lord JOHN RUSSELL rendering suit and service to the same cause at the establishment of an humble village school at Windermere. "Happy Family!" Player and Prelate, Whig and Tory—all appealing to society in the same cause. Surely, when classes so opponent are agreed upon a principle, the time is approaching when differences of opinion on its details will hardly

present insuperable obstacles to success. Yet, in the midst of all this, like the slave at the triumphs of old whispering to us of the mortality of our anticipations, rises the great fact, that the "Guardians of the Temple," as Goldsmith's Chinese Philosopher not without irony designates the Dean and Chapter of Westminster—are refusing admittance, except on payment of 200*l.*, to the only memorial the gratitude of posterity can offer to the Poet of Hope.

Fortunately, good Literature possesses a monument more lasting than bronze, and independent of deans and chapters, in men's memories, where it may be enshrined gratis, with thanks to those who place it there. It will be in the recollection of most of the readers of the CRITIC that, in the beginning of the present year, a small party of gentlemen, with Mr. OLIVEIRA (let him bear the palm who has earned it) at their head, struck with the beneficial effects which had resulted from the Free Library which has for some time existed at Manchester, met together, passed resolutions, voted supplies, and in a very few days, as Sir Charles Coldstream says, the thing was done. A few hundred pounds was soon collected; a dreary house in the wilds of the New-road, which nobody would live in, was obtained at a moderate rent; a reasonable portion of the limited funds, leaving something in hand for contingencies, expended in good and popular books; and with no other support than good intentions for the present and faith for the future, the Marylebone Free Library, 27, Gloucester-place, New-road, opened its doors, free gratis and for nothing, to whomsoever chose to enter. No report has been issued of the results of this unostentatious experiment—there is no money to waste in printing,—but a pleasant hour I spent there the other evening placed me in possession of a few details, which show, at all events, what a little seed may do in a short time. During the six months for which the library has been open it has been visited and used by 17,397 readers, who have consumed upwards of eighteen thousand volumes. How many a better monument than Westminster Abbey could furnish has been thus built up in men's minds to sages they might else never have known of.

In another part of the journal will be found a list of some of the books which have been given out to readers at this institution during the above period, and the number of times they have been severally required. A reference to this paragraph will be interesting now, and will prove more so when a similar statement shall have been issued for the six months now commencing, and an opportunity be thus afforded for comparison and analysis.

Notwithstanding the hot weather and the cholera, I have fortunately no deaths to record in the world of literature, unless the demise at Paris of M. Leon Paillet, one of the most able writers in the *Presse*, may call for a notice. I observe, however, the birth of a new, cheap, illustrated newspaper, which, I fear, its parents will hardly be able to rear, unless Mr. ARCHER'S new invention for discharging the ink from paper, and leaving it blank for reprinting, should prove successful. If it should, the transmutations of INDIAN himself will not have been more varied than will be, under such an invention, the vicissitudes of a sheet of paper, which may pass, by various gradations, from acting as the title-page of a "hot-pressed quarto" on the Physical Sciences, to promulgating the last prophetic announcement of the last fifteen-thousandth of "the Coming Event." By-the-way, may I suggest to the recollection of these learned inquirers into the future the melancholy chance which befell, some two centuries since, one of their literary ancestors? "JOHN TURNER," I remember reading in the pages of some contemporary historian, "was had in suspicion of being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. He wrote so near it in his abominable!"

THE HERMIT IN LITERATURE.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### SOCIAL SCIENCE.

*Meliora; or, Better Times to Come: being the Contributions of many Men touching the present State and Prospects of Society.* Edited by Viscount INGESTRE. Second Series. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1853.

THE volume before us is an indication of the increasing attention bestowed on the condition of the poor, from the highest to the lowest in the land. Amongst the contributors of the various papers of which *Meliora* is composed, we have a specimen of all classes, from the peer to the working man himself. "Actuated," says the noble editor, "by the view of diffusing as widely as possible an accurate knowledge of the miseries under which those persons labour who are compelled to eat their bread in the sweat of their face, the editor has pursued the same plan which

he adopted in the first series, of collecting papers from individuals of whose earnestness in the cause he was well assured, and the soundness of whose principles he did not doubt. He has also, as before, admitted papers from a few working men, with the view of making known the opinions they entertain upon these subjects." (Preface.)

The Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne has described, under the quaint title of "Immortal Sewerage," some of the lowest class of lodging-houses in Glasgow, which he, in company with the police, visited at midnight. He proposes, as a remedy for the evils described, "schools and places of worship, on a comprehensive and broad system, of a different grade from those which now generally prevail."

We want places of elementary learning, as regards not only secular but spiritual knowledge. Schools

for humanising—preaching-houses, where the teaching shall flow from the lips of earnest men, dealing out plain truths, in language adapted to reach the very lowest condition of intellect. Schools in which, with the mere elements of learning, shall be inculcated the mere elements of decency and order; not aiming at high attainment, but seeking to get the lowest of our kind, step by step, out of the depths of mere animal ignorance. Preaching-houses of the plainest possible construction, such as the ragged and filthy can enter without rebuke from the very walls, much less from the crowded presence of beings they regard as altogether of another order from themselves. I would not even deal with such congregations as of this or that section of religious brotherhood; I would have the attempt made by men who knew their habits and style of thought, to inculcate the mere A B C of the faith of every Christian community. There is field enough in the matters on which we are all agreed, from which to take essential points, of which this class is ignorant, without going upon ground of religious



controversy. God, his law—man, his responsibility—the fate of the sinner—the hope to be attained in the Saviour—simple acts of prayer, induced by teaching prayer in its simplest forms—all (and how much is there!) that the Bible affords of *narrative* to arrest attention and beget thought—this is the staple of such teaching as I would have for this class. At certain spots amidst every large town population I would have a certain number of the plainest possible buildings, not large—I would make the work one in which the division of labour should be the aim: you can deal with such people far better in fifties than in hundreds. Plain benches, a plain desk, walls and floor all capable of easy ablution. I would build them at the national expense, work them from national funds. Let the Church, let every body of believers, contribute as they choose men for the work; all should be paid alike, all alike should be subject to one board of direction, which should decide on their qualification, and take measures to supervise their work. In the week I would use the building, or a portion of it, as a day-school, receiving, at the most, say one halfpenny from every child. It should be one branch of the system to have persons to seek out children, too ragged, too dirty, too ignorant for higher schools, and try and persuade them to attend the "National Samaritan School." The teaching would have to be chiefly oral; black boards and chalk, in the hands of intelligent men and women, would do nearly all that is wanted. For, remember, we are aiming at a mere development of intellect, at the checking in mid-stream some of the living matter being carried down to the lowest degradation. Kindness, firmness, love for the work, a lively manner, and zeal, should be the qualifications for the teachers. If they are not men and women of refinement in language and manner, they will yet be, with these qualifications, equal to the work. I do not fear the issue of the experiment, especially if some simple industrial work, producing some small return to the scholars, was annexed to the day's employment. I can easily foresee the storm such a system would raise, were any government to propose it. For my own part, I am satisfied that the Church cannot do the work, if she were disposed, nor can any one body of Christians of any denomination really attack, to any real purpose, this cesspool of moral depravity. Setting aside our prejudices, we must look the evil in the face, and be content to see that done by the nation, independent of all existing pretensions, which, it is clear to me, otherwise never will be done.

"Setting aside our prejudices!" We fear that in these four words there will be found a fatal obstacle to the scheme we have just read, and which appears so good and so feasible. To "set aside" people's prejudices is the very last thing that ever will be accomplished before the commencement of the millennium.

The "annihilation of time and space" is a mere joke to such an undertaking. The stability of the pyramids of Egypt is but a faint type of the stability of people's "prejudices." The Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne can know but little of the general spirit and "animus" of Dissenters, if he fancies that any considerable number of them will ever consent to forego one jot or tittle of their peculiar creed in any system of religious instruction; and the same remark applies to a large section of the Church itself. There is far more hope of raising the very lowest "dregs of the populace" to a sense of order and decency than of "setting aside our prejudices." The "means" of obtaining the desired end pointed out by Mr. Osborne are more difficult of accomplishment than the end itself.

At the same time there are several features of the scheme here proposed which deserve attention and trial. Any one who knows what the Wesleyans have done in Cornwall and Yorkshire will recognise the practical soundness of bringing into play an agency more suited to the classes here contemplated than the ordinary clerical agency of the Church of England. But the proper organisation of such an agency, and the regulations necessary to prevent its abuse, would require the greatest care and circumspection. We wonder the subject has not been more considered by the bishops and leading men in the Church.

The next paper in the volume is by Mr. A. Thomson, who points to the three following things as constituting, in his opinion, the chief causes of our "social evils." First, to the want of proper regulations as to the sale of "strong drink." Amongst other laws on this point, he would have one prohibiting any one "who is directly or indirectly concerned in brewing or distilling" from being allowed "to take any part in the inspection, or to be proprietor or tenant, of a licensed house." Now this is one of those chimerical proposals which bring discredit on most of our philanthropical schemes. Such a law would be evaded in a variety of ways. The

second point is that of providing suitable dwellings for the poor, and this has our warmest approbation; as also the third, which he mentions, viz., the providing of suitable amusements and recreation for them.

The next paper, by the Rev. Henry Mackenzie, Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-fields, is intended to show that each "parish" possesses in its own peculiar constitution and organisation the machinery and means required for carrying out most of the objects contemplated by philanthropists of all sorts.

Were the true idea of the parish realised by the different classes of society, every vestry would be a centre of action for the removal of the crying evils that exist in our densely-crowded metropolis. It is only because the parochial system is not in full working efficiency that we are obliged to fall back upon voluntary associations and central committees to do that which ought to be done, and might be done, by local energy in our several parishes. . . . Were every parish to act in the power of its Christian vitality, the ancient but now nominal office of overseers of the poor would be revived in its full force and efficiency. We should not, as now, see indolent and indiscriminating benevolence pouring its alms into the police-courts, where the worst phase of society is (as a rule, though with some heart-rending exceptions) generally exhibited; but private destitution would be sought out and relieved, at the homes of the distressed. The parish-priest, the overseer, and the constable, would exhaust between them every class of poverty in every parish in England. For the deserving poor the alms of the benevolent, distributed through the former, would amply provide. For the destitute poor of doubtful, but not irreclaimable character, the parish dole, distributed through the overseer, would be carefully dispensed, while the ministrations of religion would seek to raise in the scale of desert all members of this doubtful class. The vicious, awed by the arm of the law and sustained upon the minimum of parish relief, would be compelled to recognise the inconvenience as well as degradation of their condition, and stimulated to fulfil their duty by the ever-recurring practical appeal to their interest. Observe, finally, the facilities that parochial organisation gives for helping the poor to help themselves by habits of forethought and providence. One illustration may be sufficient to place this in a practical light. In addition to all that is done by savings banks and kindred institutions, to assist the class of society *above* the very poor, there is now being stored, through the *saving funds* of about thirty of the most destitute districts of the metropolis, a sum of fifteen thousand pounds per annum, paid in weekly pence by the humblest of the poor to their several clergy, and returned to them with interest during the hard and inclement season of winter: (See the Reports of the Metropolitan District Visiting Association, 4, St. Martin's-place, for 1851 and 1852.)

What I mainly desire to enforce is, that "the parish," in its Christian sense, is the rich man's aid, and not his nuisance; the poor man's friend, and not his tyrant; the tradesman's school of freedom, and not his place of jobbery; the politician's fair arena for the just exercise of his gifts, and not the place of display for his oratory or his partisanship.

Mr. Mackenzie has a right to be heard on such questions as the present, and his "Ideas of the Parish" certainly deserve the attention of every one.

Lord Teignmouth contributes the next paper, on "Ragged and Industrial Schools," and gives details of those established at Bristol; and also answers some objections which have been raised against them.

Mr. Leigh, a magistrate and barrister, has a good paper on "Juvenile Offenders and Destitute Pauper Children," the "main object" of which is, in his own words, "to record the deep conviction that redress of the evils to be deplored must be looked for from Legislative enactments; and that the efforts of individuals or of voluntary societies, however well directed, will be found utterly inadequate; and it will be much to be deplored if such efforts are allowed to divert attention from the paramount necessity of Parliamentary enactments." He thus replies to one objection:—

The common argument against such a system of natural training, that you would place children, whose parents neglect them, in a better position than the children of honest and industrious parents who do provide for the maintenance and education of their children, will have no application when parents who neglect their children are compelled to pay towards their education in industrial schools. Great numbers of cases are continually occurring where the parents are well able to make such payments; and when the duties of parents are neglected, and when children are thrown upon their own resources among the pauper-vagrant population in consequence of such neglect, it is time that the Government of the country should step in and provide for the performance of the duties so neglected, compelling the parents to defray all charges.

A second paper by Mr. A. Thomson, entitled "Prevention is better than Cure," states, forcibly and clearly, the utter inadequacy of all punishment for extirpating criminals, and the absolute necessity of "preventing" the young from becoming criminals, as the only possible method of success. He insists on the melancholy fact that thousands of children never have the slightest chance of becoming anything but rogues and vagrants, if left to their present helpless condition. The following observations are especially worthy of attention:—

Experience and inquiry prove incontestably that our criminals are a peculiar class, and that by far the larger portion of them are either the children of criminals, or children whose parents or guardians have utterly neglected them, and have done so notoriously and before the public eye; and that the number of those of other classes who fall into crime is comparatively small. We know, then, at once who of the rising generation are almost the inevitable future occupants of our prison cells. We know also the style and mode of education and training which they receive to prepare them for their career. It is a complete mistake to suppose of any child that it is possible for him to grow up *uneducated*. He must be trained and educated some way or other; and we err when we speak of the uneducated classes. No human being, possessed of faculties and intellect, can escape from education in the true sense of the word; and the distinction which exists in the world is not that of *educated* and *uneducated*, but of those who have been educated in sin and to sin, and those who have been educated in wisdom and to wisdom—of those who have been trained up neither to fear God nor regard man, and those who have been taught from their infancy to fear God and love their neighbour.

The remedy advocated by Mr. Thomson is to be found in what he terms *Industrial Feeding Schools*.

There must, however, be no mistake as to what is meant by an Industrial Feeding School. It is one which takes charge of the child from morning to night—which does not leave him for one moment to his own devices or to the temptations of wicked comrades—which furnishes him with what he requires, and with nothing he does not require—and which fosters and encourages industrious habits, and keeps out of sight every inducement to wickedness and folly. At these schools the children are received at an early hour in the morning; they have three substantial meals during the day, and their time is divided betwixt industrial occupations and ordinary lessons, and they are kept all day long under careful superintendence and moral training, and dismissed only in time to go to bed. The whole teaching and training is in strict and constant dependence on the written word of God; on it the instructions are based; it is daily read and explained in the schools, and by its precepts the whole behaviour of the teachers must be directed. But at what cost can all these advantages be procured. The penny wise and pound foolish object to all such preventive expenditure; it is a new demand upon their purses, and must at once be refused. Wiser statesmen will inquire, and prudent men, true economists, will listen and consider. It is now proved that in any part of Great Britain, even in London itself, children may be fed, taught, and trained for less than 5*l.* a year each. If this be demonstrated, surely no one can deny that it is better thus to train a child in an Industrial Feeding School than to keep him in a workhouse at 10*l.* a year or in a prison at 20*l.* Nor is the expense of the maintenance in the prison as juvenile convicts all that they cost the public; the amount of their depredations is enormous, for they live on the public, and at the public expense, in spite of law and police; and if they go on in their career, as most do, and are landed at last as transports in our colonies, they do not cost less than 200*l.* or 300*l.* each of actual expenditure; while from 20*l.* to 30*l.* laid out in childhood and youth, would have given each of them at least a fair prospect of living an honest and useful life. Take the returns of one school as a sample of their fruits. The Juvenile Industrial School of Aberdeen was the third established in that city. It was planted in the most convenient situation which could be found for reaching the worst part of its population. It has been at work for about seven years; and for the last six years it has been regularly attended by from eighty to a hundred and twenty children. They are all of the most destitute and neglected description; the very class who formerly filled the police and prison cells, and well-known as such to the authorities. And yet from all this numerous school, during these six years, not one single case has occurred of the apprehension or commitment of a child who had been at that school; while about twenty have gone annually from it into permanent self-sustaining situations; and the reports of their employers are most satisfactory. There are now in Aberdeen four of these schools, with an attendance of from 300 to 400 pupils. And what has been the effect on the number of commitments to the Aberdeen prison? In 1843, the prisoners under twelve years of age were sixty-three; in 1851, they were reduced to five. Nor is this experience confined to

the place where these schools were first established. Similar results are obtained in all towns where they have been fairly tried. London, Birmingham, Bristol, Newcastle, Edinburgh, all bear the same testimony.

Mr. Montagu Gore contributes an interesting paper on the various charitable institutions in Paris. Some of his facts will rather surprise a certain number of English readers, as, for instance, the statement that in every parish in Paris, and in great numbers of the parishes in the rest of France, there is a library "for the working classes, where they borrow books free from all immorality."

The next article is by Mr. John Parker, "on the Literature of the Working-classes;" and contains a great deal of valuable and interesting information. As illustrating the influence of fictitious narrative on the minds of the poor, he tells the following tale, on what authority we know not:—

It has been told that when Richardson's "Pamela" was issued in periodical numbers, the inhabitants of a country village subscribed for a copy among them; and that they regularly assembled at the smithy to hear the blacksmith read the current number week by week; every coming number was looked for with anxiety. A deep interest was taken in the fortunes of the heroine; and when at last they came to her marriage with the squire, they were so overjoyed as actually to have the church bells rung out merrily to give expression to their gladness.

We cannot help thinking that this subject—viz., the enormous influence of works of fiction—has not hitherto attracted the attention it really deserves. There can be no doubt that many a young criminal has been excited to evil by this kind of reading; to say nothing of the discontent with their condition in life produced amongst young females of the lower classes by the so-called "tales of high life," which form so large a portion of the penny periodicals they read. We are glad to see that a new society has just been formed for assisting in the diffusion of a cheap literature to supply the place of the silly and mischievous journals.

The following facts, mentioned by Mr. Parker, are especially satisfactory:—

There is a decided improvement in the language and deportment of working men in the present day, as contrasted with what it was some thirty years ago; then, when the writer first entered a manufactory, as a worker, the whole of the men, from the humblest to the highest class of workmen, indulged in the use of vulgar, profane, and filthy language. Nicknames, and disgusting adjectives coupled with those names, went the round of that factory from morn to night. Their common conversation was demoralising and degrading. To object to, or refrain from, vulgar ribaldry and swearing, was to draw down upon such a man the banter and ridicule of the other workmen. As for religion, or religious observances, that was quite out of the question; not one man out of about fifty employed in that establishment attended any place of public worship or religious instruction. At the present time, among the men connected with the same house of business you will rarely hear an oath or a vulgar epithet. If any man were to give utterance to a profane, or lewd, or filthy expression, he would be instantly rebuked and put to silence by others working around him. No one need to fear placing a son there for instruction in trade. There are to be found several earnest, frugal, religious-minded men, ready and willing to give advice and support to any youth willing to act and live morally and religiously among them. In almost every branch in that business, fines and footings, which were always spent in drink, and led to much excess, have been abolished; and sobriety is the rule, inebriety the exception, in that establishment. One gratifying fact we must notice in connection with the truthfulness of revealed religion. It is true we may occasionally meet with severe and uncharitable remarks on ministers of religion and religious professors; but there is no depreciation of Christianity, no insult offered to the Author of our holy religion; on the contrary, frequent reference is made and homage paid to the self-denying, merciful, and gracious Saviour. There is an Atheistic publication, a penny weekly serial, called *The Reasoner*, conducted by Mr. Holyoake, a clever "orator," of good general education; but, so far from that work being generally acceptable to the working classes, although the editor occasionally itinerates through the manufacturing towns and districts in the provinces, lecturing on behalf of his negative creed of infidelity, and of course recommending his *Reasoner* to the notice of working men, it is carried on at a considerable pecuniary loss; which loss has hitherto been met monthly by the subscription of a few persons, who, in their desire for infidel propaganda, are regardless of the expense incurred by themselves in the endeavour to carry out their object.

Dr. Gwy, of King's College Hospital, in his

paper headed "Rescued from the Beggars," points out the folly and evil of indiscriminate almsgiving. He quotes some very instructive facts from a work entitled "An Exposure of the various Impositions daily practised by Vagrants on every description," also the following very strong opinion of a former magistrate at one of the London Police Offices.

I have taken great pains to sift a variety of cases of apparent destitution, and sometimes have been baffled for a considerable period; but it is singular, and at the same time consoling, that I have not met with one real instance, that is, an instance in which the party had not the means of more or less escaping from a state of want.

But perhaps the articles in the volume which will attract more notice than any others, are the few contributed by working men themselves. One of these is entitled "Truth from a Top Room." Another is the second series (the first of which appeared in the first series of *Meliora*) of "Leaves from the Lives and Opinions of Working Men." One or two sentences from these will serve to show their character. The writer of the last-named paper says:—

We do not look to the House of Lords, nor to the House of Commons, and least of all to the middle classes, for much sympathy or assistance. Working men must trust to their own efforts, must work out their own redemption, or suffer endless disappointment. The middle classes, whose interests and our own are in immediate contact, we regard as our most relentless oppressors. We are their slaves, and, so long as the present system of trade competition is continued, their slaves we must remain, unless we go to the diggings. . . . The aristocratic Tory, for all we have to say against him, being uncorrupted by the continual sordid calculations of petty profits, is far more generous in his treatment of working men, than the rich trading, liberal-professing Whig. . . . The aristocracy, as a body, knows in reality nothing, and seems to care nothing, about the social position of the working classes. Of late years, however, some individuals of that body, either from curiosity, benevolence, or some other motive, have condescended to look into some places where working men live, and to inquire personally into our real domiciliary condition. They have rendered us important service, by giving publicity to their discoveries, from which considerable social improvements are likely to result. We are not insensible to the kindly efforts of these noble individuals in our behalf; but we think it requires other remedies to meet the disease. We are not inclined to accept with contentment anything which bears the shape of charity, while our just rights are denied us. We want political enfranchisement, and we insist on this, not so much from the abstract right as from the belief that it would ensure a better Government."

The "Truth from a Top Room" is introduced by a short preface by the Rev. W. W. Champneys, who states it to be written by a working man in Whitechapel. He says: "The following essay will be found a plain, rough, common-sense statement of the causes which depress the working classes, with some suggestions for their removal; and, as we may be sure that it was written at intervals of labour, we are equally sure that it will be read with kindness and indulgence."

We are inclined, however, to think that the former-mentioned article gives a much more correct view of the general opinions and feelings of the better-educated class of artisans than this latter. The writer of the former confesses himself a Chartist; and we believe his views are exceedingly prevalent amongst the class just named.

We have thus endeavoured to place before our readers some sketch of the various opinions and views contained in this little volume. Comment upon them by us would not only be out of place, but require ten times the space that can be afforded. Nor is any comment necessary. The subject is one of vital importance—is one which daily grows in public estimation; and we are sure that there are hundreds of readers who will be glad to find in this book a record of some of the varied opinions entertained by men of all classes, respecting the best means of elevating the poorer orders.

## HISTORY.

*History of the Reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.* By EYRE EVANS CROWE. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

(Concluded from page 438.)

THE history of France, from the latter end of 1815 to the year 1824, is not very enlivening, and not even very intelligible to an ordinary reader. While Louis XVIII. slumbered on his

throne, the contest was carried on almost exclusively by the royalists and ultra-royalists. When the standard of legitimacy appeared once more likely to stand, not of itself, but by the artificial supports with which the European powers had surrounded it, royalists soon became as numerous as patriots had been in the days of terror. The King was an easy man; and, although naturally somewhat soured by the events of the Hundred Days, his temperament, no less than his policy, was averse from despotism. The spirit of the old Bourbons was strong in him. He loved homage much; but luxury and repose more. And, although the terrible experience of the last five-and-twenty years had not taught him, or any one member of his family, to abate one iota of what they conceived to be their divine and hereditary rights; he at least had learned from it a species of conciliatory tact, which enabled him from this time to trim successfully between parties, and, by throwing the odium of unpopular measures on his ministers, to acquire even the reputation of being a constitutional king. Hence it is that present and future historians are destined to find little of lasting instruction or interest in the events of his reign. It was a temporising era; but an era not of either quiet or content. Fierce passions were smouldering under the surface; but they seldom showed themselves on it in any universally significant manner. The great mass of the nation was in a state of sullen and despairing exhaustion. The Constitution, as fixed by the Charter, with its high electoral qualification, had established a timocracy of a very galling kind. The effect of it was to throw all the powers of the suffrage into the hands of the country gentlemen, or the wealthier inhabitants of the towns. The former of these classes was essentially ultra-royalist; the latter moderately royalist. The days, perhaps, were not yet far remote when both were to be found among the ranks of the imperialists. Bonapartist or Bourbonist, it made little difference to them. But one thing was of essential and equal importance to both sects: and that was that the years of the Republic should not return.

At this day, we give neither of these parties credit for a conservatism of a patriotic or enlightened order. The Charter—which, with all its vagueness of language, was an honest and rational instrument—was clear to neither the one nor the other. There was, it is true, a minority of Liberals, who clung to it with hope; and who were prepared to receive it, if acted up to in the letter and the spirit, as a satisfactory compromise. But the voices of this section were little heard at this time. Divided in their other views, the Royalist majority outstripped the expectations, and even the wishes, of those by whose agency the Chamber had received its present construction. Even Talleyrand was disgusted by the violence with which it proceeded to quench every spark of liberal opposition. But Talleyrand had had his day; and, after becoming the ready instrument for removing Fouché, found that his own ministerial life was to be sacrificed to the Ultras. The victory of the squires was complete. The old Parliaments, in their most obsequious days, were never more ready to register an arbitrary edict, than the Chambers of the Restoration were to renew the worst political vices of the old regime.

But this could not last; and the counter-reaction was commenced by the King himself. Singularly enough, from this time to the end of his reign, the King must be looked on as the leader of the Constitutional party, and the heir apparent as the leader of the Unconstitutional party. This is one of the many anomalies in the history of France since its first revolution, which nothing but the actual event could have made conceivable to an English mind. Our kings have, until very lately, always been sound Tories; our heirs have, in their transition state, been equally sound Whigs. We can hardly imagine a state of things in which it would pay a Prince of Wales to renounce his prerogative of real or assumed sympathy with the suffering masses of the nation, in order to strengthen his position with the oligarchical classes. It marks the peculiar position of affairs in France after the Restoration, that the Comte d'Artois, the next heir to the throne, and the Duc d'Angoulême, the next heir but one, not merely found it expedient to throw themselves into the arms of the Ultras, but to use every stimulant by which their fanaticism might be excited to its utmost extent. Nor was it mere opinionativeness, blindness, or party-spirit, that made them act thus.



There was good ground for supposing that a strong government might stand, but that a weak government could not stand. There was much reason for believing that the equilibrium of a constitutional government, however perfect in theory, would prove Utopian and impracticable. The alternative at that time presented itself, even to liberal and experienced statesmen, in the same way in which it has presented itself in this our present day. It was an alternative between despotism and anarchy; and if the Bourbons failed, it may be that they failed not so much because their first principles were wrong, as because they tightened where they should have relaxed, and relaxed where they should have tightened. If the Bonapartes have triumphed in situations where the Bourbons and Orleanists have been utterly and shamefully defeated, it has not been because the measure of despotism has been less or more in the one case than the other; but because, with a little more dramatic attention to the unities of time and place, the former have shown themselves bold and able, where the latter have been simply weak and ridiculous.

It seems to us therefore that, while we reprobate, with all the natural indignation of Englishmen, the policy of the Bourbons from 1815 to 1830, we must qualify our censure with a frank admission of the difficulties in which they were placed. Perhaps the Restoration was, at best, a political and European blunder; perhaps it was what many of the first statesmen of that time thought it—a wretched but inevitable expedient, which could only be temporary, but which would at least give the nations peace and breathing-time. But what course was the restored line to take? Their prestige was one of antiquity; and should they take the path of innovation? If the new light was the true one, what right had they there at all? What common ground was there between the framers of the Charter and the heirs of Louis XIV.? Louis XVIII. felt there was none, and had stated that there was none; but he had sworn to maintain the new constitution, and he wished to do so, although he could never have looked at it without feeling how incompatible with it were all the antecedents and pretensions of legitimacy. But his position, though a safe one, was a false one. His heir saw this; but he too, though late, had sworn to the constitution. Could nothing, then, be done to lessen this monstrous inconsistency? The Comte d'Artois was a conscientious man, not unlike our James II., to whom it has often been the fashion to compare him. The language of the Charter was vague; the condition of the country was such that it might be precipitated any day to anarchy. There were men of high standing who believed that France could be ruled only with a rod of iron; and it was to these men that he listened, and to whose views he affixed his whole political faith. Of the two brothers there can be little doubt that Louis was the wiser in his generation; but Louis had few sentiments, and no convictions. Charles was narrow-minded and a bigot; but he had both sentiments and convictions, and was ready to sacrifice, as he did sacrifice, a throne for them.

The very name of the King's first ministry had something inauspicious in it; but there was little fault to be found with it. The Duc de Richelieu headed it. He was the chief of that proud and subtle family which, after representing European despotism in the seventeenth century, and European dissoluteness in the eighteenth, was, strangely enough, destined to represent European moderation and compromise in the nineteenth century. The Duke loved his class, and wished to see it supreme. But he sided with the King against the ultras, and soon drew on himself their contempt and hatred. The Chambers were for vengeance; the ministers for atonement. Ney and Labédoyère slaked, without satisfying, the passions of the former; only Lavalette's heroic wife saved him from their fury. The people rose in the South against the policy of their nominal representatives. They also were repressed with bloodshed; but the amnesty at length became law. But the chaos within the Chambers was alarming. Ministers proposed a moderate elevation of the franchise. The Chamber of Deputies took it out of their hands, and passed it in an exaggerated form; but the Peers threw it out. The law of divorce was repealed absolutely: large sums, by way of indemnity, were voted to the clergy; and all educational institutions placed under their management and control. In these measures the King saw his throne sinking under him; and in the bitterness of his heart gave his Parliament a soubriquet, which it is never likely to

lose. Such a chamber, he told a complimentary deputation from it, was to be found nowhere else. But our language has no synonym for *Introuvable*; and none but an artist of the highest order could paint the exquisite irony that flashed from the royal eye and curled in the royal lip, while, in this one commonplace epithet, he intimated at once his gratitude, his disgust, and his contempt, to his indiscreet vassals.

On the 5th Sept. 1816 the King dissolved the Chambers. The dissolution was proclaimed in an edict which reiterated the King's resolution to support the Charter. The number of deputies was reduced to that prescribed by the Charter; and none under forty years of age were to be eligible. It is singular, as Mr. Crowe remarks, that such a proviso as the latter should have been inserted, and inserted as a measure against the ultras. It is also to be observed that this ordinance appears to have been regarded by all parties as not unconstitutional, but a legitimate exercise of the powers reserved to the sovereign by the 14th article of the Charter.

The elections which followed were favourable to the moderate party. The Ultras were furious. Chateaubriand, the eloquent organ of their party, who was on the eve of publishing a pamphlet in which the Charter was construed according to the highest pretensions of Legitimacy—Chateaubriand added a postscript, denouncing the ordinance, and intimating that the King must have acted under duress. The police seized the pamphlet, and its author's name was struck off the list of ministers of state.

Then followed two years of a policy which, if not popular, was at least not offensive to any but the extremes of all parties. The merit of it is due to a young man, who, from the first days of the Restoration, had been high in the King's favour. This was M. Decazes. Decazes had begun life as an advocate; had, while in the flush of youth, attracted the dislike of Napoleon and the regard of Louis. He had ability, spirit, and firmness; and, after distinguishing himself, even as Fouche's successor, in the Police, he was now the vital principle of Richelieu's administration, and soon afterwards the head of another in his own name.

The policy of Decazes was strictly a policy of equilibrium. It acquired its own name, and was known as the policy of the *bascule*, or balance of parties. But those parties were no longer what they had been on the morrow of the Restoration. There had been not merely secessions, but new formations. The ultras had decreased in numbers; but, led on by the Comte d'Artois and the Duc d'Angoulême, they had organised and systematised a wide influence. Monsieur, besides, was an active man, and the King quite the reverse. Nor was it an easy task for any ministry, however moderate, to resist the external pressure of a party, which, even in opposition, had much to excite the King's warmest sympathies. On the other hand, the Liberals were again seen and heard. Their ranks began to be recruited by deserters from the moderate royalists. The Charter was appealed to by these men with an earnestness which indicated far more than it actually expressed; and already in Paris and throughout France secret societies were forming, whose ultimate views none exactly knew, but who were suspected, and suspected justly, of looking for a state of things very different from that which was to be expected from even the most extended construction of the charter. The term "Red Republican" did not yet exist; but the *bonnet rouge* was coming into fashion; and "Carbonari" in those days had the same sound of mystical terror, to the lovers of order and the *status quo*, as "Rouge" has in our own days.

It was among such fluctuating elements that Decazes for two years steered dexterously. Laws were made and unmade. The electoral law of to-day was not the electoral law of the morrow. The qualification was alternately raised and lowered. The chamber received new blood by the statutory re-election each year of one-fifth of its members. Financial difficulties were encountered and mastered. The law of libel was mitigated; and, above all, the press for a time became absolutely free from censorship. But the result was not of the most encouraging kind to ministers. Forth sprang all the pent-up talent of the country—all the young slips of literary genius who have a mission to reconstruct, or, at least, to destroy. Among them also, loftier by the head, towered the superior crests of such men as Guizot, Thiers, Villemain, and Royer Collard. Perhaps, in the nature of things, the ministry

was reaching the term of its existence; but the storm of obloquy and ridicule with which the emancipated captives hastened to greet their liberator was such that no ministry could long stand before it.

Decazes thought that he had gone too far. He attempted to retract; but it was too late. The same man who had liberalised the franchise and freed the press, proposed laws to narrow the former and curb the latter. Suddenly he found himself without supporters. He was treated by all parties as a renegade. The *bascule* had answered its purpose, and people were tired of it. They had had enough of compromise; they now wanted decisive and energetic policy. Besides, the minister was now attempting to Anglicise the Constitution. He was for introducing distinct county and borough elections, septennial Parliaments; and all this while he was tying up the liberties of the subject. His policy, however, was not the inconsistent thing that it seemed to be; but, patently, it was incongruous enough to unseat any ministry. It was tottering, and upheld only by the King's personal predilection for its chief, when, on the night of the 13th of February 1820, it was known throughout Paris that the Duc de Berri, the second and most popular son of the Comte d'Artois, had been assassinated by a fanatic, named Louvel, at the opera.

Unconnected as such an event may seem to be with the situation of the Ministry, yet it caused its downfall. It suited the father and nearest relations of the murdered man to believe, or appear to believe, that the murderer had been suborned by Decazes. There was not the slightest foundation for the charge; calumny itself refused to spread it. But the Comte d'Artois and his surviving son, with his Duchess, did not hesitate to proceed in all the pomp or mockery of woe to the palace, and there gravely accuse the First Minister as an accessory before the act. The King would not listen to the charge. The prosecutors resorted to supplication; the Duchess d'Angoulême, the daughter of Louis XVI., threw herself on her knees, and entreated the King to dismiss Decazes. The Comte d'Artois joined: "I make the request," he said, sobbing, "as a sacrifice to the manes of my son." The King yielded. Decazes fell, not to rise again. He was sent into honourable banishment as ambassador to England; and the Duc de Richelieu was again commissioned to form a ministry.

We must pass hastily over the remainder of Louis's reign. The Richelieu ministry failed to sustain itself against the ultras. The latter recovered and steadily maintained the ascendant. Supported by them, Villèle, who succeeded Richelieu, was able to fetter the press and restrict the franchise again. The king interfered little; the Comte d'Artois became daily less impeded in his policy. Everything tended to show that there was a rising and a setting sun. Louis was not religious; Charles was; and piety became the fashion at court as much as it was in the latter days of Louis XIV. Charles was for silencing the press—Louis for leaving it alone. Villèle gratified the heir, and displeased the King, who wrote to Decazes and regretted the days when the latter was minister. The strictest censorship was exercised over all publications, and the Chambers became a body of functionaries. One event gave some little false lustre to the last days of Louis XVIII. Ferdinand of Spain, a bigot, a savage, and a monster, had been expelled from his country. A French army reinstated him.

Mr. Crowe thus describes the

#### LAST DAYS OF LOUIS XVIII.

As long as Louis XVIII. retained Decazes, or even the Duc de Richelieu, ministers who required the King's support, and craved his counsels and his intervention, the King retained his vivacity. No sooner, however, had the Duke thrown away his own power, and given the monarch up to the domination of the party of the ultra-royalists and the Count d'Artois, through the instrumentality of the new electoral law, than Louis sunk into hebetude, both as a man and a monarch. He was somewhat reconciled to the change, by perceiving that M. de Villèle had none of the extravagance of his party, and would act as a check upon it, as far as prudence and the preservation of his leadership would allow. Madame du Cayla filled the place which intimacy requires. She was the confidante of the monarch's thoughts, and at the same time, the intervening medium between him and the religious party, or between him and the Minister; for Villèle was too illiterate to command, and too coarse to hold, much personal communication with the King. Reconciled with the sacerdotal party and with his brother, through Madame du Cayla, and

at the same time reposing on Villèle, Louis XVIII. abandoned anxious thought and personal interference in politics, contenting himself with enacting the king in all matters of etiquette, and in sustaining the dignity of his house. Monarchy to him was the monarchy of Louis XIV., in form at least. Thus he re-established all those great offices of the court, for which no duties remained corresponding to the titles. The King did not merely require their presence, like modern sovereigns, on days of ceremony and parade, but he held a real levée,—that is, he expected that those honoured with the privilege should take advantage of it, and be ready when his bed-room door was thrown open of a morning, to enter and pay their respects, and be witness of the tedious toilette of a gouty invalid. He also presided at the Council of Ministers, where he more often indulged in telling stories than in discussing matters of state. The subjects of his stories were drawn from the reports of the secret police, with which he was always entertained. These reports were made up of scandal, and of individual failing, rather than of treason, or of aught which seemingly regarded politics. But Louis XVIII. loved to skim the scandal of the Parisian world, through his police, when he could no longer do so by conversation. He received few visits, latterly none except those of the royal family and Madame du Cayla. Lamartine, one of his court, has depicted the nature of the old King's life, even to his smallest peculiarities, with the minuteness of the memoir-writer. He has described those rapid drives around the capital, and from palace to palace, in which he used to kill his own horses, and those of his *gardes du corps*, who were far from worshipping the royalty of which they were supposed to be the ornament and the support. On one occasion his police brought the monarch an intercepted letter of one of his own *gardes du corps* who accompanied him in his rapid rides. The writer concluded with,—“When shall we escort the old ——— to St. Denis?” Lamartine mentions one of his fancies, which was to be transported to Versailles, in the old palace of which he caused his former apartment to be furnished just as it had been. There he would shut himself up, and evoke the reminiscences of his early life,—of the court of his brother,—of the misfortunes of his family,—and of all that past which he had done so much, and yet so vainly, to restore. In reminiscence of his exile, he caused to be laid out, in the grounds of the park, a little retired garden, in the English fashion, in which he also liked to be wheeled, and to be left alone to his contemplation. The garden is a copy of that (*sic*) Louis XVIII. possessed at Hartwell; it still exists in the *jardin Anglais*. On his return from these excursions the Parisian public generally saw in the royal carriage, as it galloped past, the figure of the King, asleep, his white head uncovered, and hanging down, insensible to the silence, indifference, or disrespect of the crowd.

#### HIS DEATH.

The death of the King was tedious: it was a slow decay of the extremities, which, long torpid, at last were detached from the body, and mortification ensued. The words of Louis XVIII. to his brother were,—“I have tacked between parties, like Henry IV. Unlike him, I die in my bed, and in the Tuileries. Do as I have done, and you will reach the same end of peace. I pardon whatever annoyance you may have caused me, for the hopes I entertain of your conduct as king. But,” added the dying monarch, pointing to the Duc de Bordeaux, who was brought in, “let Charles the Tenth take care of the crown for that boy.” The presence of the King did not fail him. He all along, and to the last, foresaw, as Charles II. of England did, that his brother and successor would disinherit the dynasty and prostrate the throne. On the 16th of September, 1824, Louis XVIII. ceased at once to live and to reign.

French history becomes animated and fascinating again with the accession of Charles X. There is no longer a want of interest; no longer the groan of *ennui*. Events march on rapidly and consistently to their catastrophe; the days of the Bascule—of royalist reaction and counter-reaction—pass away like the hum of a drone. The fierce principles that have torn the Universe from the days of creation, are again in active conflict; the centripetal and centrifugal motions are once more in direct antagonism. Wars and rumours of wars are heard from the first; and the simple issue becomes the old one between absolutism and the claims of individual freedom.

There was doubtless, again, a monarch on the throne who would reign strictly as one, or not at all. He it was who had done more than any one man during the last ten years in checking the torrent that bore down upon the throne. He it was who had started with the broad and intelligible principle that the people must be slaves, or order and the Crown cease to exist. It was a startling, but a clear proposition; and had in it just sufficient verisimilitude to draw large support from minds of the Conservative order. But its practical development required a clearer eye, a firmer will, and a stronger hand in emergencies than the new King possessed.

Yet Charles X. had much in his favour. He was, as we have said, a conscientious and religious man. He was also a gentleman of an exquisite and consummate order, such as, if tradition be trusted, is neither bred nor born in these degenerate days. The Graces have always found a difficulty in breathing the air of freedom; the Muses have always most loved the patronage of a liberal despot. No one, perhaps, could have been better qualified than Charles to support the latter character. He had also many of its magnanimous traits. Louis XVIII. had always distrusted the Duke of Orleans. One of the first acts of Charles X. was to restore him his titles and family estates, which made the Duke at once the richest peer in France. A regiment was also given to his eldest son. The Duke showed his gratitude subsequently by refusing to take any one measure to save the throne to his benefactor or his family; and consummated the sentiment by accepting the crown himself.

\* The first acts of Charles X.—like the first acts of most kings—were popular. He announced his adhesion to the Charter; declared an amnesty; and promised largely in favour of religious toleration. But, above all, he renounced the censorship of the press. This was, indeed, a renunciation of a mere temporary right, which existed only during the parliamentary recess; and, as the session was on the point of commencement, it indicated little, and meant nothing. But it was enough to make the Parisians for the time forget their recollections and anticipations; and when the King first reviewed the National Guard, the general sentiment in his favour amounted to enthusiasm.

But this was not to last. Thenceforward the bow was bent with increasing intensity until it snapped. Soon it became whispered and believed that the King was in the hands of the Jesuits. It was known that ministers were ready with a law against sacrilege, and its tenor confirmed all previous suspicions. The bill came before the Chambers: and it proposed, in substance, that death should be the penalty for the desecration of the holy wafer, and that the ceremonies of the execution should be the same as those observed in cases of parricide. But, notwithstanding a clamorous opposition, the law passed.

It was followed by another hardly less unpopular. The Royalist emigrants had not ceased for ten years to press their claims for compensation. They had received much, but claimed more. Villèle now succeeded in passing a Bill, by which thirty millions of francs were charged on the civil fund for their benefit. The eloquence of General Foy, the leader of the opposition, thundered against it in vain. The Marquis de Lafayette received 18,000*l.*; Rochefoucault and Liancourt 60,000*l.*; the Duc de Choiseul 44,000*l.*; and others in proportion. Next came a bill, sounder and even reasonable, but no less unpopular in principle. One of the most signal relics of the Revolution was the law of the descent of real property. Not only had great proprietary interests been destroyed by the decrees of territorial subdivision; but the ties of families had been weakened, and the rights of legitimate ownership violated by them. As the law stood, three-fourths of every man's landed estates devolved necessarily, on his death, in equal shares on his surviving children. Only the remaining fourth was devisable. It was now proposed that, in cases of intestacy only, this fraction should be given to the eldest son. The outcry was tremendous. The nation saw in the Bill nothing but an insidious attempt to renew the hateful inequalities of the old régime. Even the Upper Chamber felt that it must not pass, and accordingly rejected it. The rejoicings were great; Paris illuminated her streets, and the spirit of the Revolution was recognised throughout France.

And now again came the great problem of the press. A ministerial Bill proposed that copies of all pamphlets, containing less than twenty sheets, should be deposited with a Government office five days before publication. Editors of papers were to disclose their principals, and give heavy security. Criticisms on the Sovereign, the Church, the courts, and generally all departments of the Government, were prohibited under severe penalties. But so hot was the opposition, that the Ministers withdrew the Bill. Shortly afterwards the King reviewed the National Guard. It received him with cries of “Vive la Charte;” “Down with the Jesuits;” “Down with the Ministers.” “I came to receive homage, not a lesson,” was the royal answer. That same evening the King signed a decree, dissolving the Guard. Two months later, an ordinance re-

established the censorship of the press—created seventy Peers—and dissolved the Lower Chamber. “Revolution,” said the King, “having made its way into the Chamber of Peers, it is necessary to drive it out.”

But the new chamber was still more liberal than the former one. Villèle resigned; and a new ministry took its name from M. de Martignac. It was installed the 1st January 1828, and retained office until August 1829.

If moderation and a wary policy could have saved Charles X., it is probable that the Vicomte de Martignac would have saved him. Like Decazes, his views were of that safe and gentle kind, which will neither retrograde nor advance. He had a pleasing and rather effeminate voice; so much so that Charles used to speak of him as *la Pasta*. His abilities were those of a mediator; and the necessity of a mediator between Charles and his people was becoming daily more indispensable. But the result was unfortunate. King and people from the first distrusted the holder of indefinite opinions. There were many who had already made up their minds that things must be worse before they could be better; and to whom compromise was synonymous with defeat. The King was no less confirmed in his own views; and when, after failing in a municipal law which had been studiously adapted to please all parties, the First Minister resigned, the liberals, no less than the King, felt a stern satisfaction in knowing that the crisis was at hand, because Prince de Polignac was named his successor.

There was now, indeed, a man at the head of affairs who would be satisfied with no half-measures—a man after the King's own heart, but doomed to be his most fatal friend. The Prince de Polignac was like his master in his good and bad points. He was eminently pious and conscientious; he was in an equal degree narrow-minded, obstinate, and a lover of strong measures. Mr. Crowe draws a descriptive portrait of him:—

#### PRINCE POLIGNAC.

It would have been difficult to find a man, who had so little knowledge of France, of its prevalent ideas, and of its rising or risen generation, as Prince Polignac. Exiled while young at the commencement of the Revolution, attached to the Court and the Count d'Artois, he had shown his devotion by mingling in those plots of desperadoes who aimed at the life of Napoleon—enterprises for which M. de Polignac was every way unfitted. Indeed, it was Polignac's fate always to thrust himself into tasks which he ought to have been the last man to undertake. His complicity in these plots had led to ten years' imprisonment, from which he was only liberated in 1814. This had overwhelmed his weak nature with empty melancholy and pious resignation. No man was better prepared for a cloister; for even at the time that he was aiming at the high post of Prime Minister, he made no acquaintance, and had no intercourse with the leading men of his time, but lived apart in a dreamy empyreum, as remote from statesmanship as from life. One anecdote, recorded by Lamartine, depicts him to the life. After he had quarrelled with the Chamber, and when he was obliged to prorogue it, his feeling was not that of regret, but delight. Some one sought to encourage and console him by pointing out how the Chamber might be conciliated, and brought to give once more a majority to the King. “A majority,” exclaimed Prince Polignac, in a fright: “I should be very sorry indeed to have one. I shouldn't know what to do with it.” Such was the simple and true expression of the feelings, as well as the measure of the capacity, of him whom Charles X. selected to be the Constitutional Minister.

Under Martignac the press had regained some toleration; and they used it now to formidable effect. Forthwith ministers and King were attacked unsparingly. The *Débats* led the way; Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel thundered in the *National*; Guizot and Dupin philosophised in the *Temps*; and the Doctrinaires vituperated and enigmatised in the *Globe*. The provinces exclaimed against the new ministry. In Brittany the middle classes pledged themselves to resist unconstitutional taxation. The *Débats* was prosecuted; but even a jury of judges acquitted the editor, M. Bertin, of libel. Yet his article, according to English law, was little if at all short of sedition, or perhaps even constructive treason.

On the 2nd March 1830 Charles X. opened the Chambers. He spoke of the treaty of Adrianople; of the approaching expedition to Algiers; of his adhesion to the Charter; and ended with an ambiguous menace indicative of his resolution to uphold his present and future policy at any risk. The King spoke with agitation; the Chamber heard him in silence. Etienne drew up an address to the throne, which, a fortnight afterwards, was carried by a majority of 221 to 181 of the Lower



House. It voted, in the most explicit terms, a want of confidence in the King and his ministers. It was presented; but Charles only replied that his resolutions were unchangeable. The Chambers on the following day were prorogued to the 3rd of September.

On the 29th of April the ministerial paper contained the following paragraph:—

#### PRELUDE TO THE ORDONNANCES.

The King is the instrument of that eternal sovereignty which is in God. The King is His minister for the conservation of society. In virtue of this right, anterior to all law, the King makes war and peace, and in virtue of this also he makes ordonnances for the safety of the State (Art 14 of the Charter). What people call *coups d'état* are something both usual and regular, when the King orders them in the general interest of his people, even though he go in appearance against the laws.

If this were so, then, said the opposition journals, the people will refuse to pay taxes. The First Minister apprehended that this would be the limit of resistance.

On the 16th of May the Chambers were dissolved. Three ministers resigned, on being informed by Prince Polignac that the powers given by the fourteenth article would be exercised if the next elections should be unfavourable. The new elections took place early in June. The result was utterly adverse to Government. 275 opposition members were elected to 145 ministerialists. Nothing then was left to the King but to yield or to resort to extra-legal measures.

Charles had many warnings. The English ministry had expostulated; the Emperor Nicholas sent a special ambassador to urge him not to infringe the Charter. Austria had done the same; many royalists, many emigrants, had tendered similar entreaties. But Peyronnet exceeded in audacity; Mangin, Prefect of Police, declared that Paris would not stir; and Polignac stated that Government might rely on 17,000 soldiers to put down any insurrection. Three ordonnances were drawn up; the first two by Peyronnet, the last by Chantelauze. They were presented to the King, who paused—leaned his head on his hands—reflected—hesitated—ejaculated that it was impossible to do otherwise—and signed them. On the morning of the 26th of July they appeared in the *Moniteur*. They were as follows:—

#### THE ORDONNANCES.

First. The liberty of the press is suspended. No print or journal can appear without authorisation. No book of less than twenty sheets can appear without permission first obtained.—Second. The Chamber of Deputies is dissolved.—Third. The Chamber of Deputies shall consist of merely deputies of departments. The taxes, which constitute the right of election or eligibility, must be those of proprietor or life-holder. (The commercial class paying patents was by this excluded.) The old number of deputies is revived, that of 258, with renewal of one-fifth each year. Each district college will elect a number of candidates equal to the number of deputies, and will be divided into as many sections as there are candidates. The sections are to meet in different places, and separately elect their candidates. The departmental colleges will elect the deputies, the half of their deputies to be taken from the list of candidates chosen by the district colleges. No amendment to a law shall be permitted.—A fourth ordinance convoked the electoral colleges on the 6th of September.

Then came three days of terror and bloodshed. They began with the editors of the leading journals combining to continue their publications as usual. Then deputies were seen haranguing the people, and calling on them to defend the Constitution. Then, for the first time, barricades rose with the rapidity of magic; and death in every shape of fire and stones and bullets was hurled down on the few soldiers who could be made to follow their officers. The troops deserted by thousands. Marmont carried the news of his own defeat to the King at St. Cloud. The Dauphin found none to uphold the falling throne. The leaders of the people discovered that the insurrection had become a revolution. "Let there be no treating with Charles X." was the cry. And almost in that same hour a deputation, that had in vain sought the Duke of Orleans during the three days, found him stretched on an old bed in a garret of his own Palais Royal, pale, haggard, and suffering all the agonies of Macbeth's uncertain wishes and fears. He had heard his name proclaimed for the vacant throne—"would not play false, and yet would wrongly win." In this case also a spirited, and not a bad woman, supplied the lacking courage; and, while Charles X. and his family pursued the sad road of exile to Cherbourg

and Holyrood; Louis Philippe of Orleans, King of the French, after swearing to maintain an extended Charter, had already begun to reign in his stead.

PHILO.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Memorials of the Life of Amelia Opie, selected and arranged from her Letters, Diaries, and other Manuscripts.* By CECILIA LUCY BRIGHTWELL. Norwich: Fletcher and Alexander. London: Longman, Brown and Co. 1854.

Mrs. OPIE was descended from a respectable family. Her father was an eminent surgeon at Norwich—the eldest son of the Reverend Mr. Alderson, probably a Presbyterian minister at Lowestoft. How James her father became entitled to the appellation of *Doctor* we are not informed, unless it be that his younger brother enjoyed that distinction as a physician. Among the descendants of the Rev. Mr. Alderson the most celebrated is Sir E. F. Alderson, the son of Robert, a barrister, and youngest brother of James Alderson. Mrs. Opie traced the pedigree on her mother's side as far back as her great great grandfather, Augustine Briggs, M.P. for Norwich.

Mrs. Opie was born in 1769, henceforth memorable in chronology as the year of the births of Wellington and Napoleon. She lost, at the critical age of fifteen, her mother, and became at once mistress of her father's house, and freed from the somewhat severe discipline of her more highly principled and tenderly lamented parent. As her poems on the death of her mother are decidedly the best given in the *Memorials*, possessing all the beauties of versification for which Mrs. Hemans and Miss Laundon are so justly celebrated, we quote the shortest, and fear not that it will bear us out in our opinion:—

#### SONNET

*On visiting Cromer for the first time since the death of my mother, with whom I used frequently to visit it.*

Scenes of my childhood where, to grief unknown,  
And led by gaiety, I joy'd to rove,  
Ere in my breast care fix'd her ebony throne,  
And her pale rue with fancy's roses wove.  
No more, alas! your wonted charms I view;  
Ye speak of comforts I can know no more;  
The faded tints of memory ye renew,  
And wake of fond regret the tearful power.  
But would you bid me still the beauties prize  
That on your cliff-crown'd shores in state abide;  
Bid aim'd in awful pomp yon billows rise  
And seek the realms where night and death reside;  
Unusual empire bid them there assume,  
And force departed goodness from the tomb.

Mrs. Opie's kindly feelings may be said to have been developed and brought into activity by the early removal of the ill-grounded terrors of her infant imagination. Her "first terror was of black beetles; the second of frogs; the third of skeletons; the fourth of a black man; and the fifth of madmen." Her horror of mad people, like her other prejudices, was overcome by the judicious training of her mother; and one of her earliest passions was ministering to the gratification of the inmates of the madhouse. Her sympathy for mad people was greatly lessened after paying a visit to the asylum. "On the whole we came away disappointed, from having formed false ideas of the nature of the infliction which we had gone to contemplate. I have since then seen madness in many different asylums; but I was never disappointed again."

Her next predilection was of a more enduring nature, and seems to have grown with her growth and remained unabated to the close of her life.

The refined Horace Walpole desired to be present at every fire within his reach. The witty and light-hearted George Selwyn enjoyed the spectacle of a public execution, and never allowed any other pleasure to deprive him of his favourite amusement. It would be difficult, if not impossible now, to trace the accident which first gave this unnatural bias to the minds of Walpole and Selwyn. The origin of Mrs. Opie's ruling passion is more easily discoverable. It had its rise in the gratification of girlish vanity, and Sir Henry Gould may be held answerable for the many hours which Mrs. Opie wasted in the course of her long life in her assiduous attendance in courts at the time of assizes. She made her *début* in the Nisi Prius Court, where Judge Gould was presiding:—

By some lucky chance (says Mrs. Opie), I also found myself on the bench, by the side of the judge. Although I could not divest myself of a degree of awful respect when I had reached such a vicinity, it was so advantageous a position for hearing and seeing that I was soon reconciled to it, especially as the good old man seemed to regard my fixed attention to

what was going forward with some attention. The handsome and venerable old man, surprised, probably, at seeing so young a listener by his side, was so kind at last as to enter into conversation with me. Never, I think, had my vanity been so gratified; and when, on my being forced to leave the court by the arrival of my dinner-hour, he said he hoped I was sufficiently pleased to come again, I went home much raised in my own estimation, and fully resolved to go into court again next day. As I was obliged to go alone, I took care to wear the same dress as I wore the preceding day, in hopes that, if the judge saw me, he would cause way to be made for me. But, being obliged to go in at a door where the crowd was very great, I had little hope of being seen, though the door fronted the judge. At last I was pushed forward by the crowd, and gradually got nearer to the table. While thus struggling with obstacles, a man, not quite in the grade of a gentleman, pushed me back rather rudely, and said, "There, Miss, go home; you had better go away. What business have you here? This is no place for you; be advised. There—go, I tell you!" But Miss was obstinate, and stood her ground, turning, as she did so, towards the judge, who now perceived and recognised her, and instantly ordered one of the servants of the court to make way for that young lady. Accordingly way was made, and, at his desire, I took my place again by the judge's side. It was not in nature—at least not in my weak nature, to resist casting a triumphant glance on my impertinent reprover—and I had the satisfaction of seeing that he looked rather foolish.

Amelia Opie, then only a child, was "shocked at the very irreverent manner in which the oath was administered and repeated." She remarked that "evidently the Great Name was spoken with as much levity as if it had been merely a brother mortal, not the name of the great King of Kings." This is curious when taken in connection with her resolution, many years afterwards, to join the sect one of whose leading tenets is to swear not at all, and who have the almost singular privilege of being exempt from taking an oath.

The trial on the third day of "*Miss*" Amelia's appearance in court was one in which the richest and oldest alderman in Norwich was proceeded against for perjury. The principal witness against him was a gentleman who owed him considerable obligation. "The witnesses swore in direct opposition to each other"—no uncommon occurrence in a court of justice; but the result in this case was singular, for the accusing witness left the court conscience-stricken, and was next morning found dead in his bed, with strong suspicions of poison.

The gentleman who gave Amelia Opie lessons in French was "a remarkable man." He was brought over from Holland to take charge of the Walloon Church (Norwich) in 1752, and continued to officiate during fifty-one years with increasing satisfaction. He was conversant and able to preach in four languages—Latin, Dutch, French, and English. Besides this he was an author, having published a work entitled "*Théorie du Système Animal*," and a pamphlet, under an assumed name, "*Criticisms on the Diversions of Purley*." His death took place in the month of May 1804.

Mr. Opie painted an admirable likeness of him, which appeared in the London Exhibition of 1800. This picture was in the possession of Mrs. Opie at the time of her death, and is the subject of one of her "*days*." There was a very singular expression in the eyes; and on one occasion, a visitor, who was calling upon her, gazing on the picture, remarked that he was painfully affected by this look, as he remembered to have seen the same strange appearance in the countenance of a person who committed suicide. This remark forcibly struck Mrs. Opie, and no wonder, as it was the fact that her poor master died by his own hands.

A less painful incident is related with reference to her dancing-master:

The master who first instructed her to thread the gray mazes of the dance was one "*Christian*." In after years she was wont to refer to those days, and would close her recollections of the worthy Christian by telling how, on one occasion, when she and her husband were in Norwich, they accompanied a friend to see the Dutch church; "the two gentlemen were engaged in looking round and making their observations, and I, finding myself somewhat cold, began to hop and dance upon the spot where I stood. Suddenly my eyes chanced to fall upon the pavement below, and I started at beholding the well-known name of '*Christian*' graven upon the slab. I stopped in dismay, shocked to find that I had actually been dancing upon the grave of my old master—he who first taught me to dance!"

"The premature death of Mrs. Alderson occasioned the introduction of her daughter into society at a very early age. Her father delighted

to make her his constant companion, and introduced her to the company of the friends with whom he visited, and whom he welcomed to his house." A young girl placed in such circumstances must have greatly needed the counsel and friendship of a wise female, and such a one Miss Alderson happily found in Mrs. John Taylor, a lady distinguished for her extensive knowledge and many excellencies. This lady, however, does not appear to have prevented Mrs. Opie from imbibing the principles of those politicians who advocated and applauded the glorious struggle for liberty which extended itself in the horrors of the French revolution, and ended in the despotism of Bonaparte.

Dr. Alderson was among those who hailed the French revolution with pleasure; and, though he afterwards saw cause to moderate his expectations as to the results of that movement, he seems (in common with many sincere patriots) to have held his allegiance true to the original revolutionary cause.

Among Miss Alderson's male acquaintance we find Godwin, and others of his school.

Mr. J. Boddington and I set off for town yesterday by way of Islington, that we might pay our first visit to Godwin at Somers-town. After a most delightful ride through some of the richest country I ever beheld, we arrived at about one o'clock at the philosopher's house, whom we found with his hair *bien poudré*, and in a pair of sharp-toed red morocco slippers, not to mention his green coat and crimson under waistcoat. He received me very kindly, but wondered I should think of being out of London. Could I be either amused or instructed at Southgate? How did I pass my time? What were my pursuits? And a great deal more, which frightened my protector, and tried me, till at last I told him I had not outlived my affections, and that they bound me to the family at Southgate. But was I to acknowledge any other dominion than that of reason? But are you sure that my affections in this case are not the result of reason? He shrugged disbelief, and, after debating some time, he told me I was more of the *woman* than when he saw me last. Rarely did we agree, and little did he gain, or me, by this mode of attack; but he seemed alarmed lest he should have offended me, and apologised several times with much feeling for the harshness of his expressions. In short, he convinced me that his theory has not yet gotten entire ascendancy over his practice.

We have the written delineation of the "person, mind, and manners" of Mrs. Opie, sketched by her friend Mrs. Taylor, which is said to confirm the truthfulness of Mr. Opie's portraits.

Her countenance was animated, bright and beaming; her eyes soft and expressive, yet full of ardour; her hair was abundant and beautiful, of auburn hue, and waving in long tresses; her figure was well formed, her carriage fine, her hands, arms, and feet, well shaped, and all around and about her was the spirit of youth, and joy, and love.

That Mrs. Opie did not want *spirit* in her youth, especially while under the influence of Horace Walpole's "philosophising serpents, the Paines, the Tookes, and the Wolstonecrofts," and exposed to the pernicious doctrines of some of her father's associates, is evident from the tone of her letters, written while the trials of Holcroft, Tooke, and other conspirators, were pending.

You see I am not in high spirits; but then I am the more natural, and my flighty hours are long gone by, and my time for serious exertion is, I hope, arrived; but why should I write thus? I shall perhaps affect you with this *seeming* gloom; for after all, if I carefully examine my heart, it will tell me that I am happy. My usual spirits have been lowered this morning, by hearing Mr. Boddington and Mr. Morgan mark the printed list of the jury. Every one almost is marked by them as unfit to be trusted, for almost every man is a rascal and a contractor, and in the pay of Government some way or another. What hope is there then for these objects of ministerial rancour? Mr. B. objects even to his own uncle, whom he thinks *honest*, because he is so prejudiced an aristocrat, that he looks upon rigour in such cases to be justice only. What a pass are things come to, when Dissenters lick the hand that oppresses them! Hang these politics, how they haunt me. Would it not be better, think you, to hang the *framers* of them?

During Mrs. Opie's stay in London in 1794, she attended the trials of Horne Tooke and his associates. "Her letters home gave her father a lively account of the events which transpired. It is known that Dr. Alderson, after reading these letters to his confidential friends, thought it prudent to destroy them." One curious circumstance, which occurred on the acquittal of Horne Tooke, is verified by Mrs. Opie, who overheard by accident what passed between the Chief Justice and Lord Erskine, and is telling Lord Erskine the circumstance in the presence of Madame de Stael.

Liking to be near the eloquent man, and to hear him speak, I had contrived to get so near as to overhear what passed, and which I thought was too loud not to be intended to be heard. The judge had, I saw, to repeat what he said; but at length he was answered in a manner which he little expected, for the indignant speaker replied, "My Lord, I am willing to give your Lordship such an answer as an aggrieved man of honour like myself is willing to give to the man who has repeatedly insulted him, and I am willing and ready to meet your Lordship at any time and place you may choose to appoint." At this point of the story, our hostess cried, "What, my Lord, that was a challenge, *n'est ce pas?*" "Yes, Ma'am." "Well, what did he say?" "Oh, nothing to the purpose; but I assure you I was irritated into saying what I did." "Yes, indeed, I was behind you Lord E. (said I), and heard all that passed; and though such things were quite new to me, I felt sure what was said by you amounted to a challenge; but when I told the friends with whom I went home what had passed, they said I was a silly girl, and that I was mistaken." He looked at me with some surprise, and I fear with a doubt of my veracity; but I could affirm the truth of my assertion.

The letters to Mrs. Taylor contain many amusing anecdotes; of these we give the following of a French émigré, and of the gallantry of Mr. Godwin.

When Lamoth was forced to fly, as he was denounced in the Jacobin club, and orders given for his detention, he sent to desire such a portmanteau to be forwarded directly to him. Having received it, and wanting some of the money and papers which it contained, he opened it as soon as he was out of France, and found, to his utter surprise and dismay, that the wrong portmanteau had been sent; and, instead of money, contained his wife's childbed linen! "Et les voilà encore, mesdames (continua-t-il) car en vérité je n'ai pas eu encore occasion d'en faire usage." . . . . Godwin drank tea, and slept here last night—a leave-taking visit, as he goes to-morrow to spend a fortnight at Dr. Parr's. It would have entertained you highly to have seen him bid me farewell. He wished to salute me, but his courage failed, "while off he looked back and was loth to depart." "Will you give me nothing to keep for your sake, and console me during my absence," murmured out the philosopher, "not even your slipper? I had it in my possession once, and need not have returned it." This was true; my shoe had come off, and he had put it in his pocket for some time. You have no idea how gallant he is become; but, indeed, he is much more amiable than ever he was. Mrs. Inchbald says the report of the world is that Mr. Holcroft is in love with her; she is in love with Mr. Godwin; Mr. Godwin with me; and I am in love with Mr. Holcroft! A pretty story indeed! This report Godwin brings me; and he says Mrs. I. always tells him that when she praises him I praise Holcroft. This is not fair in Mrs. I.; she appears to me jealous of G.'s attention to me, so she makes him believe I prefer H. to him. She often says, "Now you are come Mr. Godwin does not come near me." Is not this very womanish?

But these demonstrations of gallantry were about to cease; for Godwin shortly after married Mary Wolstonecroft, and Mr. Opie was looming in the distance.

The first time Mr. Opie saw his future wife was at an evening party. Some of those present were eagerly expecting the arrival of Miss Alderson, but the evening was wearing away, and still she did not appear; at length the door was flung open, and she entered, bright and smiling, dressed in a robe of blue, her neck and arms bare, and on her head a small bonnet, placed in somewhat coquettish style sideways, and surmounted by a plume of three white feathers. Her beautiful hair hung in rich waving tresses over her shoulders; her face was kindling with pleasure at sight of her old friends; and her whole appearance was animated and glowing. At the time she came in Opie was sitting on a sofa beside Mr. F., who had been saying from time to time "Amelia is coming; Amelia will surely come. Why is she not here?" He was interrupted by his companion eagerly exclaiming "Who is that? Who is that?" and, hastily rising, he pressed forward to be introduced to the fair object whose sudden appearance had so impressed him. He was evidently smitten, charmed at first sight; and, as she says, "almost from my first arrival Mr. Opie became my avowed lover."

In due time the lover was married, and seems to have passed the nine years of "wedded bliss" more happily than most people. Mr. Opie was a thoroughly domestic husband, and his quiet and studious habits were rarely disturbed except now and then by the gadding propensities of his wife; on such occasions he was wont sometimes to be querulous.

Opie had a flush of popularity when he was first introduced to the world in London by Dr. Walcot; but when he married the accomplished Miss Alderson the furor had subsided, and "great economy and self-denial were necessary to be observed." Mrs. Opie placed a restraint

upon her desire to shine in fashionable society, and spent much of her time at home with her husband. Encouraged by the sympathy and approval of the man to whom she had united her fortunes, she soon began to exert her powers with diligence, and ere long became (as she expresses it) "a candidate for the pleasures, the pangs, the rewards and the penalties of authorship." They seem to have been of mutual assistance to each other in their studies; yet at times the husband had fits of despondency. In 1801, though he had in the exhibition a picture that was "universally admired, and purchased as soon as beheld," he saw himself at the end of that year and the beginning of the next almost wholly without employment.

Like all men of true genius, he was subject to dark shadows and melancholy broodings. He aspired high, studied much, laboured hard, and was too painfully alive to his deficiencies ever to rest satisfied with the point to which he had attained. The voice within cried "Higher," and he must run until he fell. "During the nine years that I was his wife (she continues) I never saw him satisfied with any one of his productions, and often, very often, have I seen him enter my sitting-room, and, throwing himself in an agony of despondency on the sofa, exclaim 'I never shall be a painter as long as I live.'" p. 94.

To relieve these melancholy misgivings in the life of Opie we quote an amusing anecdote of Northcote, but cannot vouch for its *novelty*. It seems too good to have been preserved so long unpublished.

Heigho! I am very stupid to-night, so my ideas do not come *coulamment*; so, for want of something better to say, I will tell you a characteristic anecdote of Mr. Northcote. Mr. Opie and he and Sir Francis Bourgeois (the landscape-painter) dined at Sir William Elford's the other day, and met there a Colonel Elford. After dinner some disputatious conversation took place, in which my husband and Mr. N. took a principal part. After some time the Colonel said in a low voice to Sir Francis, "Painters are queer fellows. How oddly they converse. One knows not what to make of them. How oddly these men run on!" Sir Francis assented, or consoled himself as well as he could for being so little eminent as not to be known to be a painter himself. After tea he took an opportunity of telling this story to Northcote, who, starting back with a face of horror, exclaimed—"Gude G—! then he took you for a gentleman!" I dare say he did not sleep that night.

In the autumn of 1802 Mrs. Opie's long-cherished desire to visit France, and especially Paris, was gratified, in company with her husband. On the second day after her arrival in Paris she caught a glimpse of Bonaparte as he sprang into his carriage. A few days after, she had ample leisure to trace the outlines of the face and figure of the First Consul; and she has given an account of the impression he made upon her, in a letter to her friend Mrs. Taylor. She also became personally acquainted with some of the celebrities of the day.

In 1804 Mrs. Opie published "Adeline Mowbray; or, Mother and Daughter," in 3 vols., portraying the lamentable consequences which result from the adoption of lax principles on the subject of matrimony; and in the same year she heard Erskine's "last and best," in a celebrated case of "right of way," tried at Norwich. "Fortunate," says Mrs. Opie, "were those who heard him that day, as he was never again heard to advantage. A few months afterwards he was made Lord Chancellor; and when, while talking to him at a party in London, I told him I was every day intending to go into the Court of Chancery, in hope of hearing him speak in his new capacity, his reply was, 'Pray do not come! You will not hear anything worth the trouble. You heard the last and best of me at Norwich last year.'"

In 1806, Opie was conscious that his circumstances were such as would enable him to have more of the comforts and elegances of life, and "he had resolved to indulge himself in the luxury (as he called it) of keeping a horse. But alas! when the time did come it came too late." On a return from a short period of relaxation, Mr. Opie betook himself with increasing diligence to the duties of his profession. To the toils of the artist during the day succeeded those of the writer. He was engaged in completing his lectures on painting to be delivered as Professor at the Royal Academy. To the completion of these lectures his life is supposed to have fallen a sacrifice; at least, so thought Mrs. Opie. The ruling passion was, as usual, "strong even in death," and the delirium which followed the farewell sight he took of the last work was soothed by dwelling upon it.



When Sir Joshua Reynolds was buried in St. Paul's, Mr. Opie exclaimed to his sister, with the proud consciousness of innate power, "Aye, girl, and I too shall be buried in St. Paul's." His prophecy was accomplished. On the 9th of April 1807, in the 46th year of his age, he expired; and on the 20th the remains of John Opie were interred close beside those of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Mrs. Opie expressed her grief for the loss of her husband with all the decorum of one accustomed to move in the circles of fashionable life. She consoled herself with the reflection that in her husband's last moments she had performed the most sacred duty of a faithful wife.

I cannot dwell minutely on these painful hours. Great as my misery must have been at such a moment under any circumstances, it was, if possible, aggravated by my being deprived of the consolation and benefit of my father's presence and advice at this most trying period of my life; for he was attending the sick bed of his apparently dying mother—yet she recovered at the age of eighty-five to the perfect enjoyment of life and happiness, while Mr. Opie was cut off in the prime of his days! But let me dwell on the brighter side of the picture. Let me be thankful for the blessing I experienced in the presence of that sister so dear to my husband, who, by sharing with me the painful yet precious tasks of affection, enabled me to keep from his bed all hired nurses—all attendants but our deeply interested selves; that was indeed a consolation.

(To be continued.)

MESSRS. GRIFFIN and Co.'s *Cyclopædia of Biography* is, we believe, the most carefully compiled and skilful of this class of works which has of late years issued from the press. It differs from all popular biographical cyclopædias in this—that the principal lives of each class of remarkable men have been entrusted to practised writers who have cultivated the corresponding departments of learning. The result is not only an eminently trustworthy, but an unusually interesting volume. Mr. Elihu Rich is the editor; and he has adopted the now fast-increasing practice of giving the names of the contributors. Among these we find Sir A. Alison, Dr. W. Baird, Sir D. Brewster, J. H. Burton, E. S. Creasy, A.M., Dr. Eadie, George Ferguson, A.M., Dr. Jameson, Charles Knight, Professors Nichol, Spalding, and Thomson, Ralph Wornum, and a host of other names equally eminent in their several departments of literature. This volume extends to nearly 900 post 8vo pages, and has some 150 or more illustrations of the birthplaces, monuments, or other memorials of departed greatness; and yet is sold for 12s. It is a wonderful instance of cheapness, completeness, and excellence.

Volumes VII. and VIII. complete the latest and not the least attractive of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's editions of the *Lives of the Queens of England*, by Miss Agnes Strickland. The seventh volume contains the Life of Mary II., tracing her from infancy—and showing the doating fondness of her father—to the last sad scene of all, in which Bishop Burnett bore so melancholy but friendly a part. The Bishop's curious tribute to Mary's high character is appropriately given at the end. A portrait of Mary, when Princess of Orange, and engraved from Wissing's picture, prefaces the volume. The eighth volume, besides a life of Anne, Queen regnant of Great Britain and Ireland, and the usual illustrations, contains an excellent general index to the whole eight volumes. No library or public institution not already in possession of this work can now find an excuse for remaining longer without it.

## RELIGION.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WRITERS who wish to startle the public, still insist that the present aspect of affairs in the East shows a remarkable fulfilment of prophecy, and that we have only to turn to Daniel and the Revelation to read more or less clearly the future destinies of the world. With such persons the Millennium is of course a favourite theme. It is a subject upon which the most extravagant theories have been from time to time put forth. Years and years ago, many religious people thought it had already commenced. Circumstances, however, prove that such was not the case; and so now it is attempted to ascertain when we may expect it to begin, and by what signs we are to judge of its approach. Such is the object of *The Millennium, or the Coming of Christ to reign, in the Spirit and Power of his Gospel, over "all People, Nations, and Languages," illustrated by Prophecy and the Signs of the Times.* Second edition revised and enlarged. By SEACOME ELLISON. (Liverpool: Pearce and Brewer.) Mr. Ellison differs in opinion from those who think that the reign of Christ upon earth during the thousand years will be a personal one. Every thing, however, will, he considers, be changed. All nations will be converted to Christianity. Men will live to the age of the Patriarchs of old. The earth will be densely populated; but there will be an abundance of food for all, since the soil will be relieved of the curse that came upon it at the fall of our

first parents. The beasts also will be blessed. The savage natures of the lion and tiger will be changed, so that they shall literally lie down with the lamb, and eat straw like the ox. All kinds of spiritual and temporal blessings are to be showered upon the world during this blessed period. Before its coming, however, Antichrist is to be destroyed. But Antichrist, according to this author, is not merely the Church of Rome with its abominations, as many Protestant writers seem to think, but whatever is opposed to the pure spirit of Christianity. Antichrist, according to Mr. Ellison, rules as much in England at present, as it does in Rome. Can our readers imagine how this is made out? It is "manifested by the sprinkling or affusing of infants! This serves as a foundation-stone upon which the Man of Sin now erects his kingdom, the first step by which it is entered; and the mouths of children are gradually filled with untruths, until they are thought sufficiently educated to take vows upon themselves—vows which the imposers of them know it is impossible for any one to fulfil. Thus, according to their ritual, they profess that children are formed for time, and men for eternity! That there is nothing in the word of God to warrant such a procedure is irrefragable, and the upholders of the system negatively imply as much by the futile reasons they give for adopting it, while as before said, some of their leading men acknowledge it to be only of men's tradition." In the coming Millennium, therefore, the whole world is to be Antipedobaptist. Whether this is "a consummation most devoutly to be wished," we must leave it to our readers to decide; while we merely observe farther that according to our author's calculations, in which the mystical number seven greatly assists him, the Millennium is to commence in about 150 years, more or less, from this time; when, according to the great and precious promises previously cited, it would follow that the last 1000 years of the earth's duration will be the happiest period man has ever enjoyed upon it, being as the days of heaven upon earth, surpassing even that of Adam while in his state of innocence.

*Discrepancy and Inspiration not incompatible* (reprinted from the "Journal of Sacred Literature" for April, 1854)—is an admirable essay from the pen of Mr. J. C. KNIGHT, in which it is shown that whatever discrepancies may be found in the Scriptures, especially in the four Gospels, to which the writer mainly refers—they do not impeach their authority as a divinely inspired narrative. Mr. Knight is one of the fairest of reasoners. At the very commencement of his essay he acknowledges the existence of several discrepancies in the statements of the four Evangelists. Some of these are only apparent, but others are real and startling. "Perhaps the most glaring instances are those which respect the order in which the events recorded appear to be represented as having happened. These, it is granted, are very numerous—so numerous as, at first sight, to be even startling. If the Evangelists had professed to relate the occurrences recorded by them, always, and without exception, in the very order of their occurrence, it would, indeed, be impossible to vindicate them from the charge of frequent contradiction." After enumerating some of the passages in which these chronological discrepancies occur, the writer shows that it is a false assumption to suppose "that the Gospels are and profess to be (at least by implication) a statement of the facts therein related, arranged in every instance in the very order of their occurrence." The Evangelists themselves do not profess any such consecutiveness, and so, therefore, any difficulties on this head ought to disappear. But there are discrepancies also of statement, some of which Mr. Knight mentions, and shows how they may be accounted for without doing violence to the rules of common sense. "These discrepancies, therefore," he adds, "and all such as may be similarly accounted for, even though they were twenty times as many as they are, since they leave unimpeached the completeness on the part of the several Evangelists, of their knowledge of the circumstances which they have undertaken to record, are in no respect inconsistent with the fact of their being divinely inspired. They differ indeed in their statements, but they do not contradict each other. There is discrepancy, but not variance. Their statements, though not the same, are not conflicting. There is difference, but not opposition." We have not space to follow Mr. Knight through the whole of his argument. The conclusion, however, that he arrives at, as might have been foreseen, is, that we have no warrant for believing in the verbal inspiration of Scripture. The sayings of our Lord himself are not always reported by Mark or Luke in the same words that are used by Matthew. But the substance is always the same. "What can it matter whether the words in reference to the tribute-money were, 'Show me the tribute-money,' or 'Show me a penny,' or 'Bring me a penny;' or whether, in cursing the fig-tree, 'Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever,' or, 'No man eat fruit of thee henceforward for ever?' That the writers of the Gospels should thus differ derogates nothing from their credibility as reporters, or as historians, nor from their right to be accepted as inspired." We shall allow the writer to state in his own words what he understands by inspiration. "The word inspiration has, indeed, been variously defined. According to some, such divine supervision as was necessary to preserve from all

error, whether of doctrine or of fact, is inspiration. According to others, direct suggestion or dictation is the meaning of the term. But, in our humble estimation, he is the happiest believer who has never thought of attaching to the term, as applied to Scripture, any other meaning than that the theology, the promises, the precepts, the doctrines of Scripture, are all of them divine, all of them true, all of them to be depended on, all of them authoritative—whether immediately suggested or not—whether directly dictated or not. If this be believed, all is believed that can be known, all is believed that is essential. A more precise definition of the term is a mere speculation, a question ministering to strife rather than to edifying, a mere dogma that cannot be substantiated; and we doubt much whether St. Paul, in his well-known words to Timothy, 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works,' designed to affirm anything more definite." In conclusion, we would recommend Mr. Knight, of whose learning and judgment we have formed a high opinion, to elaborate the present essay, and lay his views before the public in a more extended form.

We are glad to see the clergy directing their attention to the subject of sanitary reform. The exertions of a body of men so widely distributed, and so generally respected, cannot fail to have a beneficial influence in this great cause. They can preach about it from the pulpit, and impress it upon their poorer parishioners in their house to house visitations. An admirable sermon upon the subject is now before us. It is entitled *The Observance of the Sanitary Laws divinely appointed in the Old Testament Scriptures, sufficient to ward off preventable diseases from Christians as well as Israelites: a Sermon preached in the Cathedral, Manchester.* By the Rev. CHARLES RICHSON, M.A. With Notes by John Sutherland, M.D., of the General Board of Health. (London: Knight.) It is the main object of this sermon to show that "the Divine laws not merely recognised, but instituted and insisted upon, a most wholesome system of sanitary regulations. The connection of such a system with the sanctions and ceremonials of religion was necessary, indeed, to ensure its observance, under the circumstances in which the ancient Hebrews were placed; but the principles upon which it is founded have their basis in the physical nature and constitution of man; and as the highest aims of spiritual life can only be attained by a due regard to the spiritual obligations of religion, and social happiness secured only by a strict obedience to the moral law, so the connection is immutable between a consistent observance of sanitary law and the fulfilment of the Divine promise, 'God will love thee, and bless thee, and multiply thee, and take away from thee all sickness, and all the diseases of Egypt, which thou knowest.' The notes by Dr. Sutherland illustrate and confirm in a remarkable manner what the preacher advances in his sermon; and both together form a highly instructive publication, which, we trust, will be widely circulated at the present crisis.

By way of contrast to the preceding, we mention—*The Cross and the Age; or, the New Reformation. Tracts for the Times.* No. 2. (London: Sealeys.) When first we took up this tract, seeing that it treats of "Extramural Interments," "Christian Self-Sacrifice," &c., we were about to hail it as another auxiliary in the cause of sanitary reform. Judge of our surprise, therefore, on finding that, contrary to all reason and experience, it advocates the burial of the dead in our old churchyards, in close, pent-up cities and towns—and this on the score of religion, forsooth! The writer expresses a supreme contempt for what he calls "the cant about the public health;" and the nature of his publication may be at once seen from the manner in which it commences—"The plea by which those in authority now claim almost everywhere to close and lock the gates of God's Acre is, that the public health requires it. Admitting then that, if all the dead were conveyed far away from human habitations, the public health would be improved; that the lives of the godly and profane in our large towns would be prolonged, is the goal of all excellence. For one man whose life is shortened by intramural interment, are there not a hundred men whose lives are shortened, whose families are ruined, whose hearths are desolated, by dram-drinking? Why then should not the Home Secretary close the gin-palaces?" &c. Such is a specimen of this precious *Tract for the Times!* So, because there are more evils than one in the world, we must never dare to get rid of any.

*Quicksands on Foreign Shores.* Edited by the Author of "English Life, Social and Domestic," &c. (London: Blackader and Co.)—is a tale setting forth the dangers to which lukewarm Protestants are exposed while residing in Roman Catholic countries. Mrs. Courtney is a widow lady, who, in consequence of a reverse of fortune, has determined to take up her residence, with her three daughters, in the south of France. For some time after arriving at their destination they are subjected to serious inconvenience, and even to the pinchings of poverty, in consequence of the delay of their remittances from London. Mrs. Courtney grows excessively querulous, but is at length consoled on being taken notice of by a rich

French lady, who owns a magnificent chateau in the neighbourhood. This lady has a son, Raimond, who straightway falls in love with Agatha, Mrs. Courtney's eldest daughter. But she has also a brother who is an *Abbé*, a well-bred and accomplished man, who conceives the project of converting the whole family to his own faith. Madame de Fleurier, who is at heart a bigot, although at the same time a kind, good-natured woman, cordially aids the *Abbé* in his design, and Mrs. Courtney is but too easily persuaded by their representations to declare herself a Catholic, and enter a convent, together with her youngest daughter, a child only seven years of age. Agatha, on the other hand, who has been carefully brought up by her grandmother in the Protestant faith, resists all the arguments of her new friends, and, so far from being won over to Popery, succeeds in making a sincere Protestant of her youthful lover. Mrs. Courtney, worn out by vigils and penance, dies in the convent where she had taken up her abode; and Agatha, as might be foreseen, after some rather severe buffetings from fortune, eventually marries the Baron de Fleurier. Such is a brief outline of this simple story, which is, upon the whole, well told, and which, as the editor observes, "represents, in a vivid but not exaggerated form, a certain class of dangers and difficulties which not unfrequently arise out of social life on the Continent." The editor, we have heard it said, is a member of the Archbishop of Dublin's family—a statement which is borne out by the preface being dated from "The Palace, Dublin."

### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*The Dramatic Works of Mary Russell Mitford.*  
2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

FROM a newspaper printed at Reading we copy a delightful note said to have been lately written by Miss Mitford.

I take for granted that you know my afflictions; but God is very merciful. He has left unwithered my intellect and my affections, and, at this very moment, I am sitting at the open window, inhaling the sweet summer air; a jar of beautiful roses on the window sill within-side; a perfect sheaf of fresh-gathered meadow-sweet, sending in its already fragrance from without; and, although too much snuggled in the chair to look down on my little flower beds, the blue sky, the green trees, and the distant harvest fields for a prospect. There is consolation here—the best consolation: next to the goodness of God, is the beauty of nature.

What a lovely picture is here presented of a heart smiling through its sixty-five years, and unobscured by the near and nearing shadow of the tomb. Here is the healthy love of the lovely undiminished, if not actually strengthened by time; the same keen intellect to perceive the beautiful in nature now, as perceived and first recorded it more than thirty years ago in those exquisite sketches of rural character and scenery which, "familiar as household words," are known as "Our Village."

God grants to man or woman no greater blessing than the luminous preservation of the intellect after the "fitful fever" of a literary career.

To wither like a tree at the topmost branch while the roots of life are still vigorous, as poor Swift did, is the bitterest calamity to which genius can be subjected. As no other affliction can be so severe or grievous as the wreck of mind and the decay of the affections, so there can be no situation more gratifying than that of Miss Mitford—the happiest painter of English rural life drawing consolation for bodily affliction from the blue sky, and the green trees, and the distant harvest fields, and living in the placid consciousness that her pen has been an honour to her country, and that her country has gratefully acknowledged it. Of Miss Mitford it may be said that the public has amply atoned for the indignity of those stupid or prejudiced editors who either could not or would not see the conspicuous merits of the young authoress. If we remember aright, it was *The Lady's Magazine* which sheltered in its unimportant columns those charming sketches comprised in "Our Village," after they had been rejected by the more important periodicals.

Everybody will be delighted to know that the two volumes of dramas before us appear under the actual supervision of Miss Mitford, and that she has written a charming introduction, in which she recalls and retraces those magic school-days—such as linger with most of us like the remembrance of a lost Eden—in which she first conceived a love for the drama. There are points in this introduction worthy of special attention, exhibiting, as they do, Miss Mitford's recollection of her feelings, of her hopes and fears, in that most momentous epoch of a dramatist's life—the

time of rehearsals, and the first public representation of a first drama. It may with some truth be said that Miss Mitford is indebted for a dramatic taste to the fortunate circumstance of having a play-going governess. This governess, owing to the name of Miss Rowden, had a "knack of making poetesses of her pupils." She instructed Lady Caroline Lamb, Fanny Kemble, and the unfortunate—unfortunate from the very largeness of her affections—L. E. L.; add to these Mary Russell Mitford, and it must be admitted that this governess was singularly lucky, or unusually talented. How vividly the pupil cherishes the reminiscences of those happy play-going days, how she appreciates her governess, and how, with enlarged experience, she reflects on the great actors of the past, an extract from the preface will best show.

At the time when I was placed under her care, her whole heart was in the drama, especially as personified by John Kemble; and I am persuaded that she thought she could in no way so well perform her duty, as in taking me to Drury Lane whenever his name was in the bills. It was a time of great actors. Jack Bannister and Jack Johnstone (they would not have known their own names if called John), Fawcett and Emery, Lewis and Munden, Mrs. Davenport, Miss Pope, and Mrs. Jordan, most exquisite of all, made comedy a bright and living art, an art as full as life itself of laughter and of tears; whilst the glorious family of Kemble satisfied alike the eye and the intellect, the fancy and the heart. John Kemble was, however, certainly Miss Rowden's chief attraction to Drury Lane Theatre. She believed him—and of course her pupil shared in her faith—the greatest actor that ever had been, or that ever could be; greater than Garrick, greater than Kean. I am more catholic now; but I still hold all my admiration, except its exclusiveness. If Foote's reputation have been injured, as I think it has, by his own double talent as an actor and a mimic, so the fame of John Kemble—that perishable actor's fame—has suffered not a little by the contact with his great sister. Besides her uncontested and incontestable power, Mrs. Siddons had one advantage not always allowed for—she was a woman. The actress must always be dearer than the actor; goes closer to the heart, draws tenderer tears. Then she came earlier, and took the first possession; and she lasted longer, charming all London by her reading, whilst he lay in a foreign grave. Add that the tragedy in which they were best remembered was one in which the heroine must always predominate, for Lady Macbeth is the moving spirit of the play. But take characters of more equality—Katharine and Wolsey, Hermione and Leontes, Coriolanus and Volumnia, Hamlet and the Queen—and surely John Kemble may hold his own. How often have I seen them in those plays! What would I give to see again those plays so acted!

It would be an important revelation if it could be shown by what and by how many chances and trivial acts genius is guided in its career, and directed to its final triumph. If Coleridge, the weight of whose authority was a sort of critical law, had never said that the authoress of "Blanche" would write a tragedy, Miss Mitford might possibly never have ventured on her first tragic creation, "Pescio." Then again, at the very moment when the young authoress despaired of success, she met with the kindest and most generous critic which perhaps the literary world ever produced—Mr. Talford, the author of "Ion." Whoever laments—and who does not?—the loss of the late judge, feels his sorrow speaking deepest through his humanity. We may replace the judicial penetration and the literary talent, but not the heart, the big manly heart, which encouraged Mary Russell Mitford when she despaired, and which had a kindly throb for all mankind.

Miss Mitford has a lively recollection of the "getting up" of one of her plays at Covent Garden. Those who have only beheld a theatre in all its blaze and glory, and who have never endeavoured to explore the solemn mysteries which at noon grimly slumber behind the scenes, will enjoy this description.

Captain Forbes, one of the proprietors, and a naval man, used to compare the stage with its three tiers of under-ground store-rooms and magazines, and its prodigious height and complexity of top-hammer aloft, to a first-rate man-of-war. That comparison is rather too flattering. To me—no offence to the Theatre Royal Covent Garden—it always recalled the place where I first made acquaintance with the enchantment of the scene, by reminding me of some prodigious barn. A barn it certainly resembles, vast, dusty, dusky and cavernous, with huge beams topping overhead, holes yawning beneath, rough partitions sticking out on either side, and everywhere a certain vague sense of obscurity and confusion. When the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, the contrasts are sufficiently amusing. Solemn tragedians—that is to say, tragedians who seem solemn enough in their stage

gear at night—batted and grout-coated, skipping about, chatting and joking, and telling good stories like common mortals; indeed, the only very grave person whom I remarked was Mr. Liston; tragic heroines sauntering languidly through their parts in the closest of bonnets and thickest of shawls; untidy ballet-girls (there was a dance in "Foscari") walking through their quadrille to the sound of a solitary fiddle, striking up as if of its own accord from amidst the tall stools and music-desks of the orchestra, and piercing, one hardly knew how, through the din that was going on incessantly. Oh, that din! Voices from every part, above, below, around, and in every key, bawling, shouting, screaming; heavy weights rolling here and falling there, bells ringing one could not tell why, and the ubiquitous call-boy everywhere! If one element prevailed amongst these conflicting noises, it was certainly the never-pausing strokes of the carpenter's hammer, which in our case did double duty, the new scenery of the morrow being added to the old scenery of the night. Double, too, were the cares not merely of the official before-mentioned, the call-boy, but of his superiors, the stage-manager and the prompter; for whilst we, the new tragedy, held after our strange scrambling fashion possession of the stage, the comedy or opera of the evening was crowded into the green-room, to the great increase of our confusion and their own; some of their people belonging to us, and some of ours to them, and neither party being ever in the proper place, so that there were perpetual sendings after their walking gentlemen and our walking ladies, the common property. The scenery too, that part which was fished up from the subterranean galleries, was fertile in blunders. I have known a fine view of the Rialto with a bit of Charing-cross for one wing, and a slice of the Forest of Arden for the other. Even the new scenes had their perils. Painter and manager would disagree as to the size of the moon, and a good half-hour was wasted one morning in experiments as to the best manner of folding the [muslin] clouds over the face of that bright luminary.

Miss Mitford the dramatist will not by many be identified with Miss Mitford the charming writer of English tales; nor is it to be wondered at, when we recollect that many of those dramas were put on the stage thirty years ago, and have since been excluded from the observation of the public. But undoubtedly they deserve to be known in every English home; their intellectual pre-eminence entitles them to a position in our best and largest theatres. Miss Mitford develops character with a force and truthfulness which forms a wondrous contrast to those sketchy fragments, and mere emotional episodes, which are the contents of so many of our modern dramas. Here the progressive incidents lighten into the ultimate crisis, and the value or worthlessness of words is so understood by Miss Mitford that she never suffers them to weaken a passion, or debilitate a dialogue. Until the appearance of these volumes we were, we freely admit, but partially and imperfectly acquainted with Miss Mitford's dramas. Now, after a perusal as pleasurable as it has been instructive, we deliberately affirm that our literary history has no dramatic age, not even the wonderful and unparalleled age of Shakspeare and Jonson, of Massinger and Marlowe, that Miss Mitford's dramas would not ornament and enrich. If the primary attribute of the drama should be action, and undoubtedly it should, for action is the best representative of physical life, then those dramas fill the highest rank. Miss Mitford has almost the intellectuality of Joanna Baillie, with infinitely more commanding situations; hence her dramas are more representative. The reason is sufficiently plain: Miss Baillie in a single drama contented herself with the development of a single passion, while Miss Mitford develops a variety of passions—as, for instance, in "Irenzi." We are inclined to think that "Charles I." would be a most effective drama on the stage. It contains passages of true pathos, tenderness, and emotion, through which the inevitable catastrophe is propelled. About this play and the hindrance to its first representation, Miss Mitford relates a circumstance which our readers may consider in the light either of a serious or a ridiculous interference. George Colman, the licenser, saw a danger to the state in permitting the trial of an English Monarch to be represented on the stage, "especially a monarch whose martyrdom was still observed in the churches." Miss Mitford's plea that her play was "ultra loyal" would not do. Ultra loyal it undoubtedly is; but if justice is, as she is represented, an inflexible judge, she will hardly be satisfied that Miss Mitford should exaggerate the virtues or vices of character, for the sake of dramatic contrast. The dark mass of shadow in Cromwell's career contrasts broadly with the serene and placid resignation of Charles; but will certain religionists, sympathisers with



the austere devotions of the grim Roundhead, applaud Miss Mitford for making the shadow darker still, in order to produce an effectual picture? The development of Cromwell's character is admirable as developed from a certain point; and we need scarcely say that this certain point has not been chosen by Carlyle or Lamartine. Not so much the fanatic as the hypocrite is here portrayed; a hypocrite confirmed and consummate. He palters with Fairfax, who wishes to save Charles; intimates that he himself is wrestling with "pitying thoughts;" sends Harrison to seek "the presence of the Lord," and ask an answer whether or not Charles shall be sacrificed; and then instantly, on the departure of Fairfax, he gives the warrant to Hacker, and exclaims—

Now! now! be quick!

Is this history? Is this in fact the man? These are questions which we anticipate will call forth fierce discussion, but our immediate business is with the literary quality of the play. That is, we think, entirely beyond question. We shall quote a passage which was excluded when the play was performed—for it was performed some time after Colman's objections—but which has evident beauty. Charles is in his bed-chamber just before his execution; it is the early morning, and the Queen enters the apartment.

Queen. Charles!

King. Already here!

Thou didst fall trembling in my arms, last night, Dizzy and faint and spent, as the tired martlet, Midway her voyage, drops panting on the deck, And slumbers through the tempest. I kissed off The tears that hung on those fair eyelids, blessing Thy speechless weariness, thy weeping love That sobbed itself to rest. Never did I mother Watching her fevered infant pray for sleep So calm, so deep, so long, as I besought Of Heaven for thee when half unconscious, yet Moaning and plaining like a dove, they bore thee With gentle force away. And thou art here Already! wakened into sense and life And the day's agony.

Queen. Here! I have been

To Harrison, to Marten, to Lord Fairfax, To Downes, to Ireton,—even at Bradshaw's feet I've knelt to-day. Sleep now? shall I e'er sleep Again!

King. At Bradshaw's feet! Oh, perfect love How can I chide thee! Yet I would thou hadst spared Thyself and me that scorn.

Queen. Do hunters scorn

The shrill cries of the flosses, whose cubs They've snared, although the forest-queen approach Crouching? Do seamen scorn the forked lightning, Albeit the storm-cloud weep? They strove to soothe; They spake of pity; one of hope.

King. Alas!

All thy life long the torturer hope hath been Thy master!

We quote again a passage of great artistic and dramatic force. It is a portion of the trial of the King.

Brad. Sir, for the last time

I ask thee, wilt thou plead?

King. Have I not answered?

Cook. Your judgment, good my Lords!

Brad. All ye who deem

Charles Stuart guilty, rise!

[The Judges all stand up.]

King. What all!

Brad. Not one

Is wanting. Clerk, record him guilty.

Cook. Now

The sentence!

Queen. (From the Gallery.) Traitors, hold!

Crom. (To Ireton.) Heard'st thou a scream?

Ire. 'Tis the malignant wife of Fairfax.

Crom. No!

A greater far than she.

Queen. Hold, murderers!

Crom. (Aloud.) Lead

Yon railing woman from her seat. My Lord,

Please you proceed.

Queen. (Rushing to the King.) Traitors, here is my seat—

I am the Queen;—here is my place, my state,

My Lord and Sovereign,—here at thy feet.

I claim it with a prouder, humbler heart,

A lowlier duty, a more loyal love,

Than when the false and glittering diadem

Encircled first my brow, a queenly bride.

Put me not from thee! scorn me not! I am

Thy wife.

King. Oh, true and faithful wife! Yet leave me,

Lest the strong armour of my soul, her patience,

Be melted by thy tears. Oh, go! go! go!

This is no place for thee.

Queen. Why thou art here!

Who shall divide us?

Ire. Force her from him, Guards;

Remove her.

King. Tremble ye who come so near

As but to touch her garments. Cowards! Slaves!

Though the King's power be gone, yet the man's strength

Remains unwithered. She's my wife; my all.

Crom. None thinks to harm the lady. Good my Lord,

The hour wears fast with these slight toys.

Queen. I come

To aid ye, not impede. If in this land

To wear the lineal crown, maintain the laws,

Uphold the insulted Church, be crimes, then I

Am guilty, guiltier than your King. 'Twas I

That urged the war,—ye know he loved me;—I

That prompted his bold counsels; edged and whetted

His great resolves; spurred his high courage on

Against ye, rebels! I that armed my knight

And sent him forth to battle. Mine the crime;—

Be mine the punishment! Deliver him, And lead me to the block. Pause ye? My blood Is royal too. Within my veins the rich Commingled stream of princely Medici And regal Bourbon flows: 'twill mount as high, 'Twill stain your axe as red, 'twill feed as full Your hate of Kings.

Crom. Madam, we wage no war

On women.

Queen. I have warred on ye, and now— Take heed how ye release me! He is gentle, Patient, and kind; he can forgive. But I Shall roam a frantic widow through the world, Counting each day for lost that hath not gained An enemy to England, a revenger Of this foul murder.

Har. Woman, peace! The sentence!

Queen. Your sentence, bloody judges! As ye deal

With your anointed King, the red right arm

Of Heaven shall avenge him: here on earth

By clinging fear and black remorse, and death,

Unnatural ghastly death, and then the fire,

The eternal fire, where panting murderers gasp

And cannot die, that deepest hell which holds The regicide.

Brad. Peace! I have overlong

Forgotten my great office. Hence! or force

Shall rid us of thy frenzy. Know'st thou not

That curses light upon the curser's head

As surely as the cloud which the sun drains

From the salt sea returns into the wave

In stormy gusts or plashing showers? Remove her.

Queen. Oh, mercy! mercy! I'll not curse; I'll be

As gentle as a babe. Ye cannot doom him

Whilst I stand by. Even the hard headsman veils

His victim's eyes before strikes, afeared

Lest his heart fall. And could ye, being men

Not flinch, abide a wife's keen agony

Whilst I'll not leave thee, Charles! I'll never leave thee.

King. This is the love stronger than life, the love

Of woman. Henrietta, listen. Loose

Thy arms from round my neck; here is no axe;

This is no scaffold. We shall meet anon

Untouched, unharmed; I shall return to thee

Safe, safe,—shall bide with thee. Listen, my dear one,

Thy husband prays, thy King commands thee: Go!

Go! Lead her gently, very gently.

[Exit the Queen led.]

We should much like to behold the representation of "Inez de Castro." It has all the qualifications of a first-class drama—story, situation, and intensity. There is the gentle Inez so womanly, and being so womanly so wisely, condemned by the King to death because the prince Pedro out of his degree has married her. She is indeed a beautiful creation, noble and brave in her gentleness, sacrificing her life with her own hand that she may the more speedily reconcile the father to the son. Is there no power to sweep away the rubbish and unprofitable burlesque from the stage, and substitute nature and truth through such a drama as "Inez de Castro"? We may speak in almost equal terms of many other dramas, and of some of the "Dramatic Sketches" at the end of the second volume; but we have only space to quote a passage from "Rienzi," a play which has been represented with a success, which Miss Mitford admits "rare in a woman's life." Our scene is chosen the moment after Rienzi has sent to the block the Frangipani, the Ursini, and the high Colonna.

Rie. [Rises and advances.] They are gone,

And my heart's lightened. How the traitor stood

Looking me down with his proud eye, disdainful

Fair mercy, making of the hideous block

An altar, of unnatural ghastly death

A god. He hath his will; and I—my heart

Is tranquil.

Cla. [Without.] Father! father!

Rie. Guard the door!

Be sure ye give not way.

Cla. [Without.] Father!

Rie. To see

Her looks! her tears!

[Enter Claudia, hastily.]

Cla. Who dares to stop me? Father!

[Rushes into the arms of Rienzi.]

Rie. I bade ye guard the entrance.

Cla. Again—me!

Ye must have men and gates of steel, to bar

Claudia from her dear father. Where is he?

They said that he was with you—he—thou know'st

Whom I would say. I heard ye loud. I thought

I heard ye; but, perchance, the dizzying thrub

Of my poor temples—Where is he? I see

No corpse—an' he were dead. Oh, no, no, no!

Thou could'st not, wouldst not! Say he lives.

Rie. As yet

He lives.

Cla. Oh! blessings on thy heart, dear father!

Blessings on thy kind heart! When shall I see him?

Is he in prison? Fear hath made me weak,

And wordless as a child. Oh! send for him.

Thou hast pardoned him—didst thou not say but now

Thou hadst pardoned him?

Rie. No.

Cla. Oh, thou hast! thou hast!

This is the dalliance thou wast wont to hold

When I have craved some girlish boon, a bird,

A flower, a moonlight walk; but now I ask thee

Life, more than life. Thou hast pardoned him?

Rie. My Claudia!

Cla. Ay! I am thine own Claudia, whose first word

Was father. These are the same hands that clung

Around thy knees, a tottering babe; the lips

That, ere they had learnt speech, would smile, and seek

To meet thee with an infant's kiss; the eyes

Thou hast called so like my mother's; eyes, that never

Gazed on thee, but with looks of love. Oh, pardon!

Nay, father, speak not yet: thy brows are knit

Into a sternness. Prythee, speak not yet!

Rie. This traitor—

Cla. Call him as thou wilt, but pardon!

Oh, pardon!

Rie. He defies me.

Cla. See, I kneel,

And he shall kneel, shall kiss thy feet; wilt pardon?

Rie. Mine own dear Claudia.

Cla. Pardon!

Rie. Raise thee up;

Rest on my bosom; let thy beating heart

Lie upon mine; so shall the mutual pang

Be stilled. Oh! that thy father's soul could bear

This grief for thee, my sweet one! Oh, forgive—

Cla. Forgive thee what! 'Tis so the headsman speaks

To his poor victim, ere he strikes. Do fathers

Make widows of their children? send them down

To the cold grave heart-broken? Tell me not

Of fathers,—I have none! All else that breathes

Hath known that natural love: the wolf is kind

To her vile cubs; the little wren hath care

For each small youngling of her brood; and thou—

The word that widowed, orphaned me! Henceforth

My home shall be his grave. And yet thou canst not—

Father!

[Rushing into Rienzi's arms.]

Rie. Ay!

Dost call me father once again, my Claudia,

Mine own sweet child!

Cla. Oh, father, pardon him!

Oh, pardon! pardon! 'Tis my life I ask

In his. Our lives, dear father!

[Enter Lady Colonna.]

Lady C. He's dead. He's dead!

Rie. It is her husband, Claudia;

Stephen Colonna.

Lady C. Murderer, 'tis my son.

[Claudia sinks at her father's feet.]

My husband died in honour'd fight; for him

I weep not.

Rie. Angelo is pardoned, Claudia.

Lady C. He is dead! I saw the axe, fearfully bright,

Wave o'er his neck with an edgy shine that cut

My burning eye-balls; saw the butcher-stroke

And the hot blood gush like a fountain high,

From out the veins; and then I heard a voice

Cry pardon! heard a shout that chorussed pardon!

Pardon! to that disjoined corpse! Oh, deep

And horrible mockery! So the fiends shall chant

Round thy tormented soul, and pardon, pardon,

Ring through the depths of hell.

Rie. Claudia, my sweet one,

Look up—speak to me! Writhe not thus, my Claudia,

Shivering about my feet.

Lady C. Claudia Colonna!

They say that grief is proud; but I will own thee

Now, my fair daughter. Rouse thee! Help me curse

Him who hath slain thy husband.

Rie. Woman, bend,

Thou kill'st my child,—avaunt!

Lady C. When I have said

My errand. Think'st thou I came here to crush

Yon feeble worm? Thou hast done that! She loved him,

Fair faithful wretch, and thou—Why, I could laugh

At such a vengeance! Thy keen axe, that heaved

My column to the earth, struck down the weed

That crept around its base.

Rie. Claudia! she moves!

She is not dead.

Lady C. Dead! Why the dead are blest'd

And she is blest'd. Dead! the dead lie down

In peace, and she shall pine a living ghost

About thee, with pale looks and patient love,

And bitter gusts of anguish, that shall cross

The gentle spirit, when poor Angelo—

A widow's and a childless mother's curse

Rest on thy head, Rienzi! Live, till Rome

Hurl thee from thy proud seat: live but to prove

The ecstasy of scorn, the fierce contempt

That wait the tyrant fallen; then die, borne down

By mighty justice! die as a wild beast

Before the hunters! die, and leave a name

Portentous, bloody, brief, a meteor name,

Obscurely bad, or madly bright! My curse

Rest on thy head, Rienzi.

## SCIENCE.

The Rev. Robert Aris Wilmott has collected the *Poetical Works of Gray, Parnell, Collins, Matthew Green, and Warton*, and printed them in one volume, with some notes and biographical sketches of his own (Routledge and Co.) The volume is tastefully got out, and has numerous woodcut illustrations from the pencils of Birket Foster and E. Corbould. Mr. Wilmott has been careful to adopt trustworthy texts, and his notes show much care and research. In the biographical sketches the chief facts of the life of each author are briefly told, and an effort is made to depict the general character of the poet.

The *Encyclopædia Britannica; or, Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature*. Eighth Edition. Vol. VI. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

No previous volume of the present edition of this magnificent encyclopædia has been so fertile in important essays that fit in to the "form and pressure" of the time. It contains articles on Cannon, Caucasus, China, and the two Catherine of Russia; in each of which is presented the whole of the information obtainable on the subject to our own time. These papers should be a great attraction in the present crisis, when the active use of the cannon is likely to lead to a study of its history and its literature (for it has a vast literature of its own); and the actual invasion of the Crimea must induce general inquiry into the history, topography, and geography of the Caucasus. And the other contents of the volume are not less important or attractive than these particular divisions. It contains from "Burning Glasses" to "Climate;" and among the

vast mass of intervening subjects we find Burns, a host of Butlers, Byron, California, Calvin, Canada, Capillary Action, Carpentry, Chemistry, Chloroform, Christianity, Chronology, Civil Law, Climate, &c. &c. The initials of the authors of all the important papers are appended; and we should add that the lesser papers are numerous, and carefully done. The woodcuts and plates are very plentiful. So invaluable a work will surely be placed in every library.

THE fact that Dr. Bernays' *Household Chemistry* (Low and Son) has reached a third edition is its own best recommendation. The present edition appears to be considerably enlarged.

### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Tours in Ulster: a Handbook to the Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Ireland.* By J. B. Doyle (Hodges and Smith, Dublin.)—This volume is published with a view to call the attention of the tourist world to the imperfectly known districts of the north of Ireland, many of which are possessed of considerable historic and scenic interest. The author has done his work carefully, and it displays many evidences of painstaking; from his own and others' sketch-books he has collected a large number of landscape illustrations, and portraits of distinguished worthies. The volume will be a great aid to those who desire to repair to the north of Ireland, and none can fail to derive pleasure and profit from it.—*Famous Persons and Famous Places* (Ward and Lock, Fleet-street) is a portion of N. P. Willis's larger work, "Pencilings by the Way," and is reprinted, with the author's preface, from the American edition. This reprint is in a cheap form for popular sale.—Messrs. Routledge's eighteenpenny edition of Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories* is in very small type—a disadvantage under which the two-shilling copy of Low and Son does not labour. The latter has, besides the large type, sixty illustrations.

### FICTION.

NOTABLE among the cheap reprints is Miss Jewsbury's *The Half-Sisters*, in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's "Select Library of Fiction." Good type, paper, and print, are striking characteristics of this well-selected series.—Messrs. Blackwood send us the first of their latest and cheapest reprints of Mr. Samuel Warren's works—*Ten Thousand a Year*. It is in two well-bound volumes, and is something more than a mere reprint, for it has been revised by the author, who has also added notes; and a few illustrations are introduced.—Messrs. Routledge and Co. have published a neat and well-bound, but cheap edition of Mr. Foulton's *The Great Highway*; whose popularity may furnish a fact for a future edition of his own "marvels." The same publishers have added Sir Edward Bulwer's *Last of the Barons* to their "Railway Library." Following in Mr. Bentley's steps, they have given us for eighteen pence, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's *Fashion and Famine*, an American story told with remarkable skill, and containing some telling pictures of New York life. The publishers have calculated well in issuing ten thousand copies, for the book must soon be in great demand among circulating library readers.—"The Parlour Library," the most gratefully remembered of the cheap novel race, presents us with Mrs. Grey's *Sybil Lennard*, a very pleasing story.—*The Shady Side*, by "A Pastor's Wife," forms an appropriate volume of Messrs. Constable and Co.'s shilling series. To those who are fond of pathetic stories, it will be acceptable.—*Gold: a Brief Story for the Times* (Chapman and Hall), is written with a view to show that those who devote themselves too absolutely to money-getting miss many of the most delightful pleasures of this world—the greatest that of encouraging, guiding, and aiding others. An old moral, but agreeably revealed in these brief pages.—*The Diverting, Pathetic, and Humorous Adventures of Mr. Sydenham Greenfinch, Gentleman, and of his Friends in London* (Routledge and Co.), relates how a country greenfinch came to town, was initiated into the gaieties and enjoyments of fast men, and how he returned home with his verdancy much lessened. There is some humour in the story, and it shows the habits of "the swell" class. It has some amusing illustrations.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Satire and Satirists.* Six Lectures. By JAMES HANNAY. London: Bogue. 1854. LITERARY lectures are peculiarly in fashion now-a-days. Coleridge, it is true, lectured on Shakspeare to the generation which is now falling or fallen, "like leaves of trees." Hazlitt table-talked in public; and more recently, though still some twenty years ago, Carlyle lectured or rather discoursed in Scotch, for it was unwritten, on "Heroes and Hero Worship" to a wondering metropolitan assemblage. But such occasions

were few and far between, and the audiences for the most part select and of special cultivation. The marvel now is a literary man who has not lectured or is not lecturing, or is not about to lecture, for the instruction and delight of the miscellaneous multitude, and his own particular profit. The multitude likes it. It is a pleasant lazy way of getting the essence of a book poured into the ear, and at the same time gratifying one's lower curiosity, through the eye, with the personal traits of the oracle. There are few so devoid of hero-worship as to think a shilling dear for the commodious opportunity of personally inspecting a celebrity. It is also on the lecturer's part an easy way of presenting desultory matter, and making a merit of the desultoriness.

We do not mean to deny that the lecture-room presents a peculiar and valuable medium of instruction; but we wish to express a doubt as to the wholesomeness of some of the conditions under which it is at present so extensively used.

But if there be a fault here, it must not be visited upon any single head,—least of all upon that of one of the youngest, and also one of the cleverest of the army of lecturers. Mr. Hannay, who was previously known as the author of various works of fiction, including a naval novel called "Singleton Fontenoy," last year delivered at several public places in the metropolis a series of six lectures on *Satire and Satirists*, which are now before us in the form of a handsome volume.

"There are two facts," says Mr. Hannay in his preface, "of the highest interest about satirical literature: First, that the satires of every age have been important agents in the historic work done in it; Secondly, that satires, as literary objects, give us valuable aid in studying the life of the age in which they were produced." This may pass unquestioned—unless we were to inquire into the exact meaning of the words, "literary objects;" but when Mr. Hannay claims for satire, "a place by the side of poetry, comedy, and tragedy," and for satirists, as such, the general character of "good and loveable men," we demur. A few very clever men have written satires, preserving evidence of the then existing state of morals, manners, and opinions, and no less evidence, in most cases, of the lamentable petty-mindedness of even the very clever men. The satirist seldom or never fails to satirise himself. To have the fame of a satirist is of itself enough to indicate comparative inferiority. Those who have invested satire with a factitious dignity in men's habit of thought have done so by being also something more and better than merely satirical; and that they were in so great measure satirists is, with the best thinkers, their degradation from a higher rank. Satire (as we define it to ourselves) is a presentment of the ridiculous side of man's vice and weakness; and this is not necessarily unwholesome, and may be very salutary; but, whether in thought, conversation, or writing, it can only be salutary in small proportions, and when abundantly counterbalanced with wider and nobler views of human life; and he who thus justly proportions and counterbalances the satirical element will not be distinctively characterised as a "Satirist." The real satirist is necessarily a partisan, a caricaturist, studiously unjust, delighting in ignoble personality. He searches out sore places, not to cure but to torture; shoots slanders, rumour, and lies, as they come to hand, rejecting nothing but whatever might alleviate the sufferer's pain; he has neither pity for the living nor charity for the dead. Selfishness and enmity reign where truth and love are dethroned. He kindles or feeds a solemn public blaze round his victims with petty private animosities, and in gratifying his revenge calls the murder an *Act-of-Faith*.

Pope, Mr. Hannay describes as *par excellence* "our classical English satirist;" and no doubt the title is deserved. Pope's satires, with their historical and biographical commentaries, form a dishonourable and melancholy chapter in the book of humanity. Inasmuch as they are the production of rare and refined literary genius, they might be regarded as the most profound satire on genius and literature, if the truth were not in this case too mournful and awful to retain that momentary aspect of it. Hear the evidence which Mr. Hannay himself, at present the special-pleader on behalf of satire (but capable, we believe, of better modes of literary activity) is compelled to give, in speaking of Pope: the italics are ours:

His motives, often enough, were ignoble and paltry,—base even,—tainted with egotism and meanness; but that does not spoil the effect which his

genius knew how to produce. The clear crystal-bright liquid of the chemist, it looks quite different from the shrubs and the plants, *rooted in dirt*, whose product it is! If Pope had not indulged in spite and rancour—had not only been revengeful, but cherished his revenge and warmed it in his bosom, we should not have had some of his best satires. Among all satirists, therefore, no man has higher literary pretensions.

It is possible that Ignoble and Paltry Motives, Baseness, Egotism, Meanness, Spite, Rancour, Revenge, can be "sources of moral truth?" the sources whence, as Mr. Hannay declares, only two sentences above that which we have just quoted, the satirists of all ages have derived their "inspiration." We, for our part, hold another faith. It will be seen that we believe there is an error at the root of this lecturer's thoughts about satire: yet that shall not hinder us from offering him our tribute of applause for the cleverness of his compositions, their ingenuity and picturesque-ness, and the neat, clear, and eloquent characterisations which they include. Here is a sketch of Horace as a writer:

Horace was scarcely ever angry; and he is a clear-seeing fine-minded man, with a talent for dramatic and personal exhibition of folly. He gives many fine examples of the absurdity of avarice, for example; of any of the extremes which mankind so inconsistently exhibit in every thing. Every thing has its ludicrous aspect; and that Horace lays hold of. He was a good-tempered man, a well-balanced man, of high taste and breeding; and how spiritedly will he expose—I say expose, by making it appear in action, rather than denounce—absurdity, meanness, ostentation! He takes them, usually, in their relation to society. Society—the cultivated, observing, reflecting section—is his standard. If he attacks anything as hateful, he shows its contrast to what a polished sensible person must think of it.

The following paragraph on Roman manners, during the period of the worst Cæsars, is remarkably powerful, and recalls the most impressive style of Juvenal himself:

It was a monstrous and unnatural period, that in which Juvenal lived—of gigantic opulence and titanic sin; a time both of blood and luxury; when the world ate and drank more, and lied and blasphemed more, and was at once more knowing and more superstitious, than it has ever been known to be. Something tropical is the effect that entering into it produces on the imagination which still retains any healthy northern simplicity of character. You gasp for air. The soul is in an atmosphere close and hot; cloudy with coarse perfume; where the flowers and the vegetation have, with monstrous proportions, something glaring and ghastly in their beauty, and something sickly in their breath. Foul figures of every land swarm round you: brawny murderers from the Danube, and dusky greasy scoundrels from the Nile. All that is bad is near. There are sounds of revelry, which are allied with unutterable shame. The clashing of cymbals and the notes of lutes, the gleam of gold and of wine, do not charm here; they terrify. The smoke of the wicked feasts blots out the heaven above you, and like the drifting smoke from a funeral pile, is heavy with the odours of death.

The first Lecture is given to Horace and Juvenal, the second to Erasmus, Sir David Lindsay, and George Buchanan; the third to Early European Satire, and to Boileau, Butler, and Dryden—the present work, as its preface informs us, not being a history of Satirical Literature, but a collection of passages from its history. While skimming the mediæval period, let us extract a humorous passage about our old friend,

#### THE FOOL.

I fear that in those days the satirist was not a dignified character. The humbler satirist and wag was a professed buffoon; and he represented the comic element, for many generations, in the capacity of fool. I have said before, that that figure deserves some investigation:—who and what could these men have been who lived in this world on that footing? Was he tainted with insanity; and did he derive his intellectual light from what we popularly call a crack in his skull? Shakspeare has drawn him, and so as to make him a prominent personage. Holbein has painted him as a part of the family group of one of the greatest and wisest men of his time. Surely there must have been some amusing quality about Harry Patenson, if he could interest the leisure of such a man as Sir Thomas More? It is a difficult subject; but it seems only too clear that the poor fool's position was a very dubious and questionable one: he went loose about the court-yard of the castle like a pet hound, and was summoned when he was wanted. He might say truth now and then; but he had to invest it in some such form that it looked as if he had tumbled on it by accident: and he cannot have seriously set up for a wise man, or he would have interfered too much. It was humour in livery; satire going about in a mean form, like an oriental prince under enchantment. From the



names of fools, it seems pretty certain that they were of the lower orders. I suppose, that when a wag was born on one of a baron's manors, the news came in time to the château—where, you may be sure, the old existing official said that the young beginner was an over-rated fool, and had no real talent as a wag. However, this species of reviewing could not be long successful. Lady Mabel would hear of the younger's merry conceits. In brief, here was a kind of career, at all events, for many a poor fellow born naturally a small wag: while he behaved himself, all went well; and if he misbehaved himself, he was whipped.

The fourth lecture is on Swift, Pope, and Churchill; in which Mr. Hannay opposes, with great elegance and skill, and, in our opinion, with considerable success, Mr. Thackeray's very severe handling of the great Dean's character.

The Dean (says Mr. Hannay), however, gloomy as he was, had a real humorous side; a manly enjoyment of the ludicrous and the low; and could relish mere buffoonery, and even practical jokes. There are capital stories about the Dean. Then he was a deep thinker: he has sayings about human nature which are as good as anybody's; and his satire goes very deep: it is not only bitter satire against individuals, it is philosophical satire, which goes to the root of things. He was a lord of all the weapons in this line—invective, ridicule, humour; and includes in himself, like the Trojan horse, many different fighting-men. And yet, as I said when I began, it does not at all seem that he was mainly a literary man. He scattered abroad his writings as a tree does leaves; and his writing seems so much talk, that must be talked in this way. He was deep in all the great questions; and yet could write what would seize the fancy of a child or a clown. He includes Cobbett, Junius, and Rochefoucauld, and more men, in his huge bulk; and after equalling Juvenal in a slanging-match, he might go off and beat Hook in anecdotes. And to think that, after all this, he must go home to suffer like Rousseau! Let us pity Swift; and at least be civil to him.

The fifth lecture treats of Political Satire and Squibs, and of Burns; commencing with the period of the Civil War, and including the shadowy figure of Junius, of whom the lecturer says, very effectively:

We see the artfulness of the man, who studies to wound with the air of a superior being. In serving up slander and scandal, the same dramatic dignity is preserved: he would have you believe that the mud he flings at you fell from heaven. This theatrical side of the Junius character is very curious and peculiar, and makes him cut a figure half-Roman and half-French, and look like the ghost of Brutus uttering quotations from a lampoon.

The last lecture is on Byron and Moore, &c., and on the "Present Aspect of Satirical Literature." We shall first select a sentence or two about Moore, in which sound judgment, brilliant fancy, and a pleasing style, are conspicuously blended:

Moore's talents and gifts are to be recognised; and there is no difficulty in doing that—they lie on the top; and "he who runs" may admire. He is a brilliant man; a melodious, ornamental, glittering genius; a genius like an eastern dancing-girl, with bells at the ankles, and bells at the waist, ringing with lively music, and bright with holiday-colour in the sunshine. All very graceful and pretty, no doubt. But the fancy, rather than the heart, is touched by the spectacle; and sometimes seriously-disposed persons had better keep in-doors when the performance is going to begin.

Again:

Wit, and that species of fancy which is akin to wit, was Moore's greatest and most striking gift. You see it in his love-songs, and melancholy songs, and in his descriptions, equally. He never wrote a love-song to compare with Shelley's. Nature is not his quality. *Lalla Rookh* is a tissue of brilliant construction—as fine as glass-blowing; but the heart of the eastern life is not there at all; only the ornament, the gaiety, the exterior of it; what you would see of it in a ballet, in fact. How tawdry is all that beauty compared with Wordsworth or Keats! I doubt if it ranks above *virtu*.

Theodore Hook is severely handled:

He began (we are told) his satirical career with the Queen's trial, and with songs and ballads of the squib description, but full of ill-nature, against Caroline of Brunswick. He made great fun of those who attended her court, representing them as "gemen from Wapping," and ladies from "Blow-bladder Row." This is the kind of pleasantry which fills his novels, and which made his fame. He was the most eminent man of that school, the leading principle of which is, or was, that no good can come out of Bloomsbury; that good wine, and good cookery, and good manners, are confined to certain regions of the West (where the Satirist, of course, is to be found), and to the inhabitants of which, comic

narratives of the way fish is served, and wine handed round, in more unfortunate neighbourhoods, are to be perpetually supplied by that functionary.

Ultimately he ruined his heart, his circumstances, and (what was a still greater loss) his stomach; and so died. The biographer above mentioned observes, that his funeral was ill attended by his great friends. But we need not wonder at that. A funeral is a well-known "bore;" and, besides, the most brilliant wag cannot be amusing on the occasion of his own interment.

Anent the "present aspect" of satire, Mr. Hannay runs over the names of some well-known contemporary writers, "in whose works the satiric spirit now works"—which, by the way, is not a neat sentence—but none of whom, except perhaps Jerrold, could be distinctively classed with the satirists. Of the schools of "simious satirists" and "jokers," which are rather populous in our day, he speaks with merited contempt.

Concerning Byron, the lecturer labours hard to convince us that, being a writer in turn theatrical, scoffing, and impure, his motives were high, honourable, and benevolent; and that "Don Juan" is "healthy"—"a work with a good object"—"pictures life generally and soundly," and "excites your love of the beautiful and the lofty!" We do not misquote; "Don Juan," it seems, is not a composition depicting human life as, at best, a delusive pageantry, aimless, faithless, hopeless, only tolerable in the moments of the harem, ere these, too, have palled into the universal ennui—but a healthy and genial picture of life, exciting our love of the beautiful and the lofty! Several serious shakes of head, both horizontal and vertical, must be the comment on this portion of the lectures. Byron, indeed, in that part of "Don Juan" where he writes of English society, attacks much that is false and ugly; but morality can never accept as champion one who, at every second word, scoffs at herself in her most sacred principles. We are generally too apt to palliate the offences of an able and famous man. But let the truth be told: it concerns us much that it should be. Right and wrong never change sides, or even shift from their places in the least, out of compliment to the most powerful and celebrated genius; and singing-ropes and the satiric mask confer no prerogative to do evil virtuously. We know not what Lord Byron might have attained to in a longer life; but we do know (and recall it with unaffected and profound sorrow) that the life he lived was vicious, hurtful to himself and others—and that the great power and activity of his intellect, perpetuating and diffusing a quite incalculable amount of vicious influence, became, and continues to be, a curse to the human race. This is a terrible thought—not to be shaken or washed away by an ocean of comic rhymes. The scoffer may create his world in contemptuous jest; but when he is done jesting, God's world, which "was not created in jest," remains real, and holds him too inevitably, in its awful grasp. We have a strong opinion, let us rather say belief, that the consideration of the moral responsibility of literary writers is not sufficiently impressed upon the general mind; and that public opinion, very sensitive upon some other questions of morality, is dangerously careless and excusing upon this.

To return to our immediate subject, we find that this lecturer is in the habit of distinguishing "the religious man" as belonging to one peculiar variety among the many varieties of human character, out of which the artistic man, the literary man, the pleasure-seeking man, the aristocratic man, the satiric man, and so on, may in like manner be selected and classified. Here is a most serious error. Religion is the only wholesome atmosphere for the soul, in all its individual varieties. Every man who is not a religious man is mentally unhealthy. If this seem trite, let people reflect how many or how few believe it practically: in literature especially—the Church of today—it is all but forgotten.

Finally, agreeing with the lecturer that "the ethics of satire are in an unsatisfactory state" and that "if you applied the moral test strictly, and made justice your standard, you would have to strike out a good deal of very fine satire"—we cannot echo his sigh for a new satirist, who, we fear, however "glorious and spirited," would be likely to prove no less "unsatisfactory" than his predecessors.

THE first volume of Messrs. Constable's *Select Works of Dr. Chalmers* contains his "Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans," and has a nicely-engraved portrait

of the Doctor for a frontispiece. It is well printed, and neatly bound in cloth, and its price should ensure it a wide sale, irrespective of its great and acknowledged merits.—The "People's Edition" of *Macaulay's Critical and Historical Essays* (Longman and Co.) has reached the sixth shilling part, and another part will complete the series.—A *Practical Dictionary of English Synonyms*, by D. L. Mackenzie (London: G. Willis), is more copious than other works of the same kind, and the arrangement is alphabetical. Mr. Mackenzie's aim has been to "present to the composer a mnemonic auxiliary, at once comprehensive in its character, and easy in point of consultation."—The *Royal Hotel Guide* (Smith and Son) contains a list of the hotels, &c. of the United Kingdom, and, as far as they could be obtained, a list of their charges. Comparatively few, however, of the hotel-keepers have furnished the necessary information; but a fair beginning is made, and it is evident that the work may become a very valuable one to travellers. The projectors promise to ascertain the charges of hotel-keepers by canvass in all cases where innkeepers in future refuse to furnish them.—A *Retrospect of the Session of 1854*, by an M.P. (London: George Cox), is an ill-natured attempt to cast the blame of all the session's failures on the shoulders of ministers. A more spiritless political pamphlet we have rarely seen.—Mr. William Pare, a Dublin manufacturer, has published a paper read before the Dublin Statistical Society (Ward and Lock, Fleet-street), on *The Claims of Capital and Labour*. Our present system he deems radically wrong, and he believes that a new order of industry must be instituted ere the world can be at peace, or justice be done between man and man. He propounds his theory with ability and earnestness.—Mr. Adam Scott, of Charterhouse-square, has written and published a pamphlet on *The London Institution*, in which he shows that its funds, its library, and its affairs generally, have, from the very foundation, been grossly mismanaged; and in which he suggests how the institution may yet be made of service to the shareholders and to literature. The pamphlet contains some curious facts respecting the institution.—*Essays on the Characteristics of a Superior Popular Literature*, by WILLIAM BATHGATE, review the present condition and tendencies of that important portion of the products of the press, and suggest improvements, some of which are excellent, others more doubtful. We recommend the volume to those who take a special interest in the subject, which has been vigorously and sensibly handled.—A sort of half biography, half fiction, are the *Floating Remembrances and Sketches of a Sea Life*, by "THE OLD SAILOR." They are written with spirit; but there is the old objection, the reader does not know when fact ends and fiction begins.—VICTOR SCHÖLCHER is an exile, and of course extremely wroth at the alliance of England with the present dynasty in France, for it destroys his hope of another revolution. Hence a pamphlet entitled *Dangers to England of the Alliance with the Men of the Coup-d'Etat*, which fiercely assails the Napoleon party, and does its little best to set England and France quarrelling again. Let it never be forgotten that the most violent enemies of England were the Red Republicans.—A little volume of less than 100 pages, modestly sketches the outline of a Continental Tour taken by Sir WILLIAM A'BECKETT over ground so well trodden that we cannot repeat it. To this he has given the appropriate title of *Out of Harness*.—Mr. W. BRIDGES has, in a work called *The Prudent Man*, proposed a method of accumulating a fund for acquiring land, and for emigration; a sort of colonial freehold land society.—*Routledge's American Handbook* is designed to assist visitors to the United States. It gives just the information required by travellers, and does not load them with history and statistics.—If the author of *Mental Exercises of a Working Man* (Hope and Co.) is really what he calls himself, it is an extraordinary production as such. But, in itself, it offers little that is new in thought, and nothing in style to give it special attractions. Essays that merely repeat old thoughts are good exercise for the writer; but they do not justify publication and will not attract a reader. Nor should we take the trouble to peruse smoothly-written common-places because it is the product of one from whom it could scarcely have been expected. We read for the sake of the book, and not for the author's sake.—The second volume of *Ennemoser's History of Magic*, translated by WM. HOWITT, and to which many curious notes have been appended by Mary Howitt, has been issued in "Bohn's Scientific Library." We shall take an early opportunity to review it at some length.—The first volume of *The Geography of Strabo* has been added to "Bohn's Classical Library." It has been translated and edited by Mr. HAMILTON and Mr. FALCONER, who have added learned and very useful explanatory notes.—Mr. DOCKRAY has published a second edition of his *Egeria, or Casual Thoughts*—a proof that they have been acceptable to the public.—The new number of "Orr's Household Handbooks" is devoted to *Domestic Cookery*. We have not tried the recipes, so cannot pass an opinion upon them.—A translation of a pamphlet by one GUSTAV DIEZEL, on *Russia, Germany, and the Eastern Question*, treats the subject with considerable knowledge, and may enlighten some who write and talk about it without knowledge.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CRITIC ABROAD.

"Which is the properest day to drink?" We believe the question has never been satisfactorily answered. Some prefer Monday for a revel, and some Saturday for a tippie, when "market-pennies" clink bountifully into the till of Boniface. Neither has it been decided where it is properest to drink. Falstaff, ere "Cyder-cellars" came into vogue to entice from home fast elderly gentlemen, patronised the Boar's Head at Eastcheap. The retired tradesman has a preference for the snug parlour of the "Queen's Head," where he smokes his pipe and sips his temperate glass, and makes judicious remarks on the weather, and loyal observations on the conduct of ministers. Patrick O'Reilly, who has done much hod-work during the day, retires to the tap of the "Harp" of an evening; and William Jones, a Hercules in corduroy, "blows a cloud" and "wets his whistle" in the "heavy" of the "George and Dragon." For my Lord there is the "Clarendon;" and for all comers with purse in hand or money in pocket, the London Tavern. If we ask, finally, Which is the properest drink to drink? there is no end to the answers that might be given. The Hindoo would declare for punch, the Turk for sherbet, the Tartar for mare's milk, the Hun for Tokay, the Frank for Burgundy, the Teuton for beer, the Saxon for ale, and the Celt for whisky. We had almost forgotten cousin Jonathan, who would declare for sherry-cobblers or mint-juleps. In the consideration of these questions the water-bibber may find a text, and the wine-bibber a moral. The antiquary, too, has a direct interest in this subject. Who was the first licensed victualler? Who ran the first score, and how was it kept? Were there early closing hours in Athens, and fines for inebriation in Rome? When Horace gave a supper-party, were there devilled biscuits to be wedded to the juice of Falernian grapes? To cast light on such questions, two Frenchmen have written a book of no small interest—*Histoire des Hôtels, Cabarets, Courtilles, et des anciennes Communautés et Confréries d'Hôteliers, de Taverniers, &c.* par Michel et Edouard Fournier. ("History of Hotels, Public-houses, Pleasure-gardens, and of ancient Guilds and Brotherhoods of Hotel-keepers and Taverners," &c.) Here are two goodly volumes in quarto, four hundred pages strong, with engravings and various illustrations of ebriety and ebriosity. In part first we learn in what form and manner the Hebrews, Egyptians, Indians, and other ancients quaffed; parts second and third introduces us to Greek and Roman drinking-parties; part fourth informs us how barons bold and squires of high degree made merry on sack and canary, and humbler potations of mead, methelin, and strong ale; and part fifth is devoted to modern modes of regalement. Then there is a variety of statistical matters bearing on drink and drunkenness, which is very much at the service of tee-total lecturers and others whom it may concern. There is much learning and much anecdote here; but, at the same time, much abstinence of digestion. We have to remark of our rendering of the title-page, that the word "pleasure-gardens" is a very imperfect equivalent for *courtilles*. The hotel was for the seigneur and gentleman, the cabaret for the mechanic, and the *courtille* for the riff-raff, where vice and debauchery might be indulged with perfect impunity.

The naturalists have a claim to be heard now and then. They are, in general, an amiable class of men with a weakness—some leaning to bats, others to butterflies; each maintaining the dignity and importance of his own favourite pursuit. They are easily excited about trifles, and would readily fight about the colour of a gnat's eye, and whether it should be catalogued *Culex pipiens* Grayii or *Culex morio* Whiteii. They are, in general, most obstinate respecting matters about which they know the least. They will give fifty guineas for a pretty shell, for instance, and, after giving it a fine name in their cabinets, can tell you as much about its former inhabitant and its habits, as they can tell you about that rarest of bipeds, *Homo lunæ*. Nomenclature is their weakness, and their strength, and the scientific naturalist is very often a man whose sphere of observation is bounded by the Zoological and Botanical

Gardens on the one hand, and cabinets of dried and preserved specimens on the other. His highest exploit is the counting of the number of joints in a spider's leg, and the vertebrae in the spine of a stickleback. They can inform you of the generic difference between *Pulex* and *Cimer*, but cannot inform you how to put a stop to the back-biting propensities of the one, or how to correct the sanguinary tastes of the other. This of some; because we have known true naturalists, natives of Hoxton and Spitalfields, and rural juveniles, unknowing in Latin genitives, who have pursued floral and faunal curiosities through bog and briar, making no account of scratch, bruise, or blister, so long as they could inform themselves of the habits and *habitat* of their favourites. And there have been Humboldts and Audubons, Goulds and Watertons, Rays, Selbys, and many others, who have sought nature in her own courts, and who, having seen, have loved her, and have spoken of her as eye-witnesses and learned men. Our objection is to the scientific naturalist, who pretends to describe nature when she is inclosed in pill-boxes, wrapped up in camphor, or bathed in spirits of wine. We except from the dilettanti naturalists such a man as M. Isidore Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, who sees nature before he writes about her; who knows her common plebeian name as well as he knows her when she has received the titles of scientific knight-hood. No man will deny the scientific pretensions of M. Isidore Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire; and when he writes on a practical subject we feel bound to listen to him. His book, which has reached a third edition, reads—*Domestication et Naturalisation des Animaux Utiles* ("The Domestication and Naturalisation of Useful Animals"). We have sheep and oxen, horses and asses, goats and pigs, cats, dogs, geese, and various poultry. What need we more? Let us make the most of these. We make the most, and show the result at Smithfield cattle-shows in quadrupedal adiposity, gallinaceous corpulency, and so forth. Can we do more, or better? The author vanquishes any doubt we may entertain with a few figures. There are four hundred thousand species of known animals; and of these man possesses dominion over forty-three. "And yet, of these forty-three species, ten are wanting to France, and eight to the entire of Europe. Have we made, then, a sufficient conquest over nature?" The author shows that there are still many animals which roam free on the continents of Asia and Africa, which might be acclimated, domesticated, and made subservient to the use of man in Europe.

Since we are on the subject we must notice another work, in two volumes, on Natural History—*Les Trois Règnes de la Nature: Histoire Naturelle des Mammifères*, par M. Paul Gervais ("The Three Kingdoms of Nature: the Natural History of Mammalia"). M. Gervais knows what he has been writing about. He is a distinguished anatomist, and is acquainted with the contents of the various museums of natural history of Europe. He does not get entangled, moreover, in the meshes of synonymism. He calls a rat a rat, and a mouse a mouse, and leaves it to the learned to call the one or the other by different names. Just think how many *aliases* the poor water-rat has got! He is *Mus amphibius* and *Castor cauda lineari tereti*, according to Linné. He is *Mus aquaticus*, according to Brisson. Cuvier dubs him *Lemmus aquaticus*, and Desmaret *Arvicola amphibius*. Janyans names him *Arvicola amphibia*, which sounds grammatical; but a discontented Englishman makes him *aquatica* instead of *amphibia*; and MacGillivray, who had more brains and imagination than naturalists in general, calls him *Arvicola ater*. Under what name would a jury of naturalists consent to try a felonious water-rat? The work of M. Gervais abounds in new facts, derived from the best authorities. It contains, among other things, the most complete account which has yet been given of the *Gorille*, a gigantic anthropomorphous creature discovered at Gabon, the only known specimen of which exists in the Paris Museum.

A thorough naturalist is as brave a man as a thorough soldier; and, to gain their ends, both sometimes must have recourse to strategy. We would as soon follow a knowing trapper to the field as a knowing trooper, and in some respects

sooner. Without entering into reasons, and having done our duty to the naturalists, let us say something about soldiers. Writing for the warlike spirit of the times, one M. Alphonse Balleydier has written a fascinating book—*Veillées militaires* ("Military Watches.") He is one of the few Frenchmen who has ventured, in modern times, to refer to the pre-revolutionary heroes of France, and to associate Christian heroism with manly honour and military daring. He speaks of the glory of the arms of Louis XI., of Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*, of Duguesclin, Crillon, Catinat, and Vauban. He would remind us of the words of Xenophon: "He who in the hour of battle fears the gods the most fears man the less." Of the two-and-twenty "watches," we are tempted to extract one which the age has not yet closed eyes upon.

In the month of November 1840, the waters of the Rhine, after having broken their banks and left their bed, were spread with violence in the streets and over the quays of Lyons. A grenadier at the time was standing sentry at some distance from his post. It was night; the pale rays of the moon alone shone on the scene of devastation. Suddenly surprised by the overflowing waters, the sentinel retired to the ultimate limits which had been assigned to him, and which the waves had yet spared. The sentinel uttered a cry of distress; but his voice, drowned by the roaring waters, could not be heard; no one came to his assistance. At some paces from him there was a hillock, so high that the waters of the Rhone could not reach it. It was his point of safety. But between this hillock and the sentinel, cut off on every side, there was an immutable password, and without that password it was death. What did the poor grenadier? Did he retire beyond the torrent that evermore was gaining upon him? No. He could perhaps; he might have done so; but he would not. He redoubled his cries of distress; it is said that he discharged his musket, as he would have done in case of surprise or danger; but his cries and the report of his piece were lost in the furious turmoil of the devastation. . . . There still was time. He could save himself; there was nothing to withhold him from escaping from his agony. He prayed; then, shouldering his musket, he looked steadily, and without blanching, on the stream which every moment gained upon him. At length it reached him. Some minutes after, the soil disappeared under his feet, and the waves of the Rhone closed and roared over a new martyr to military faith.

This is picture-writing. Who heard the cries of the poor sentinel? Who heard him pray? Having given us his "Military Watches," the author promises to give us "Naval Watches."

*Der Orient und Europa* ("Europe and the East") is the title of a work by the Baron Edouard de Callot, a Frenchman by descent, an Austrian by adoption, and an Austrian officer by profession. He writes his recollections and impressions of travel. He was in the service of Russia in 1829, engaged against the Turks, and was employed as geographical engineer in the commission for the partition of the Danubian islands between the Porte and the Danubian principalities. Of course, he learned something during his campaign; and what he relates appears to bear about it the seal of truth. Of Russian soldiers in the field he observes:

The Russian soldier in campaign usually cooks in the open air. In an enormous cauldron he puts meat, *kvas*, salt, and some ground barley. This thick soup is not bad looking. An enormous loaf is daily baked for a single company. It is a little blacker than the bread prepared for the Austrian soldier, and contains far more nutritious matter. Thrice a week the soldier receives a very good ration of corn brandy; he must drink it on the spot, for fear that he should save it to gratify himself by quaffing the whole at once. Drunkenness is the greatest pleasure he knows; it makes him forget his position. He has to serve five-and-twenty years; and is often an old man. He has a wife and children when he is raised for the service. If he is born in Irkoutzk, and should be sent on service into Wallachia or the Crimea, there is very little hope that he will ever see his home again; hence it is that his family take leave of him with cries and tears. But there remains for him one consolation—one good hope. He believes that if he falls before the enemy, he will return to his home and family. Thus he has no fear of death, and keeps his rank under a shower of bullets.

We cannot wonder, then, at the stolidity of the Russian soldier. He fights for no nationality, and is animated solely by a brute instinct. Farther—

The soldier is hungry every hour of the day, and



when he discovers a field of cucumbers, water-melons, or gourds, he eats them, without washing them, with the rind on. If with this the poor wretch has a little salt and a mouthful of brandy, he would not exchange with a prince. These men are mere children. They must be led, but they obey readily. Every four months they receive their pay of three paper roubles, 2s. 10d. The soldier who is not on active service wears always, summer and winter, a cow-skin cloak of a mixed grey and red colour. This is his garment and his bed. Once a year he receives a new cloak, with three pairs of ankle-boots of Russia leather, with excellent soles. He does not use them, for he takes great care of his kit. His ample belts are always dazzling white, his arms shine like a mirror, and are always in good condition.

Such are the men. Of the officers we read—

The small pay of the officers is usually paid once in four months, and it is always immediately gaily lost at dice or faro, in true Sarmatian fashion, on a cloak spread on a bed. The winner regales the others with Champagne.

Of the Cossacks, M. Callot says—

The Cossacks are an excellent troop as out-posts. They are brave, intelligent, clever, gentle, and faithful. If one has Cossacks with him, he is safe from surprise. They have a natural prudence, which surpasses the instinct of the savages of America, and sent the enemy before he shows himself. Without apparent precaution, a piqueet of Cossacks will place itself close to the enemy; four lances stuck in the ground, with a horse-cloth over them, is their habitation. They make no fire in the night. Their horses are loose around them. At a whistle the good beasts return of themselves. This brave race of the steppes is frugal, honest, and humane; it is far from resembling the frightful picture that has been drawn of it.

One more extract, in confirmation of much that has been recently written. In his journey from Rostchuk to Varna, the Baron observes that the Russian campaign works are "feeble, in bad positions, and indicate a want of military knowledge." He saw them surrounded with "innumerable Russian tombs. These soldiers did not fall before the bullet or the blade, but were the victims of the contagious maladies that invariably attend a Russian camp." This work, at the present moment, is extremely interesting; but our extracts must here cease.

Literary discoveries of extinct authors are every now and then made in old libraries, just as geological discoveries are sometimes made of extinct animals in limestone rocks and recent strata. Thus there has lately been discovered, in the grand-ducal library of Jena, a magnificent manuscript on vellum, adorned with miniatures, and containing a small collection of *Minneliieder* of the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century, all incited, and with the airs noted. The Grand Duke, wishing to make these ancient poetical efforts public, intrusted the manuscript to Professor Lilgrenkren, of the University of Jena, who carefully revised the text, which is in the Swabian dialect, and to Herr Stade, a director of music in the same university, who has composed for these primitive melodies an orchestral accompaniment, "which, happily," it is said, "does not alter their original character."

MR. JOHN MILLHOUSE, a resident at Milan, has compiled and printed, in two parts, an excellent *Inglese ed Italiano* and *Italiano ed Inglese* Dictionary. He has introduced numerous illustrations of the mode of using particular words; and the dictionary seems to be a very perfect and trustworthy one. Mr. Millhouse is already known in Italy as the author of works in philology.

*Putnam's Monthly* (New York) Magazine for August, has, besides numerous continued papers, important articles on "Confucius" and "Spiritual Materialism." There are also an account of the rise, progress, and present position of the Smithsonian Institution; another amusing chapter of "Ethiopian Nights Entertainments;" and some seven or eight other contributions.

## FRANCE.

*The Priest and the Huguenot; or, Persecution in the Age of Louis XV.* From the French of L. F. Bungener. London: Nelson; Trübner. 1853.

THE province of Languedoc, in the south of France, is remarkable for many and interesting historical associations. Unlike its sister department, Provence—the country of the Langue d'oyl, whose history is written in its songs, in the annals of the Troubadours, and the archives of the Cours d'Amour—Languedoc has a chronicle written in characters of blood, and upon which

are to be found some of the most atrocious incidents of religious persecution. When Louis XIV., the Great Monarch, acting under the inspiration of that queen of prudes, that empress of feminine hypocrites, Madame de Maintenon, attempted to balance his long life of splendid wastefulness and sensuality by pretending to a most holy zeal for the Roman Catholic faith, and manifested that zeal by repealing the edict of Nantes, the case of the Protestant party in France became pitiable indeed. Hunted about from den to den, and from hiding-place to hiding-place, the ministers and disciples of the proscribed faith sought a refuge from the vengeance of one into whose soul, if we may judge by his acts, no feeling of true religion ever penetrated; a persecution which becomes all the more terrible when we reflect upon the indifference of the persecutor, and the despicable character of those Jesuits and that designing mistress (or wife, as the case may be) who prompted him to the slaughter. The *dragonnades* of those days were so atrocious that they drew expressions of sympathy even from the Catholics themselves. Madame de Sévigné, a most pious and confessing Catholic, speaks of them in terms of sorrow, and highly approves of Bossuet's preference for preaching as a means of conversion "over all the dragons of his Majesty the King." The terrible sufferings which the professors of the reformed faith were compelled to undergo are most graphically painted by Jules Janin, in his historical work (we cannot say fiction), "*La Religieuse de Toulouse*."

After enjoying a temporary immunity from the sharp sword of persecution during the government of the Regent Orleans and the youth of Louis XV., the fury of their enemies was once more turned against the unfortunate Huguenots. The horrors of the Camisard war were even increased in proportion as the character of Louis XV. was more vicious and undecided than that of his predecessor; but it found the little remnant of the faith all the more prepared to bow with submission to their lot. Enormous levies had been laid upon Languedoc, and the province was greatly impoverished by the constant drain of blood and treasure. Its Church was disorganised, its visible temples demolished. Enthusiasts warm in their faith, but crazed by the intensity of their sufferings, were wandering about the country, exciting the ridicule of the indifferent by their ravings. To be acknowledged a minister of the reformed faith was but to stand upon preferment for the scaffold. The few lay leaders of the persecuted people had become so accustomed to regard warfare as a necessary part of their religion, the Bible as the indispensable concomitant to the sword, that they had lost all sense of that softening influence over the heart, without which Christianity is but the watchword of a party. Their battles among the hills, the cruelties to which they had been subjected, and which they too often retaliated in kind, all tended to harden their hearts: like David, they were unfit to build a temple to the Lord, because they had been spillers of blood. Such were the lay chiefs of the rude but earnest Protestants who inhabited the mountains of the Cevennes; but the preachers were chosen men indeed. Braving the certainty of an ignominious death, upborne only by the faith that was in them, and the gratitude of those to whom they ministered, they went upon their way undismayed, and performed their duty with a brave fidelity which has never been excelled by mortal men—no, not even by the Albigenes or the Covenanters. Their brethren might be in the galleys of Toulon, their sisters in the damp and close towers of Aigues Mortes; but they found means to penetrate to them, to cheer them in their captivity, to comfort them on their way to the scaffold, to sustain them in the last agony; and finally, when their own appointed time was come, they rendered up their lives with joy, contented to give them back to the God who gave, so only that they had saved one soul, one erring soul, from perdition.

This is the state of things, and this the period of history, chosen for illustration by M. Bungener in the book now under review. That book is one of a series of historical pictures intended to present a view of Protestantism in France from the revocation of the Edict of Nantes down to the close of the eighteenth century. The first of that series, "*The Preacher and the King*," has already come under our notice; it depicted Protestantism under Louis XIV. at the outbreak of the Camisard war. The second picture of the series is now presented in the volume before us. The third, entitled "*Voltaire and his Times*," is ad-

vertised shortly to appear. The last, "*Julian*; or the end of a Century," is not yet completed.

The threads of narrative which connect the incidents related in *The Priest and the Huguenot* are attached to the persons of Father Bridaine, a celebrated priest, and Rabaut, the most famous preacher among the Protestants. Leading these men, by skilful gradations and through adventures of very thrilling interest, into a softening of their extreme opinions, they seem at last to approach one another very nearly, until, at last, each is brought to admit the sincerity of the other, and the priest is won over, in heart at least, to sympathise with and admire the Protestant. Analysing, with an unsparing hand, the hollow hypocrisy of the times—painting, with a facile and vigorous pencil, the extravagant mockeries into which men were then betrayed by their mistaken zeal—one object of the author is evidently to show that, while great and undeserved persecution was inflicted upon the Protestants, there were on the other side earnest and pious men who deplored the harsh measures of the Government, and whose souls partook every pang of suffering inflicted upon the proscribed race.

Perhaps the best method of giving the reader some idea of the work will be to select a few from the many striking pictures with which it is filled. Here is a picture of a fashionable Abbé of the court, "a stout fellow, with ten thousand crowns of income," as La Bruyère says. The perfumed coxcomb is rehearsing, in the solitude of the Cathedral of Meaux, a sermon which is to be preached before the king. The two heroes of the book, Rabaut and Bridaine, are the accidental spectators of the scene.

### REHEARSAL OF A SERMON.

The orator made a large sign of the cross. Then another and another. And each time he slightly modified his gesture. "What is he doing?" said the priest. "Do you not perceive?" replied the unknown. "No. Ah! yes—I have it. I—I am afraid I understand it." "Alas, yes. It is one of those very preachers of whom you have been speaking. He has come to rehearse his part." The signs of the cross still continued. "Miserable court monkey!" muttered the priest. "Will he ever come to an end? Why does he not rather go into the boudoir of a marquise? He would at least find a glass there in which to see himself. Ah! at last—" The silent orator was at length satisfied with himself. His last sign of the cross was of unimpeachable elegance. Then he repeated it, saying; "*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus sancti. Amen.*" His voice was that of a man of thirty or thirty-five years of age, agreeable, but affected. Art had destroyed nature, and the speaker was evidently one of those who think it impossible too entirely to destroy it. Then followed his text: "*Nihil aliud inter vos scire volui, nisi Christum, et Christum crucifixum.*" Then, according to custom, the translation: "*For I determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.*" And all this in the tone in which he would have recited a madrigal of Chaulieu, or Bernis, or La Fare, or—but it would take too long to mention all the versifiers who were then called poets, and by whose verses the orator had undoubtedly been far more nourished than by the prose of St Paul. . . . "Sire," he said. Another discovery. It was a sermon to be preached before the king. "Sire," he repeated. And after having tried every possible tone, he appeared at length to have found one which suited him. It was a skilful enough mingling of grace and power, of boldness and humility. "Sire," he continued, "thus expressed himself a great apostle; he whom Providence selected to spread abroad the virtues and teachings of the legislator of Christians." "There we have it," muttered the priest. "Great apostle,—Providence,—the legislator of Christians." "What would you have?" said the other. "The Encyclopedia has had a hand in this. Religion must turn philosopher, if she wishes to be endured. Instead of God,—Providence. It is more vague, each one interprets it in the manner which best suits him. Instead of Jesus Christ,—the Legislator of Christians. In order, apparently, not too much to frighten those who would make of him only a doctor, like any other teacher. And then Apostle,—great Apostle,—why how could they say plain Peter or Paul, John or James, and that too before the court?" "And to think," added the priest, "that it is thus throughout all France!" The unknown smiled. "The whole of France! I know one corner where I warrant you it never has been, and never will be thus." "And this corner is—" "The—Desert."

There is a supper scene, exhibiting the Encyclopædists *en cour plénière*, which we should like to have given entire. Rabaut is present in this company, and the following passages are extracted from his eloquent relation of the sufferings and faith of the Cevenols. Speaking of their great meetings in the Desert, he says:

And yet, even in the most peaceful times, we can never be sure of finishing in quietness; never can one of the hearers be sure that a ball may not stretch him

dead upon the very spot where he listens; and in our history, the list of these bloody surprises is a long one. Four years ago, the 8th of August, some ten thousand at least were assembled in one of the deserts of Lower Languedoc. I was about to ascend the pulpit. Suddenly, on an eminence was perceived the uniform, but too well known, of the regiment of Brissac. Shots were fired, and not a ball missed in this compact multitude. They fled, cried, struggled. The soldiers re-loaded their arms, and fired again, and this they repeated four times. They were but fifteen or twenty. One word from me, and they would have been torn to pieces. But no,—that submission which I had constantly preached, I was able yet to recall, to impose upon these hearts boiling over with anger and indignation. We carried away our dead and wounded; and from the midst of the groups who fled, there still arose, here and there, the fragments of the interrupted psalm. Ah! how they penetrate the very soul at such moments, these rude songs of our forefathers! The psalms are our epic; and the most profoundly truthful epic which has ever been written or sung by any nation; an endless work, of which each of us becomes afresh the author; a sacred treasure, where are gathered, beside our patriotic remembrances, the remembrances, hopes, joys and griefs of each. Not a verse, not a line, which is not a whole history, or a whole poem. This was sung by a mother beside the cradle of her first-born; this was chanted by one of our martyrs, as he marched to his death. Here is the psalm of the Vaudois returning, armed, to their country; here that of the Camisards marching on to battle. This was the line interrupted by a ball; this was half murmured by an expiring father, who went to finish it among the angels. O our psalms!—our psalms! Who in human language could ever tell what you say to us in our solitudes, upon the soil crimsoned with our blood, and under the vault of heaven, from whose height look down upon us those who have wept, prayed and sung with us!

The next *tableau* is a sketch of Madame de Pompadour, the King's mistress, at her *toilette*.

#### MADAME DE POMPADOUR AT HER TOILETTE.

Of all the *toilette* receptions of the day, that of Madame de Pompadour was naturally the most fashionable. Even ladies attended it as they did those of the princesses, though with much more eagerness. Artists and poets there jostled great lords. The great lords there saw the king, and the king found himself less ennuyé there than elsewhere. . . . The Duke de Richelieu, the Prince de Conde, the Dukes de Coigny, de la Vallière, de Gesvres, and de la Tremouille, with some others, and a few ladies besides, had, according to custom, gathered around her in a privileged circle. This circle, upon each new arrival, opened in order to permit a salutation to Madame; but if the new comer were not one of the usual intimates, or a man of very high rank, it closed again immediately, unless Madame herself entered into conversation with him. In this case, were he but a poor poet, he was permitted to remain until the close among the intimate circle. It would have been looked upon as a want of respect towards the marquise if any disdain had been evinced towards one whom she had deigned to distinguish. . . . The dedication of *Tancréd* had naturally been the principal subject of conversation among the more immediate friends of the marquise. All the praises in it had been abundantly commented upon; and it cannot be denied that from the point of view adopted by the author, there was really much that was flattering which might with truth be said to Madame de Pompadour. She was born an artist. Her talents and beauty, as he had said, had been developing since her earliest childhood. Even if she had never been connected with the throne, she had talents which would have assured her anywhere a brilliant position and a high rank. She sang in a style which drew upon her the envy of the first opera singers; she drew so well as to charm the most fastidious connoisseurs. Generalities and details, theory and practice, were all equally familiar to her. Although literature and the arts repaid with usury the protection which she bestowed upon them, it would have been evidently unjust to assert that she liked them only from interested motives. Artists and poets could praise her conscientiously, as more capable than any one else of appreciating their works. She valued their praises, but she also wished to deserve them; and to do that she had but to follow the bent of her inclinations.

Instead of the courtly sermon rehearsed by the Abbé de Narniers in the Cathedral of Meaux, Bridaine is appointed to preach before the King. Taking the same text, he deals with it in a far higher and bolder style, and surely, as the author says, "there is no grander sight in the world, than that of a sacred orator charming a company of men before him, narrowing step by step the space in which he permits them to move, and bringing them all breathless to a stand between the law which condemns, and the cross which saves."

#### BRIDAINÉ'S EXORDIUM.

"Yes," continued Bridaine, "where are the martyrs in this age of indifference? What blood has flowed? What blood would flow if the axe of old time were again to be sharpened? In vain I demand,—in vain

I search—" Suddenly it might have been imagined that a vision dazzled his eyes and paralyzed his tongue. O Bridaine! Dost thou say "I seek in vain,"—while there, before thee, is a man, a missionary, an apostle, who for twenty years has sported with death. Thou knowest that he has been a score of times upon the point of receiving that bloody baptism which thou dost envy Saint Paul. But, behold, thou hast made thyself a heart after the fashion of thy church. How shouldst thou call those martyrs, whom she has slain? He had, however, perceived the minister, and the bigotry of the Catholic was dissipated by a Christian glance. At the moment when he said, "I seek in vain,"—Rabaut seeing him suddenly fix his eyes upon him, had not been able to suppress a half-smile; and this smile, in which were mingled pride, humility, reproach, and pardon, had penetrated to Bridaine's very soul. If he could, he would have thrown himself into the arms of this man whom his Church commanded him to curse. A holy radiance seemed to him to surround this head upon which a price was set. "In vain I seek," he resumed slowly. "But no. Let us leave to God the care of deciding who are his, and who if necessary would take the place of the ancient martyrs. Here, perhaps even here, there are those who would give their life for their faith. Here,—perhaps even here. Let us be silent. Their names are written above. The book will one day be opened, to our eternal shame or our eternal glory."

The Jesuits, Charnay and Desmarts, the latter of whom was confessor to the King, are frequently brought upon the scene, and never under very flattering aspects. The characters of the Encyclopædists are sketched with masterly distinctness, and the influence of their infernal ability over the national mind keenly appreciated. Many other historical persons take part in the drama—the Duc de Choiseul, the indefatigable Count de Gebelin, Louis XV. himself, Madame du Deffant, the Abbé Maury, Marigny, and the Duc de Richelieu. The following horrible picture is perfectly historical.

#### THE DEATH OF CALAS.

When Calas appeared upon the scaffold, and cast around him, over the crowd, a glance still calmer than that with which he had left the prison, then, if this immense assembly had been permitted to decide upon the fate of him whom they had come to see execute, there would have been but one voice, one cry, and he would have been carried back in triumph to his children, free. But the executioners had already taken possession of him. They extended him upon the floor, which was formed of solid rafters, and tied him by his feet and hands to massive rings arranged in the form of a cross. He had easily recognised the window with its white curtain, where Rabaut was to be. He could see it as he lay upon his horrid couch. The priests knelt at two corners of the scaffold and prayed. The executioner took his bar of iron. The crowd undulated. Some turned away their heads, others covered their faces. None wished to see the first blow. But they heard it presently, followed by a cry of agony; then a second, then a third blow, but followed by no sound. The patient became accustomed to the iron bar—the spectators to see it rise and fall. At the first blow, the first cry, the curtain was half opened. Calas perceived his friend, and beside him an open Bible. Rabaut pointed with one hand to the book, with the other to heaven. At the last blow, the white curtain was again closed. And now came a moment more agonising than the blows with the iron bar; it was when the executioner came to move and gather up these shattered limbs, to carry them, mangled, to their last couch of anguish. But the executioner, more humane than the judges, had thought of a method of easing this terrible operation. A sheet which rested beneath the body of Calas, permitted him to be carried, extended as he was, to the wheel. An expression of the acutest agony was upon his countenance, but this sign of compassion had not escaped him. He acknowledged it by a movement of his head, and, forgetting his crushed and broken bones, he seemed to strive to extend his hand to his executioner. One thought had not left his mind. Should he still be able to see the window with the white curtain? Should he be permitted to expire gazing upon it? He looked. It was at his right hand, and still nearer than before. . . . It struck one. He must exist, then, for two hours longer. The two priests drew near; Father Bourges wept. He felt all the doubts which remained in his mind disappear before the firmness of the martyr. . . . Calas, thanks to the perfect immobility of his position, suffered less than at first. He could not see the window constantly, for fatigue forced him to let his head fall back, "his face upward," as the sentence directed; but his features were again calm; he prayed. Twice had Father Caldagués again addressed him, and twice had Father Bourges been obliged to moderate the importunate zeal of his colleague. . . . Two o'clock struck from the tower of a neighbouring church. "I hear it now," he continued. "I thought I had but a little while yet to suffer. An hour yet,—a whole hour! But is it in reality but an hour since I was placed here?" "Scarcely an hour," said the priest. And as he spoke, two o'clock sounded from

another church. . . . The fire was lighted, and Calas felt the cord move which was around his neck. Then he turned towards the window. The curtain moved. A hand, of which the fingers alone were visible, prepared to draw it aside. But suddenly the ladder leading to the scaffold creaked, a hasty step was heard. Calas half turned. It was the sheriff, pale, beside himself, absolutely terrifying. He sprang towards the wheel, thrust aside the priests, and, with a voice of thunder, cried—"Unhappy wretch! the fire is prepared,—a few moments more, and your body will be reduced to ashes! In the name of God, who is to judge thee, confess, confess!" The eyes of the dying man sought the spot where his heart was. At the same moment, the cord was tightened about his neck. A few seconds, and he was no more. But the curtain had been half opened, and he had again seen his pastor, with one hand on the Bible, and the other pointing to heaven.

The closing scene of the book is

#### RABAUT'S SERMON IN THE DESERT.

The hour drew near. The murmuring of the vast crowd was succeeded by a profound silence. The reader was in his place; the precious verses penetrated solemnly and distinctly to the remotest corners of the Temple, and ten thousand hearts joyfully and gratefully gathered this ancient manna of their Desert. Suddenly ten thousand voices broke forth in that triumphal hymn, which had been sung three months before by lips now closed in death. The procession had just quitted the tent. An humble procession truly; but how many earnest petitions and touching recollections accompanied it on its way through the crowd! At first came several elders; then Rabaut, then his son, between two of the pastors, and then the four others, all in their robes. Several elders followed; that was the whole. Still here was all the pomp of Protestantism; and such as Bridaine now beheld it beneath the vault of heaven, he would have seen it in the cathedral at Geneva. He had remained in the tent. Without being seen, he was able to hear everything, and could even perceive the pulpit, and those of the crowd who sat near it. At the foot of the pulpit, upon the platform, were seated the pastors; in front of them stood the youthful candidate Saint-Etienne. In the pulpit was Rabaut. Then—But why should we attempt, step by step, to follow this ceremony, of which we are incompetent to give more than a feeble and insignificant sketch? As for those who are unable to feel what it must have been, in this spot, beneath the open vault of heaven, ten days after the death of Calas, and scarcely a month after the death of Rochette, no description could aid them in forming an idea of it. But of all this agitated crowd, perhaps the most agitated and affected was he whom no one perceived,—Bridaine. At the sight of this young man, upon whom his own father was conferring the right to mount the scaffold for his faith, Bridaine again felt all the emotions which had agitated him a month before, upon witnessing the execution of Rochette. The pulpit seemed to him to be erected in the midst of an ocean of blood, and a voice within him cried, "And thou too hast shed this blood!" And then he shuddered at the thought of hearing the text which he himself had given to Rabaut, nearly two years before; he hoped that Rabaut would have forgotten it. But no; "I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves," he read, "and the agitated movement of the crowd, the sobs which burst forth, and the emotion of the preacher himself, made the text alone almost as impressive as the most eloquent of sermons. An hour afterwards they re-entered the tent, and the new minister threw himself into the arms of his father. And Rabaut, exhausted in body and soul, could only murmur, "My son—my son—God be with thee!" And another voice repeated, "Amen—amen." This time it was his farewell. Bridaine was overwhelmed by his emotions; he had no courage to bear anything more. He disappeared among the crowd. The Christian had suffered too much; he accordingly went away. The priest had struggled to resist—but in vain.

#### ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Bologna, August 1, 1854.

A RESIDENCE of a few weeks in this city has convinced me of its claims to occupy a far greater portion of the time and attention of visitors than is commonly assigned to it. Bologna is indeed, among all Italian towns, one of the most true in its actual aspects to its earlier historic individuality. Its architecture, painting, and sculpture are alike stamped by local character; and, as to its most celebrated schools of art, Guido, Francia, and the Carracci, can only here be appreciated in the various phases of their creative power, not merely in their works adorning the famous gallery, but those dispersed over a number of churches, which the visitor may well employ many days in examining. I can never walk out here without feeling my admiration confirmed for the characteristic porticoes which line almost every street, and which, though in the more old and obscure regions ponderous and unornamental, are generally of majestic and graceful proportions—their semicircular archivolts and groined vaults presenting long lines of perspective, which, particularly by night, have a



church-like solemnity of effect. No accessory, I am convinced, can contribute so strikingly to the dignity of civic architecture as this, the distinguishing feature of Bologna.

I need not undertake a guide-book in abstract; but one field of observation appears to me peculiarly inviting and suggestive among the artistic treasures contained in this city: it is that of early Christian sculpture—Christian in feeling, subject, and originality—which may be considered in its monuments here, not as fettered by the rude ignorance of barbaric ages, but within a range of time between the thirteenth and earlier years of the sixteenth century. Of this interesting period the works existing in Bologna create a high idea; they display the progressive development, and include some of the finest productions of reviving genius; and, with the guidance of such an indefatigable illustrator as Agincourt, the stranger here may find a higher estimate of those remarkable sculptures irresistibly taking possession of his mind. He may find that the Christian idea had full capacity for inspiring and giving marked character to this branch of art, without borrowing from a sphere of intellectual activity and theories opposed to itself; and a species of astonishment is experienced when, turning to works little more recent, it is perceived how the progress, steadily asserting itself up to a certain period, had been impeded, or at least diverted from its natural course, by alien influences; so that the intelligent advancement from an early point of departure, ever true to a great vocation and a sublime object, gave place to a kind of treasonable abrogation of the past—a perversion adorned, it may be, by science and ability, but still, considered intellectually or morally, the dereliction from a worthier calling. If I am not mistaken, the great influence that alienated sculpture from the path in which its manifestations were the true exponent of Christianity was Michael Angelo; and that which degraded it to flaunting extravagance, alike opposed to the antique and modern sense of beauty and truthfulness, was Bernini.

Many of the finest testimonies to the attainments of this art in its more pure and truly religious phase are to be observed among the churches of Bologna; and I am not aware that they have ever, as such, been made the special object of any illustrating studies. The Basilica of St. Petronio would have been, had its original plan been carried out, one of the greatest temples on earth—describing a Latin cross; in its entire length 608 feet, in that of its transepts 436 feet, and the height of its cupola (comprising the lantern), 400 feet. The works, commenced in 1390, were continued to the stage at which they have since remained unprogressive in 1659; and the forty plans by the various renowned architects invited to concur, together with a model of the whole in wood, remain to this day in an adjoining chamber only to attest the magnificence of unaccomplished projects. Nothing is, in fact, finished save the body of the cruciform figure, in length (including the choir) 350 feet, in width 147 feet. The richly moulded Gothic windows of the chapels have been, in their majority, about half blocked up, either externally or internally; yet this interior has an aerial loftiness, a majestic boldness of character, whose effect is elevating and devotional, the Gothic being preserved in all essential features, though without some of those accessories that contribute to its grandeur in more perfect types—as the triforium and roodloft. The façade has, for the greater part of its surface, been left an unsightly wall of brick; but the splendid design of Terrabilla (chosen out of the many presented) has been so far accomplished as the incrustation with marbles of about one-third its elevation, in an extent divided at intervals by niches with canopies (intended for, but never occupied by, statues), and quatrefoils below, occupied by large half-length reliefs of the eight sainted patrons of Bologna. Three lofty portals are surrounded and surmounted by a profusion of sculptures, most valuable to the history of art in the period that produced them. Above the pediments are semi-circular frontispieces, with large groups in full relief, occupying the deep recesses spanned by archivolts; clustering shafts, and flat pilasters in receding order, with rich mouldings, intervene between the *stipites* and doorways, along whose disposable surfaces, and that of broader pilasters flanking each portal, are ranged a great variety of reliefs, groups, full and half-length figures of small scale. The most admirable are the sculptures in the upper part of larger proportions, those latterly placed rather below, and those at the central frontispiece above the size of life. The latter, a group of the Madonna and Child, with Saints Petronius and Ambrose, by Jacopo della Quercia, of Siena (who lived from 1371 to 1438), has a quiet dignity, with fine disposal of draperies and a freedom of design very remarkable for the period. Thirty-two small reliefs of prophets, half-length, five of the history of Christ from the Nativity to the Flight into Egypt, and ten from the Old Testament, beginning at the Creation and concluding with the Sacrifice of Abraham, adorn the pilasters, impost, and archivolt; in the centre of fourteen prophets, sculptured on this latter member of the architecture, is a head with long flowing hair and beard, in very low relief, and distinguished but faintly without a lens, intended for the Supreme Being—a far nobler conception than that commonly to be found in later art, and

of aspect that strikes with awe by its spiritualised grandeur.

The Resurrection, over one of the lateral portals, by Lombardi (of Ferrara, 1463-1536), is the most impressive of these groups in the round. Its only fault is, that its subject is not sufficiently indicated by the principal figure, who leans with appearance of familiarity on the shoulder of a soldier, seated on a block of stone by his side, whilst two other guards are sleeping. The attitude, too, of the Redeemer is rhetorical rather than victorious—the right arm raised aloft, the other holding, in the hand that touches the soldier, a short wand; yet still this figure is divinely majestic, commanding, benignant, and nobly graceful. The reliefs around this portal are—thirteen angels with musical instruments, very graceful and expressive figures; eight groups from the Old Testament; and the Evangelic History from the discourse with the Samaritan woman of the well to the encounter of the angel at the sepulchre, whose collaborating artists were Tribolo (1500-65), Solosmeo (of the same century, but dates uncertain), Simone Cioli (also of the same), Properzia Rossi (died 1530), and Ercola Seccadenari (died the same year). Over the other portal is the dead Christ, supported by Nicodemus, on an elevation like an altar, with the mother and St. John mourning on either side, by Tribolo and Seccadenari; on the archivolt, thirteen angels with the symbols of the Passion; and on the pilasters and impost, sibyls, five subjects from the story of the Passion closing with the progress to Calvary, and eight from patriarchal history. The principal of these groups, about life-size, has much pathos, and an intelligent treatment of the dead figure. The angels, historical reliefs, and sibyls, by Tribolo, Solosmeo, Cioli, Properzia Rossi, and Seccadenari, have various, but unequal merits. Decidedly the most beautiful are the archivolt-reliefs of angels with musical instruments and symbols of the Passion, by Properzia Rossi, whose genius asserts in these works its title to one of the highest ranks in the art of her age. Ethereally graceful and unearthly-looking beings, with long flowing robes, finely conceived attitudes, and calm but static countenances, they seem to stand in relationship with the angelic types of Raphael and Perugino; the idea of sex is lost in their forms; and pure abstractions of devotional sentiment alone are what we feel to be presented by them. These, and the other smaller sculptures of these portals, may be studied to more advantage in casts preserved at the Academy, where they are brought close to the level of the eye. On the church-façade they have unfortunately suffered much injury.

One of the groups among the reliefs of the other lateral portal, by Lombardi, is a spirited treatment of a singularly-chosen subject from the Talmudic traditions—Moses, when an infant, exposed to an ordeal of burning coals, from which he escapes unhurt. In the interior these portals are surmounted by triangular pediments, with statues at the extremities, and medallion reliefs in the centre. Faith, Hope, and Charity, by Petronio Tadolini (a Bolognese who died in Rome, 1813), statues over the principal entrance, have much dignity; and the relief, representing in several figures the parable of the Good Samaritan, by the same, though partaking of the arrangement proper to painting rather than to sculpture, is beautifully executed. Lombardi, and Francesco da Milano (who died in the sixteenth century, date uncertain), were collaborators in the sculptures of the other portals. The Annunciation, over one, is a group so disposed, that a half-figure of the Supreme Being looks down upon those of Mary and the angel below; a globe in one hand, and a triangular halo on the head, are the attributes given to the former, and the genius of Lombardi has certainly reached a higher conception of this most approachable subject than many other artists; the expression given to the Virgin seems singularly chosen,—she listens to the annunciation with an air of offended dignity, but both her figure and the angel's display superiority of treatment. The only other sculptures that excite interest in this church are two angels by Properzia Rossi, figures below life-size, which I should prefer to any other of her works: standing with arms upraised and hands clasped, they have an expression of supplication, both in countenance and action, whose earnestness and sorrowful tenderness are pathetic in a high degree; they might be supposed intended for angelic guardians, who not only intercede for, but sympathise with suffering humanity. When observed from the same level (for these figures are placed against the wall of a chapel on brackets considerably raised), this expression of melancholy appears. I am told, still more strongly marked. By the same gifted and unhappy artist is a relief, which has been eulogised as her finest work, in the chamber containing the architectonic designs for this church—its subject, the Chastity of Joseph. But on what grounds such praise has been awarded I cannot perceive—its merits appearing to me chiefly to consist in this, that an indelicate subject is here treated with the utmost delicacy allowable, and an expression of pained emotion, rather than any other of lower character, is made predominating in the countenance of the faithless temptress. One of these other reliefs near it, all of similarly diminutive scale, the Sepulture of Isaac (or that of Jacob), by Lombardi, has been much admired for scientific treatment of the nude.

A few ancient frescoes have lately been brought to light on the walls of St. Petronio, by the removal of whitewash; one, a Madonna enthroned and surrounded by angels, attributed to Lippo Dalmasio (who died 1410), and probably the same work mentioned in terms of high commendation by Malvasia, in his "Felsina Pittrice," a very efficient guide-book to the treasures of painting in Bologna.

One of the richest specimens of fourteenth-century architecture has lately been replaced in the church of St. Francesco, after remaining many years in some vaults under the Cathedral, where it was found broken into several fragments—a *Dossale* of fine white marble attached to the high altar, the work of Giacomo and Pier Paolo di Antonio, of Venice, the contract for which is still on record, with the date 1388, and the price stipulated, 2150 gold ducats. It forms a considerable elevation above the *mensa* of the altar, terminating in a cornice with Gothic pinnacles, at the point of each of which stands on a mass of clouds the half figure of some sainted personage; two stories, formed by rows of small figures, apostles and prophets, under canopies very delicately chiselled, occupy the front; and the only modern sculpture, a Madonna and Child (executed with much feeling by a Carrarese artist) stands at the summit, under the canopy of the central pinnacle. The whole has been ably restored, thanks to the munificence of a Bolognese nobleman; and its effect, even before we begin to examine details, is peculiarly imposing. This church, suppressed by the French in the last century, and subsequently converted into the custom-house, its immense convent into barracks, public offices, &c., has been renovated according to the type of its early antiquity, which had been totally obscured—namely, in mixed Gothic and Byzantine style, with polychromatic decorations—through eleemosynary assistance, partly from the bounty of citizens, partly from the funds of other Franciscan convents, at an expense already (though the interior decorations are still in progress) amounting to 4000*l*.

The *Dossale* above mentioned is far surpassed in splendour and artistic merits by another work, partly belonging to a still earlier epoch—the celebrated shrine containing the body of St. Dominic, in the church dedicated to him. This, which also rises above the predella of an altar, consists of an ark with a cover, divided into two stories by platforms, along which are ranged a multitude of statuettes, and surmounted by a single pinnacle, of slender proportions, supporting a figure of the Eternal Father. The low reliefs occupying each side of this ark, by Nicola Pisano (who was born and died in the thirteenth century, dates uncertain) and Guglielmo Agnelli (died 1312), present to us various scenes from the life, and others from the idealised and beatific history of St. Dominic—as his consecration to the apostolic office, with the gospel and staff, by Saints Peter and Paul (a work much eulogised by Agincourt). Others of smaller scale, by Lombardi (and executed with more delicacy than any by the same hand in this city), cover the predella, where the historic is alike blended with the ideal; and on the same side with the birth of the saint we see his reception into glory by the Redeemer and Mary, in presence of angels and monastics. On the cover, at the first story, are statuettes, all of fine expression and beautiful execution—St. Francis, by Cortellini (who flourished early in the sixteenth century, employed at this church in 1545); St. Petronius, by Michel Angelo; St. Dominic and St. Proculus, by Nicolo du Bari (called, on account of his admired works for this very shrine, "dall' Arca," born in Apulia, date uncertain; died 1494). By the same are two most graceful figures of angels—one standing in a line with the above-named saints; the other kneeling as supporter of a candelabrum, immediately over the altar, and forming the *pendant* to an angel similarly placed, by Michel Angelo—this latter, a figure conceived with such poetic feeling, and of forms so softly graceful, as well nigh to constrain the recantation of the charges brought audaciously against the "Tuscan Apelles" above. The statuettes on the highest platform are by Angelo Pio (1690-1769), and represent personages in little apparent relation to the rest—some in the costume of Orientals, with turban and flowing robes; others in that of squires or pages of mediæval periods—all, however, admirable for delicacy of finish and the marked expression conveyed through minute proportions. The *ensemble* of this tomb is in the highest degree magnificent, but more characterised by elaborate gracefulness than solemnity, by lavish profusion of ornament than ascetic grandeur of subjects. The gorgeous details around the paintings, by Guido and others, illustrating the same personality, tend to heighten the effect; but one might rather infer this to be the resting-place of a sainted princess than that of an austere enthusiast such as St. Dominic.

Never let us say of anything whatsoever that it happeneth by chance: there is nothing that hath not been concerted—nothing that hath not in its own particular design and end, by which it forms a link in the chain of appointed order. There is no such thing as chance. It is not only the blindness of ignorance that talketh of things being strange, and unaccountable, and unlucky.—*St. Basil*.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF ART IN ITALY.

In Italy we behold from the beginning the predominance of intellectual individuality; and it is the intellectual individuality of the Italian which is one main cause of his devotion to art. All artists are solitary men—solitary, that is, as artists; for away from their art they may be as social as their neighbours. The great painter—the great sculptor—what a life of solitude is theirs; alone they with some immortal work, through the agony, the despair, the failures, the triumphs, the hope, the enthusiasm of years. Intellectual individuality is far from having the same interest as moral individuality; and art, by itself, has no very potent claims on the world's attention. As the daughter of beauty, as a force in national unity, as a tone in the national harmony, as a handmaid of religion, it assumes altogether a different aspect. And art nowhere is in these days what it ought to be, simply through assuming a separate empire. In Egypt, and in Greece, art and artists claimed no independent dominion. They blended themselves with the flow of the nation's being, and were best satisfied when their individuality was the most completely absorbed and effaced by the nation's heart. Unlike moral individuality, intellectual individuality is artificial. In Italy it is eminently so. English society may be said to be artificial, inasmuch as it is a mass of conventional relations; Italian society is artificial, inasmuch as it is a purely mechanical construction. In Italy, therefore, there has never been the art which is based on and guided by nature. Even in the most famous artists that Italy has produced, you have nothing at best but the mechanical idealised. You have that kind of art which may be called the art of art. From the traditional and the mechanical, what other art can we have? I am certain that, from the very necessity of things, Italy's noblest artists were incomparably inferior to the noblest artists of Greece. Much and monstrous nonsense has been talked in these days about Pre-Raphaelism, as if the Pre-Raphaelites were any nearer influences and inspirations to be derived from a united nation, and fresh abounding nature, than their successors. Art in Italy, when it did its highest things, served a sacerdotal corporation—which trampled on nature and the nation both. The Italians never were a nation; and from the remotest times we can trace little of nature in their development. That so early there the Urban element became predominant, is a proof that sooner there than elsewhere nature grew a mere traditional idea. What trace of nature can you see in Latin poetry, or in Italian poetry? Yet what ought to be natural if poetry is not?

I am not denying to the Italians the very highest faculties. But, like their country, they want breadth. They have neither social breadth like the French, nor intellectual breadth like the Germans. They are all backbone. They are a people without love, a people therefore not to be loved. The lot of their country has been more tragical than that of Poland; but it has never excited the same sympathy, because their aspirations for freedom have always been frigid dogmatism, not the outpourings of deep human emotion. What is their most famous living tribune, his private excellences apart, but a lean and limited fanatic? And what are the twenty-four millions of whom he is always talking to us; what are they, when not dancing or fiddling, but lean and limited fanatics too? It is wrong to call the Italians frivolous. They are not frivolous in the same sense that the French are so. They dance and sing and fiddle, not from the exuberance of their spirits, not because they are happy, but because they are loveless and joyless, and eminently unhappy, and try to compensate by noise and excitement for the want of natural sunshine in their bosom. Macchiavelli wrote a book about the conduct that a prince should pursue in governing; and an interminable debate in literature has been whether he composed it as a guide to tyrants, or a satire upon tyranny. Fichte and others have given us able defences of Macchiavelli. But, admitting as we must the good faith, the intense earnestness of this great writer, we require but a slight glance to see that his champions have done him harm rather than good by the warmth and ingenuity of their pleadings. They have failed altogether to perceive that the fault was not in Macchiavelli's principles, but in his heart—that he had the true Italian heart, which means no heart at all. Behold here the explanation of the mystery. Macchiavelli was an honest man, a truthful man, a man of strong convictions; but he was that thing without love—an Italian. In the wars of the Middle Ages, when the soldiers were chiefly mercenaries, we find that these hired slayers gradually formed an attachment to the banner under which they fought. Everywhere but in Italy. In war, as in everything else, the Italian followed no law except his own intellectual individuality. The troops of the incomparable Hannibal were mostly mercenaries, yet they were as enthusiastically devoted to him,

as little prone to desertion, as if they had been his own countrymen. Alexander the Great, in the latter years of his life, must have trusted much to the valour of men who were not of the Macedonian race. This did not hinder his invincibility from rolling on a grand unbroken wave. Even the Greeks who sold their services to Darius in his resistance to Alexander, served their unfortunate master faithfully. The armies which Wallenstein commanded were exclusively mercenaries—was Wallenstein thereby less colossal in attitude and action? Now look at the Italian soldier of the Middle Ages, whether man of the ranks or captain. He was never satisfied except when changing sides. He was thought the most accomplished who had been most frequently a renegade. Was this from greediness, selfishness, fickleness? That was not it. But the Italian had neither affection for persons, nor regard for a cause. He saw matters only with the intellectual eye, and decided as coldly as a judge in a court of justice. What were the long quarrels of Guelphs and Ghibelines? What were all kindred factions in Italy? They were simply the squabbles of rival dogmas. There was no patriotic fire, there were no generous passions, no indomitable magnanimities.

If the Popes, who were in general Italians, had been capable of patriotism—if, without speaking of noble self-sacrifice, they had had a few ordinary genial instincts—Italy would have achieved its freedom a thousand years ago. It cannot be said that the Catholic priest, as such, has no country. He is a patriot in Ireland. He was always a patriot in France. Even a Richelieu was as patriotic as he was ambitious. The curse was the icy intellect of the Italian priest. This, however, while fatal to his fatherland, gave him the spiritual empire of the world. Whatever else contributed to the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church, to the rapid growth and iron grasp of the Popedom, one primordial aid was the shrewd, subtle, cold Italian genius. The source, the support of papal infallibility, was its terrible impassibility. Nations were credulous and ignorant, nobles turbulent and ignorant, rulers in the main reckless and ignorant. The Pope was there, with unpitied glance and cunning hand, to turn to his own profit, to the increase of his dominion, the credulity, the turbulence, the recklessness, the ignorance of all. With what supreme disdain the Popes must have looked on the Crusades, at the very moment when they were stirring the flame of the insanity for their own selfish objects! It is amusing to hear the writers of the history that extends from the origin of the Gospel to our own times talking of Ages of Faith and Ages of Scepticism. As far as the mass of the people are concerned, theirs has always been an age of faith; and the scepticism, when there was scepticism, has only extended to a few of the learned. But those who were supposed to be the great bulwarks of faith, the great opponents of scepticism—the Popes—what was their case? Not one of them all cared for faith or scepticism, except as subjects for their consummate diplomatic ability. I do not accuse the Popes of imposture, nor of systematic hypocrisy, in saying that to them the Christian religion was in itself a thing of absolute indifference. They dealt with it as politicians. The Roman Catholic Church has been called the most corrupt of churches; but I do not see how it could very well be so, seeing that its intention from the beginning has been to administer Roman discipline—the strictest of all discipline—with the Italian genius—a genius unrivalled for political sagacity. Now, all discipline is in itself moral. The Popes were not charlatans—they were simply in their way artists. The art of issuing edicts from the Vatican, which astonished and subdued mankind, was their mode of expending their intellectual individuality as Italians.

The Greeks built, entered, dwelt in cities that they might be near their fellow men, their fellow-countrymen; and they did not seek to erect gorgeous villas, remote from cities, that they might from time to time fly from all intercourse with their brethren. But the Romans and other Italians crowded into cities, and erected villas that they might be alone—not from any morbid or melancholy feeling, but because, being loveless, and not experiencing the need of social warmth in addition to their intellectual light, they wished to feed on this in its unalloyed and undisturbed plenitude. Long before Tiberius and others of the Roman Emperors manifested what seems to us so diseased a taste for solitude, the most famous of the Scipios, and Romans as illustrious, had manifested exactly the same taste. This intellectual individuality, with the yearning for solitude which was one of its consequences, was not fatal to the Roman as long as the Roman was brave. It added but the more to his selfishness; kindled by no social sympathy, trusting to no arm, to no counsel but his own, he hurled himself on the foe as if on his blows depended the fate of the battle. When Rome was gorged with wealth, wallowed in luxury, and especially when military ardor declined, intellectual individuality and its result, solitude, be-

came the parents of a monstrous sensuality; for the worst sensuality is not that which is an ebullition of animal fierceness, but that which is a reaction against intellectual monopoly and isolation. Those among the Roman Emperors who weltered in the most loathsome pollutions were not mere brutes; they were often men of considerable literary culture. Strange as it may sound or seem, it was as an embellishment of the sensuality which was the reaction against intellectual individuality that Italian art assumed such gigantic proportions. To nourish ourselves with the intellect alone is to nourish ourselves with the air; turning from such an unsubstantial meal, we pounce on the earth and swallow that by handfuls. Not savoury or salutary to be sure, but in solid contrast to the air. If, however, we have grown tired of the intellect, we much sooner grow tired of the senses alone. Who, the purest, has not sometimes attempted to fill the void of the intellect with filth? Who has not sickened with unspeakable disgust, who has not been crucified with most tragic remorse, almost ere he had ceased satiating his guilty voraciousness? Here all language fails. The fury of an Orestes, all passion of any kind, all repentance following the outbreak of passion, may be described; but the sublimity of anguish that seizes us when we plunge from the height of intellect into the lowest debasements of the senses, that has never been, never can be, delineated. The natural, the noblest refuge from the stain and the despair, is some grand moral effort—some grand moral resolve. That was how the Roman in better days would have risen from the ground to the Empyrean; but valour with him had been virtue, virtue valour, and his valour was no more. He escaped from the intellect into the senses, and from the senses into art. And by-and-by, as we all know, virtue, from having the sublimest meaning in Latin, came to have the most degenerate meaning in Italian.

Art has had four forms of development in Italy: it was first Industrial; it was then Urban; it was then Imperial; and it was then Ecclesiastical. Religious or poetical, natural or national, it never was—and from the predominance, as cannot be too often repeated, of intellectual individuality. It has been often enough stated that art is an imitation of nature. This cannot be unconditionally or universally accepted. We may idealise nature; we may war with nature; we may dress up nature; we may penetrate into the riches and secrets of of nature; and what we do may still be called art. Unless this were so, I cannot see in what sense the claims of the Italians to art can be admitted at all. In Etruria began the Art Industrial of Italy. Thence it spread to the rest of the peninsula. The early history of Etruria is involved in the deepest obscurity. I do not pretend to any gifts that would help me to dispel the cloud. As, however, Italy is a narrow strip of land, with an immense extent of sea-coast, its first colonists must have come across the waves, and not across the Alps. In the first ages, conquest in connection with civilising agencies, must have travelled by water, and not by land. Civilisation unconnected with conquest must first have moved by land from region to region. What may be called land-civilisation had its birth in India; what may be called sea-civilisation rose up all round the shores of the Mediterranean, and thence diffused itself. All other civilisation is derivative, unless we admit in addition an African element. No part of the civilisation of Italy can we suppose to have been of native growth; to colonise it was to civilise it. A country exposed to continual maritime assaults cannot, from the necessity of things, civilise itself, as England sufficiently proves, which received all its civilisation from abroad. Now, in the first colonisation of Italy, Etruria had probably the advantage of a superior race; but it had mainly the advantage of a superior position. It was the best protected portion of Italy. It had not merely mountains behind it, but large islands as bulwarks before it. Glancing at the map, we at once see that the fury of the sea-rover and of the wandering horde must exhaust itself before reaching Etruria. The Etruscans were thus left to a prosperous repose, which the other Italians were not permitted to enjoy. This enabled them to add to their skill in naval affairs an equal skill in agricultural occupations; and to this hour, in spite of the most stolid political despotism, Tuscany maintains its agricultural superiority among Italian realms. Behold, then, Italian art in its infancy: it rose in Etruria as the ornament of commerce, and especially of agriculture, to become further the ornament of all industrial doings. It had thus an exclusively utilitarian character; and utilitarianism is fatal to divest art. That is the original sin of which Italian art bears the traces to this hour. Look at the poor savage. Art begins in a far nobler manner with him. On what does he first pour forth his artistic genius? On his war-weapons and on his idols. Both he clothes with his rude dream of beauty before he satisfies his vanity by decorating himself. No art is true art, or can march to the highest things, which does not com-



mence as an offering to War and Religion. And these are so closely connected, that Religion always dies when men become afraid or ashamed of War; while War becomes an invincible potency only when consecrated by religion. A God-fearing nation is but another name for a warlike nation.

After Etruria had made art industrial, or rather had crowned industry with art, cities burst into life all over Italy to appropriate Etruscan industrialism and Etruscan art. It was thus that Italian art entered on its second phase. But here, instead of losing its utilitarianism, it increased it. The cities were built for simple industrial purposes. They were huge guilds. Political action, municipal organisation, military undertakings, were all subordinate and subsidiary to trade. The warm flame of patriotic devotedness burned as little as the full fountain of social sympathy flowed. The cities of Italy were so many Tyres and Carthages—little or large shopocracies. Who cared for the city? Not the citizens. Who yearned to fill it with works of art, in love to the fatherland, in honour of the gods? As regarded the city, art was tolerated solely for the sake of industrialism. As regarded the citizen, art was cultivated from a motive different but equally selfish, namely, as contributing to domestic comfort and domestic elegance. Art was now set to make the interior of houses as gorgeous and as delightful as possible. It was asked to invent and to finish domestic utensils of the most graceful kind. It might not be a perfect architect, painter, sculptor; but woe to art if it was not a perfect potter. Art gained nothing, then, among the Italians by being urban; it rather lost. As the adornment of industrialism it was more or less the common heritage of all; no heavenly heritage, truly, but still something raising men above the bare, cold, arid earth; when it changed from the industrial into the urban, it grew the monopoly of what we in these days call the millionaires. They alone could afford rich wines, and they alone could afford art.

KENNETH MORENCY.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

### SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY. PHYSICS.

A NOTICE OF SOME PHENOMENA CONNECTED WITH LIQUIDS IN MOTION.—We are accustomed to regard a liquid as a form of matter which possesses little or no cohesive force; but this idea is, for the most part, ill-founded, as Dr. Tyndall took occasion to show in a late address to the members of the Royal Institution. Thus, when we take water, which may fairly be regarded as the type of a liquid, and subject it to long-continued boiling, we shall find, as Donny pointed out, that, consequent upon the almost complete expulsion of atmospheric air effected by this long boiling, the water has become endued with an extraordinary cohesive power; so great, indeed, that we may now raise this water to the temperature of 275° Fahr., without producing ebullition—a rise of 63° in the boiling-point of a liquid by the simple abstraction of some small adherent or interstitial molecules of the permanently elastic fluid, atmospheric air, which had developed an amount of cohesive force equal to 63° of heat. Water thus prepared may be proved in many ways to possess an amount of adhesive force absent in water under ordinary conditions; as, for instance, by its sustaining a column of water of considerable height, simply by its adhesion to the inside surface of the glass tube containing it.

When two liquid veins or columns—say of water—are allowed to impinge upon each other in opposite directions, motion is not annihilated; but the liquid spreads itself out in a beautiful thin transparent film, the plane of which is at right angles to the direction of the jets. By varying the amount of pressure of the column of water on either side, or by employing jets of different diameters, the plane film can be converted into a curved one, and this curve may, by proper contrivance, be so greatly increased, as to cause the film of liquid to close and to assume an oval or spherical shape. This property possessed by water and other liquids in rapid motion, of assuming a filmy condition when made to impinge on a solid body, or an opposing liquid one under like conditions, is made available in producing some of those pretty effects in fountains, wherein we see this thin watery film assuming an almost protean variety of curves, the grace of which is enhanced by the beauty of colour lent by the sun, if he should shine during the play of the fountain. This property was variously illustrated by Dr. Tyndall by the production of numerous elegant forms such a film of water was made to assume, under differing circumstances of pressure, diameter, and form of the jets employed, and the shape of the solid on which the jets of water were made to strike.

Another fact connected with liquids when in motion is, that the apparent turbidity characterising the lower portion of a liquid vein is found to be due to its having been broken up into drops, although the rapidity with which they follow each other impresses the eye with the idea of continuity. An experiment of Savart's was repeated in proof of this conclusion. A long tube, fitted with a perforated brass disk at its

lower extremity, was filled with water. When this had become motionless it was permitted to issue from the perforation, giving birth, during its escape, to a succession of musical notes of some intensity. When the column was allowed to discharge itself into a vessel containing water, the escaping orifice being caused to dip below the surface of this water, the notes were still emitted—thus proving that the vibrations producing them took place in the glass tube, and were not due to vibrations imparted to the atmosphere by the water falling through it. The pitch of the note depends upon the height of the liquid column producing it; if that be maintained at a uniform height, the pitch of the note is constant; if the height of the water-column vary, a like variation is noticed in the pitch of the emitted note.

A NEW PROPERTY OF PLATINUM.—In a late communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on the principles which govern the disengagement of electricity in chemical actions, M. Becquerel announces the discovery that platinum exhibits different thermo-electrical properties at different temperatures—a property which disqualifies this metal for employment in researches connected with the electricity of flames. This physicist also states that, during combustion, the combustible body disengages negative, the burning body positive electricity; and also that there is no evolution of electricity during chemical action, unless the bodies giving rise to the action are themselves conductors of electricity.

### CHEMISTRY.

COLOURS FROM TAR.—Among the products of the destructive distillation of organic matters, a substance of a fine indigo-blue colour, and possessing, like indigo, the property of assuming, when rubbed, a coppery metallic lustre, was discovered many years since by Baron Von Reichenbach, and named by him *Phtaloc*. Since then Dr. Anderson has isolated from bone-oil an orange-coloured substance; and lately Mr. C. G. Williams has described two other colouring matters, which he has respectively named *Vertiline* and *Carmidine*, as existing in the oil obtained by distilling the bituminous shale found in Dorsetshire. By a lengthened and complicated treatment of the crude distillate of the shale, the details of which are uninteresting, a colourless, limpid, highly-refractive liquid was procured, which, distilled at different but fixed temperatures, afforded products possessing various characteristics. Amongst these we find a liquid which distils at a temperature varying from 360 to 410 degrees, and which, when treated with a solution of chloride of lime (bleaching powder), produces a splendid green colour, owing to the presence of the peculiar base to which Mr. C. G. Williams has given the name of *Vertiline*.

When the vapour of the liquid distilling between 300 and 310 degrees, obtained from the crude shale oil, is passed over red-hot lime, it is decomposed, carbon being deposited on and throughout the lumps of lime. By this reaction a new base is formed, which produces a beautiful red tint when slips of fir-wood, moistened with muriatic acid, are exposed to its action, and on which account it has been named *Carmidine*. With bleaching powder it yields a fine bluish-green colour, wholly distinct from that of *Vertiline*.

Whether these colouring agents can be applied usefully and economically in the arts is a matter on which it would be premature to offer an opinion; but, regarded in connexion with the services lately rendered by chemistry to the purposes of life in transforming substances nearly allied to these oily and tarry bodies, into fragrant scents and grateful flavours, it is not idle to anticipate that her exertions may be successful in applying these brilliant colours to many of our decorative arts.

### INVENTIONS.

THERMOGRAPHY.—This is the designation bestowed by M. Felix Abate on a method lately discovered by him for transferring figures and tracings, whether natural or artificial, to wood, calico, and paper, directly from the objects themselves, provided these possess or are capable of being converted into plane surfaces.

This invention is an offshoot of the mode employed in Birmingham and Sheffield for transferring raised patterns, such as lace, to metal, by means of pressure; a process since developed in many applications of great beauty both here and at Vienna, under the name of *nature-printing*; and which consists in taking impressions in lead, a soft alloy, gutta-percha, or other suitable material, from natural objects, a flower, feather, &c., by pressure; then obtaining metallic electro-plates from these impressions, and finally printing from these electro-engraved plates in the ordinary way.

But, instead of this transfer of the figure from the natural object, say a feather, to the soft metal, thence to an electro-copper plate, and at last to the paper, M. Abate proposes to print directly from the objects themselves; and has exhibited to the Society of Arts some imitations of veneer and of inlaid work taken on sheets of wood, calico and paper, and which he states were procured by the following process. The sheet of veneer or inlaying to be copied is to be exposed for a few minutes to the vapour of hydrochloric acid—the inventor names also sulphuric acid vapours, but this must be a mistake, this acid not emitting fumes at

common temperatures; or it is to be damped with either of these acids diluted, and the excess of moisture carefully wiped off. The sheet of veneer is then laid upon one of calico or paper, and an impression struck off by a common printing-press; this impression remains invisible until, as with many of the sympathetic inks, it is exposed to the action of heat, which is to be applied immediately after the sheet is printed off, when a perfect impression of all the marks, figures, and convoluted lines of the veneer is instantaneously produced. This may be repeated for an almost indefinite number of times, wetting the veneer occasionally with the dilute acid, without the impression growing fainter. The designs thus produced all exhibit a general wood-like tint, most natural when oak, walnut, maple, and the light-coloured woods have been employed; the darker woods, as mahogany, rosewood, &c., may be printed on cloth or paper, dyed or stained to a light shade of the ground-colour of the particular wood.

These impressions show an inversion of tints in reference to the original wood—the light parts being dark, and *vice versa*; but this does not interfere with the general effect. Should, however, a true image be desired, the inventor damps the wood-surface with a solution of ammonia, and then prints on the cloth or paper previously wetted with the dilute acid, and exposes to strong heat as before; when he states the effect will be a true representation of the wood.

This process is a very simple one, but as yet evidently limited in its application; although the inventor, with the harmless enthusiasm of his class, sings a loud psalm over the benefits hereafter to be derived from this process by the natural sciences. We think, however, with him that this process will be useful in decoration, since it obviously affords us the means of multiplying, at very little cost, accurate copies of rare and costly woods, marquetry, mosaic, and inlaid work generally, the which may be used for paper-hangings, as wainscoting and panelling; or, if well varnished with hard varnish, serve for many descriptions of "occasional furniture," toys, and boxes of various kinds, for which purpose choice veneers are now employed; and thus furnishing a great variety of cheap and tasteful things at a cost within the reach of people of limited means.

M. Abate also describes another process he calls *metallography*, or printing on metallic surfaces from engraved wood blocks. In this process the block is damped with a solution of such salts as are decomposed by contact with certain metals. As, for instance, the salts of copper, antimony, &c., applied to the block and printed on zinc and tin; or of hydro-sulphuret of ammonia, on copper, brass and silver; salts which deposit either an adherent metallic pellicle, a film of coloured metallic oxide, or stain the metal by the formation of a sulphuret, thus producing the figure cut on the block as in ordinary printing.

HERMES.

## ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

### MONTHLY SUMMARY.

THE Archæological Association has just finished its congress of six days at Chepstow, during which all the antiquities of the neighbourhood have been visited, and learnedly discussed. The annual festive meetings of these societies undoubtedly are productive of much good. A number of enthusiastic antiquaries have a pleasant holiday, and a valuable opportunity for the interchange of opinions with their brother antiquaries; the country people, gentle and simple, are impressed with some sense of the value and interest of the old walls and earth-banks in their neighbourhood; and of the rusty coins and bits of pot and metal which are turned up from time to time in their fields; and so many valuable relics of antiquity are preserved, which would otherwise have been ignorantly destroyed. We would suggest *par parenthèse* the advisableness of having a cheap tract, plentifully illustrated with rough cheap woodcuts, giving some very popular information on the kind of antiquities which are usually found in agricultural work; and of distributing these among the labourers in localities where antiquities are found. Another tract might be prepared for distribution among country silversmiths, ironmongers, blacksmiths, &c., into whose hands objects of interest very frequently fall. Such a proceeding would save many antiquities which are now ignorantly destroyed. But, to return from our parenthesis, another good of these annual congresses is the production of a series of excellent local histories. But there are still two points in which it appears to us that most of these societies are deficient. One is the laborious collection and recording of scattered facts, which are often unimportant, taken singly, but which, when accumulated through a course of years, and collated and classified, would often eventually lead to results of great historical importance. This is dry work; half-a-dozen such notes do not make an interesting paper for a meeting; and therefore too frequently this part of the work of an antiquarian society is neglected. Another point in which we venture to think that most of the societies are deficient, is a more systematic interchange of information. Now and then two societies hold a united meeting; and some socie-

ties present their annual volume to a few neighbouring societies; but what we want is that every scrap of information acquired by every member of each society should be easily accessible to every member of every other society. A stray fact, useless to one man, may supply the missing link in an important induction to another. The cost of publishing is undoubtedly one great hindrance; but much might be done towards the desideratum which we have pointed out if, for instance, the secretaries of the societies would now and then publish a column of "antiquarian notes" in their local newspaper, and send a copy of the paper to each of their brother seces. Though, after all, the only plan which can fully supply the want is a public periodical—such as the *Archæological Gazette*, which the war, among its other ill effects, keeps in abeyance—entirely devoted to this subject.

We do not give a summary of the association's meeting at Chepstow, because many of our readers will have seen it in the *Times* or other papers, or may find it *in extenso* in the journal of the society. We have matter of less notoriety, and no less interest, wherewith to occupy our space.

At the meeting of the *Kilkenny Archaeological Society*, held on the 5th July, Mr. D. McEvoy, of Uringford, presented a magnificent specimen of the *antique bronze cauldrons*, which seem to be peculiar to Ireland. It was found on the 23rd of last May, in cutting turf in the Bog of Allen. The bottom piece of the vessel presents an admirable specimen of hammered work, forming in itself, without joint or seam, a perfect bowl, 6ft. 6in. in its greatest circumference. It was found at a depth of 7 feet from the surface, and a quarter of a mile from the arable land forming the outside margin of the bog, in a position where the surrounding peat appears never to have been disturbed. A curious paper was read by Dr. Aquilla Smith "On the Irish Pewter Coins of James II."

Some interesting discoveries of *subterranean sepulchral passages* have recently been made by the archaeologists of Royston; under the heath near Cambridge, at a depth of about 6 feet, they have come upon numerous passages, about 2 feet wide, and principally of a circular shape, surrounding central blocks of chalk, which are also perforated into chambers or grottoes. From the circular passages others diverge, several of which have been traced into a trench. In the principal passages surrounding one of the central blocks may be seen columbaria, resembling those of the Roman catacombs. In the grottoes beneath this block was found a Roman urn; fragments of ancient British ware have also been discovered.

An inscribed stone has recently been discovered at *Irchester*, the inscription being

D. M. S.  
AMICVS. SATV.  
STRATOR. COS. M. S. F.

which Mr. Roach Smith reads as follows:—*Diis Manibus sacrum. Amicus Saturni Strator Consulis monumentum sibi fecit.*

At *Gloucester*, too, some recent discoveries have been made; in Longsmith-street, in the course of making new sewers, portions of *two Roman tessellated pavements* were found, at about ten feet from the surface. A *medieval tile pavement* was also found in Westgate-street. It is to be hoped that these discoveries will be sketched and accurately mapped.

Recent restorations in *Bacton Church, Suffolk*, have revealed the fact that the whole interior of the church was anciently covered with *mural paintings* of scriptural and legendary subjects; among them a giant Christopher; and a Doom, in its usual position over the chancel arch.

At the séance of 25th June of the Section of Archaeology of the Institute of France, M. Laborde gave some explanations on the subject of the *Tower of St. John Lateran*, in Paris, whose contemplated destruction we reported in a recent number. It appears that a commission has been appointed by the Prefect of the Seine, to discover some site to which it may be removed, and some use to which it may be put, that so interesting a relic of antiquity may not be entirely lost. Certainly the French Government displays a much more enlightened appreciation of the value of its national monuments than our own. At the same meeting, several notices of *mural paintings* were communicated; one on the wall at the back of the Chapelle de Notre Dame de Bonne-Nouvelle in the Church of the *Commandery* just mentioned; a landscape of the seventeenth century, was painted over another painting of the fourteenth; the former has been carefully copied, and is being removed in order to reveal the more valuable subject beneath. A *Pieta* of the end of the fifteenth century has been found painted upon a pillar of the Church of *St. Nicholas-des-Champs, Paris*, and is about to be restored. Another painting of the Last Judgment has been discovered in the Church of *St. Séverin, Paris*; and though the subject is too freely treated, in the judgment of the clergy, to be retained as a visible ornament of the church, it will be preserved as a relic of antiquity, and masked by a wooden panel. Six plates of *Drawings of objects from the rich collection of M. Bouvier, of Amiens*, were exhibited, including an ivory cross, a pyx, a baton-de-chantre, a statuette in its shrine, which were full of delicate details. M. de Nieuwerkerke bestowed much praise upon M. Fleury's

notice of the *Gallo-Roman Frescoes discovered at Nizy-le-Compte*; the notice was accompanied by drawings representing these curious paintings, and by a facsimile of an inscription found in the same place. M. Albert Lenoir communicated a *Plan of mediæval Paris*, accompanied by an explanatory notice. This remarkable work, which has cost infinite pains, reproduces not only the streets and the principal hotels of Paris, but also the houses, their situation, their extent, and that of their offices, their names, and signs; it is a work as curious as it is complete.

The Society of Antiquaries of Picardy, one of the most active and valuable of the French provincial societies, offered in 1852 a prize for a *Catalogue of the MSS. in the National Library relating to the History of Picardy*. M. Hipp. Cochrin, the "Archiviste Paléographe" of the Mazarin Library, has just produced the first volume of such a catalogue; which, however, he has produced on a scale far surpassing the original suggestion; and the work, when complete, will be of very great value, and a model worthy of extensive imitation. He has extended his researches to all the public libraries of Paris; and has given a catalogue of every document there to be found relating to the history of Picardy—classifying and arranging his results in a way to make them very easy of reference. He has taken the names of places in alphabetical order; and under each place he gives first the charts and plans; then the documents relating to its civil history; then those relating to its ecclesiastical history; and finally those relating to its literary history. Of those documents which are of historical interest he gives a complete *résumé*, and extracts from the text where it is of sufficient importance. Some idea of the completeness of the work may be formed from the fact that this first volume, which contains 700 pages, gives only the first three letters of the alphabet. The scale on which the work is executed is too voluminous for the time and knowledge of most men, and the means of most societies; but it is an example which the antiquarian societies of England would do well to follow on a smaller scale.

The *Ecclesiologist* for August contains a very interesting account, by the Rev. J. M. Neale, of the *Royal Monastery of Batalha, in Portuguese Estremadura*, founded by Don John, the King of Portugal who married Philippa, daughter of our John of Gaunt. In the design of the work the English Queen was consulted, and part of it was executed under English architects.

In the beginning of June, a peasant, digging near the town of *Nesved, in the island of Seeland (Denmark)*, found, at the depth of about 5½ metres, two urns of gold, weighing about 72 grains each, of very delicate workmanship, and in perfect preservation. The rim and base are ornamented in relief; and the rest of the surface is covered with engraving, divided into compartments, and representing scenes from the mythology of the Edda, which seem to indicate that these vases were used in the sacrifices which were performed in the ancient Scandinavian temples. The Government, by virtue of the law which gives it the right to purchase at their intrinsic value all objects discovered in the interior of the soil (a right which it only exercises in the interest of science and art), has purchased these urns, and deposited them in the Royal Museum of Northern Antiquities. This museum already possesses three other urns of the same kind, one in stone, and the other two in iron, in which the ornaments are rudely executed. Two other urns in bronze, of the same type, are known to exist, one in the Royal Museum of Hanover, the other in the Royal Museum of Stockholm.

M. Alfred Maury has occupied several successive sittings of the Imperial Society of Antiquaries of France with the reading of a lengthy memoir, which is itself only the commencement of a general history of ancient polytheism. This memoir is entitled *Researches into the Religion of the Primitive Populations of Greece*. In the first portion of this interesting work the author elucidates the primitive ethnology of Greece, or, to speak more exactly, of the Hellenic countries. He collects all the evidences which have come down to us, and endeavours to draw from them ideas upon the geographical position, the mode of life, and the institutions of those different nations, the Pelasgians, the Leleges, the Carians, the Dryopes, the Curetes, &c. M. Maury especially aims at showing that the Pelasgian race, which had its two principal foci in Epirus and the Peloponnese, was thrust back afterwards into Boeotia, and the series of islands which extend from Eubœa to the Thracian Chersonesus, where they continued a distinct people until the fifth century before our era. The author presents afterwards a short and valuable sketch of the formation of the Greek races, properly so-called, and indicates how they allocated themselves upon the territories to which they gave their name. In the second part of his memoir M. Maury has set himself to search out from the midst of all the creeds and all the myths of the Hellenic polytheism, the vestiges of the religion of the different peoples whose ethnology he has sketched out in the first portion of his work. With this view he takes the legend of each Greek divinity, and strips it of all its later additions, of all those accretions whose historical date is known to us; and, aided by geographical and ethnological coincidences, he assays to re-

store its primitive form to each of these different divinities. After having passed in review the whole Hellenic Pantheon, and retained of it only that which is really ancient, M. Maury has sought out from the most ancient testimonies, aided by inductions furnished by the comparative study of religions, the condition of the priesthood, the character of the worship, the nature of the temples, of the sanctuaries, and of the images, which were consecrated to them, among the primitive populations of Greece. He analyses, too, the most ancient fables upon the commencement of Greek society, and puts them *en rapport* with the ethnology of the primitive ages; showing us everywhere that a naturalism exactly resembling the "Védique" naturalism, lies at the bottom of the primitive mythology of Greece; from which an anthropomorphism, continually more and more fully developed, took away in succeeding ages its original form.

At the recent meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, a communication was made by Col. Leake, upon the discovery of the *Temple of Apollo Smintheus in the Troad*, by Capt. Spratt. In the course of last autumn that officer, while employed on the Admiralty survey, landed on the coast of the Troad, at a place called Hamaxitia, by Strabo—a district forming a triangle at the south-western end of the Troad. This temple is mentioned by Strabo and other ancient writers, but its locality was unknown to modern travellers; its remains are described as being situated at a short distance from the shore, twelve miles south of the ruins of Alexandria. It appears to have been placed upon a plateau, which connects the ridge upon which the Turkish village of Kulagli stands, with another running parallel to it. The remains consist of several large columns, lying in all directions within several little gardens; some short columns, only a few feet above the ground, appeared to be in their original position. There are also some massive foundations of the temple near them. Not far from the temple are some remains of a large Roman building, with walls formed in part of horizontal courses. Captain Spratt was so fortunate as to find, near the village of Kulagli, a square slab, on which was an inscription commemorating the celebration of the games called the *Smintheia Pauleia*, and belonging, as appears from the character of the letters and the names which occur upon it, to the second century of our era. Col. Leake also describes a very curious inscription, found near the temple, the original of which has been presented by Capt. Spratt to the University of Cambridge, where it was commented upon by Professor Marsden, at the recent meeting of the Archaeological Institute. It commemorates the fact of a certain Greek, by name Cassander, having been presented by each of twenty-one cities and states of Greece with a golden crown. Beneath the mention of the golden crown is a representation of the crown itself, which was in the form of a chaplet of olive leaves.

By-the-by, a work has recently been published in France on this interesting portion of the ancient world, viz., the *Recherches Archæologiques dans la Troade*. By M. Marey. 8vo. Nancy: Veuve Ray-bois.

At the same meeting M. le Vicomte de Rougé gave a most interesting account of the excavations made by M. Marietti on the site of the ancient *Serapeum, near Memphis*, and stated that, after completely excavating the avenue of sphynxes, he came at length to the gate of the Serapeum. Within the building he found some gigantic sarcophagi, more than twenty feet long, containing a series of mummied bulls, from the reign of *Rameses II.* to the time of the Ptolemies.

Among the books recently published abroad, which are likely to be interesting to the English archaeologist, we may mention the *Voyages d'Ibn Batoutah*, the original Arabic text, with a translation by C. Defremery and Dr. B. Sanguinetti (2 vols. 465 pp. Paris: B. Duprat.) Ibn Batoutah was a great traveller during the first half of the fourteenth century, whose work was hitherto known to the world only by a few extracts; but the whole work is full of curious matter, and was well worthy of being published *in extenso*. In the first volume we have very detailed accounts of the Caabah, and of the chapels and the tombs of Mecca; in the second volume we have an account of a journey through Arabia, Persia, Diarbek, Yemen, Eastern Africa, Asia Minor, the Crimea, and Thrace. His journey through these countries, it is to be remembered, was made just at that critical period of the rise of the Turkish power: he found them masters of Broussa and Nicea, which they had taken from the Greeks after many years' siege. Triumphant Islamism already was threatening Constantinople. And he, a son of Islam, travelling, as it appears, with introductions to many of the courts through which he passed, had peculiarly favourable opportunities of making observations, which will be found of value to the archaeologist and the historian.

The *Nouveliste Berlinoise* mentions the appearance there of a work in Hebrew, published by M. Adolphe Jessinck, from the MS. of a learned Israelite who lived at Mayence at the end of the eleventh century, and containing passages of high interest relative to the history of the *Crusades*. The author describes the sufferings of the Israelites of the centre and west of Germany from the passage of the French crusaders.



## ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS  
A FINE ART.

**NEW CHURCHES.**—The *Builder* (Vol. XII. p. 175) gives a view of *St. Mark's, Rotherhithe*, recently erected from designs by Messrs. H. and E. Rose. The body is of pleasing character, with a rationally-proportioned chancel, a quaint variety of the Early Pointed window, a porch, the roof of which is curiously prevented (by a piece of back gable) from scarfing on to the roof of the aisle, and a rather heavy spire on a low tower, which we fancy might be advantageously changed for a loftier tower with no spire at all. We would suggest that, whenever a spire is used, the very maximum proportional altitude should be given to the steeple (the tower and spire united) as a whole. If the means for this are not available, then let such as are at command be applied to secure as stately an altitude as may be in the tower alone. Only (to use a vulgar figure) "do not make two bites of a cherry."

In contrast to the foregoing is the *Church of St. Mark, Tollington-park* (see *Illustrated London News* for May 1854), where there is tower enough without the spire which caps it. We cannot say much for the body of the *New Church of St. Chrysostom, Evertown*, as it appears in the *Illustrated London News* for May 20, 1854; but we may speak with admiration of the tower and spire, which are of uncommon elegance, and quite sufficient to stamp Mr. Raffles Brown as an architect of no common order. The relative proportions of the two great component parts, the proportion of the entire height in relation to its bulk, the expression of stability afforded by the downward swelling of the buttresses, with the sentiment of aspiration signified by the upspringing character of the spire, and the taste exhibited in the forms and location of the various inclusive features—all these are points on which the critical eye dwells with a pleasure little to be understood by the ordinary observer.

The *Church of St. Andrew, Thornhill-square, Caledonian-road, Islington*, is represented by a spirited little woodcut in the *Illustrated London News* for Jan. 21, 1854. It is a pleasing specimen of the old triple-roofed model, with certain modifications suiting it to present purposes; and the steeple is a favourable example of the earlier broach character.

In the *Illustrated London News*, July 29, 1854, is a small woodcut of the *New Church of St. John at Lovestoff*; and it appears to be of pleasing form and artistic merit. The steeple seems to have been well studied; and it exhibits what we have learned to regard as an essential to good effect in every broach spire, viz., that the four angle-pieces which rise from the corners of the tower should be carried to a greater height up the spire than is usual. The architect is Mr. J. L. Clements. The *Episcopal Chapel of the St. Pancras and Islington Cemetery*, by Messrs. Barnett and Birch, given on the same page with the preceding, is a pleasing object in the mass; but the view is too small to allow of detailed comment. In the *Church of St. James, Plymouth*, Mr. St. Aubyn has cleverly adapted an unusual plan to a very perplexing site. The tower and spire are of good general proportions; but the singleness of the decorated spirette at one angle of the tower makes us feel that a something is wanted in the plainness of the rest. The *English Gothic Court at the Sydenham Palace* (a view of which is given in the *Builder*, Vol. XII. p. 403) presents some exquisite fragments of our old architecture; while the elevation of the *Alabaster Screen in Ely Cathedral*, by Mr. Scott, shows how we are now competent again to the production of Gothic design worthy of the times of old.

In the *Builder*, Vol. XII. p. 363, is an interior view of the *Chancel of Camden Church, Camberwell*, where, in Mr. Scott gives us a taste of that Oriental variety of the Romanesque which is called Byzantine; though it is little more than "a taste," since its distinction is chiefly confined to the semi-spherical concave of his apse, and the decoration of his arches with alternate bits of light and dark, the rest being simply of light Norman character, with Early Pointed symptoms in the windows. For our own part, we greatly prefer the Western Romanesque as shown in the more refined example of Normandy and England—holding, that the moulded and sculptured work of the Anglo-Norman arch is far superior in itself, and in its harmony with the pillars from which it springs, than the draught-board inlay of black and white. But, in either variety, the main feature should be the vaulted roof—the Byzantine domed on pendentives—the Norman groined with ribs; nor can anything be more critically objectionable than the piece of wall which rises over the central arch of the Camberwell example, for no obvious purpose but the support of the purlins of a wooden roof; and which roof seems to be far more of the ordinary Gothic, than of Byzantine character. Mr. Scott will of course claim the right of modification; but if this is to prove the prototype of Anglo-Byzantine, we cannot but lament the fact. We can see the difficulties the architect had to encounter, because we can understand that the circumstances of the case denied the proper vaulting, while the desire for the central arch was too urgent to be set aside by having slighter pillars and an entire truss of wood; but would not a semi-hexagonal, or octagonal, ar-

range of ceiling joists, leaving little more than the vousoirs of the arches discernible, have been much better than a loftier roof, obstructed by a transverse piece of plain masonry, which, terminating horizontally half-way up the concave of the ceiling, suggests the idea of a perch for the church sparrows? Doubtless the apse has a rich and beautiful effect; but we reckon upon being fully supported by our readers in the objections taken to the remainder; and we still adhere to the conviction that for our church purposes there is nothing, on the whole, to be gained by going to Venice for our "stones," or to Constantinople for our forms. In the same number of *The Builder* (Vol. XII. p. 365) is a woodcut of a *Doorway at Ferrara*. Who does not more approve the arch there shown, than the pibald arches of the Camberwell chancel?

The *Church of Borgerhout, near Antwerp*.—A view of this building is given in the *Builder*, Vol. XII. p. 239. Mr. Pugin became ultimately a convert to the opinion that England is the true school for pure Gothic architecture. M. Berckmans has, of course, a right to think otherwise; and, so long as the influence of his performances does not affect our firm adherence to the details of our own ecclesiastical architecture, he may continue to make his churches proclaim, with that of Borgerhout, "Motley's the only wear." In the first place, the front part of his church is a mask, belying the character of the body behind it. In the next place, in spite of its pretty spire-topped lantern, and, possibly, some beauty in its decorative details, it is an ugly mask, composed of the most incongruous features, of the most violent contrasts between the plain and the ornate, and of the most conflicting principles between the vertical and the horizontal. The central lower portion, comprising the four plain buttresses, five windows, and mid-door, is one patch; the wings, with their pinnacled buttresses and half-gables, so queerly ornamented and graduated, are others; the stripy paneling under the clock is another. In short, the spire crowns a pile of discords; and we turn away, as from a thing offensively inartistic, frivolous, and unmeaning.

The *Wellington Testimonial Clock-tower, London-bridge, Southwark*, is creditable to the Gothic taste of Mr. Asphitel. It is represented by an effective woodcut in the *Illustrated London News* for June 1, 1854. But this imitation of the old memorial Gothic cross always will look like the top of a spire, the remainder of which lies buried. It cannot seem otherwise than fragmental—a spire without its tower.

In the *Illustrated London News* for Jan. 21, 1854, is a geometrical outline of the *New Campanile, Trinity College, Dublin*, designed by Mr. Lanyon, of Belfast. Its scale is of unusual magnitude for a design of so few parts; and it seems to be of strictly classic character, the Doric and Corinthian orders being employed in the basement-story and bell-chamber respectively. We cannot but feel a want of footing to the basement portion, which we think would have been greatly improved if it had been something higher in itself, besides being elevated on a sub-plinth, with steps answering to the four arches. But it is a design of merit, and worthy of the architectural celebrity of Dublin.

The *New Swindon Institution and Market* (see *Builder*, Vol. XII. p. 347) are comprised within a cluster of buildings which have little harmony with each other, although the ground plan is that of one continuous structure. Their appearance suggests the idea of a procession. First comes a little triple-arched porch, protected on either hand by two fierce-looking, embattled, and machicolated towers, seeming to say that, like Macbeth's castle, their "strength would laugh to scorn a siege" by all the pea-shooters of Swindon; while from the crowning turret of one of them the Institution "banner flouts the sky, and fans the people cold." Then follows the main hall-building, with its gable-window, courageously secure behind its advanced guards, and flanked by its supporting lines of regimental buttresses. Next comes a kind of transeptal detachment, united, yet disconnected, and of much humbler guise. Last appears the spreading inclosure of the market folks, in fashion humbler still; and thus is completed this range of architectural varieties, which illustrate some half-dozen phases of design, from the baron's castle to the butcher's shambles. This is not a "piece of architecture," but a thing of architectural pieces—a conglomerate of incongruities of form, character, and date; and "gothic" in the most unfavourable sense of the word. This is the more to be lamented, because the building is applied to a purpose of educational character. Lectures, not only on morals, science, and useful literature, may be delivered in the hall, but also expositions of art and architecture; and, under these considerations, care should have been taken to make the structure itself an example of propriety, just expression, and harmony. If the Gothic style was imperatively demanded, in spite of its unsuit for such a building, its projectors should have remembered that Swindon already possessed one edifice—its church—in which the graces of mediæval art are developed with true knowledge and artistic skill, partly because the style is there as suitable as the architect is accomplished. As to the picturesque qualities of the *New Swindon Institution*, we willingly admit them; but they are qualities which are as consistent with defective design as an imposing manner

with bad principles; and if it be thought we have spoken too arrogantly of a design which the Swindon authorities approve, we have only to parallel our impudence by reference to that of a certain amateur Gothic critic at Oxford, who has been abusing Sir C. Barry's Houses of Parliament as a failure, while he asserts the exclusive fitness of Gothic design for their purpose. This is being severe with a vengeance! The greatest modern building of its style, erected by the greatest architect of his day, is adduced as the "effect defective" of the only mode of design which can be efficient in meeting English requirements, and expressing English art! For our own part, we are always inclined (in all save ecclesiastical cases) to excuse the architect under the shelter of his obligation to submit to the Gothic mania; and this excuse we willingly accord to the architect of the *Swindon Institution*, of whose ability we will entertain no doubt, notwithstanding the exceptions we have taken to the Swindon edifice in its mass. For all we know, the details and the interior may speak in his favour; and we admit a certain breadth and boldness of effect in the composition of part of his design.

In contrast with what we have been commenting on, we may allude to Mr. Meason's design for the *Central Cheese Hall, Crewe* (see *Builder*, Vol. XII., p. 319). Here there is nothing very original; but a modest and judicious use of the easily managed features of Roman architecture has produced an almost unexceptional result. We question the propriety of so bold a block-cornice (as the woodcut represents) over the front portion; and we think the clock-turret should have been double plinthed, so that the upper plinth might have risen above the higher roof; but otherwise it is a pleasing, rational, and effective design.

## POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL  
WORLD.

## I. NEW BOOKS.

*The Ear, in Health and Disease, with practical Remarks on the Prevention and Treatment of Deafness. Illustrated by many fine wood Engravings.* By WILLIAM HARVEY, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.—This is unquestionably the best and most complete treatise on the ear and its diseases which has ever appeared in any country, as well as incomparably the cheapest; and it is particularly welcome at the present time, when aural quackery rages almost as virulently in the ranks of the profession itself as among the most ignorant impostors. The diseases of the ear must be treated, as Mr. Harvey justly observes, on the principles of general therapeutics; and really it is quite a relief to find that a professed aural surgeon who has for many years had the experience furnished by a Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, "has no confidence in any of the vaunted specifics which have been puffed into notice to deceive the ignorant and unwary." This work commences with a short but graphic account of the anatomy of the ear, a structure which, in beauty and intricacy, is second to none of the wonderful works of nature. The description is illustrated by numerous beautiful woodcuts, which are far superior to the ordinary copperplate engravings of the last century. Then follows an essay on the causes of deafness, and the mode of investigating the diseases of the ear, which is rendered comparatively easy by the use of the *speculum* and the *otoscope*, the former improved by Mr. Harvey, and the latter invented by him. Then follow some practical observations on *timulus*, *otalgia*, and *otorrhœa*, which are very properly regarded not as diseases, but as symptoms. These observations are worthy of attentive study. Under the head of *Prognosis*, it is stated that "of 2500 cases (of deafness) recently treated at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, about 1000, or two-fifths, proved to be curable; these included many cases apparently of the most hopeless character and of protracted duration." In the *treatment* of deafness and diseases of the ear, Mr. Harvey appears to rely chiefly, in a large majority of cases, on attention to the state of the constitution; thus practically verifying the opinion put forth by Saunders half a century ago, that these diseases "may be successfully treated by the operation of internal remedies."\* In his remarks on "local treatment," Mr. Harvey strongly protests against the indiscriminate and violent use of the syringe, the probe, and the Eustachian catheter, and condemns the unnecessary excision of the tonsil glands. He agrees with Mr. Wilde and other aurists of eminence, in the opinion that the enlargement of these glands is not a common (scarcely a possible) cause of deafness. The author's remarks on polypus of the external ear are worthy of attention. He divides these tumours into the true and false polypus, and cautions the practitioner not to mistake the one for the other. Perhaps the most important feature of the work is the proposal to perforate the membrana tympani in severe cases of scarlet fever when an abscess is evidently forming in the tympanum, which, if left to its course, bursts the membrane, perhaps after having destroyed the ossicula,

\* Saunders on "the Anatomy and Diseases of the Ear," 1806.

and thus laid the foundation for permanent deafness. The artificial puncture made in the tympanum by a proper instrument is easily healed. Mr. Harvey has performed this operation several times, and "in every case the membrane has healed so rapidly that a repetition of the operation has been sometimes needful." This operation was first proposed, but never performed, by the late Mr. Saunders. It has also received the sanction of Itard. If it succeed generally in other hands, as well as it appears to have answered in Mr. Harvey's, there ought to be no more cases of deafness as a consequence of scarlatina, attended with offensive discharges from the ear; for it appears that a well-timed puncture will save the organ from destruction. The complications of deafness with gout and rheumatism have received due attention from the author, together with arthritic headache and other forms of gout affecting the delicate structures of the ear. This chapter and the one which follows it on diseases of the throat in connection with deafness, present a condensed epitome of what Mr. Harvey has already published on these subjects. The chapter on nervous deafness and "Diseases of the Labyrinth," is short and practical, as is also that on "Neuralgia with Deafness." The subject of dumbness in connection with deafness is very fully treated. The author is of opinion that the deafness in these cases is not always congenital, but may arise from the irritation of the gums in teething, and from other causes; and he shows, by examples, that in this case it may be curable. The subject of the education of deaf mutes is not overlooked. The work concludes with some excellent practical remarks on "The Ear in Health," showing that the delicacy of the sense of hearing differs much in different individuals when there is no disease or defect of structure. The suggestions for the prevention of deafness and the use of ear-trumpets are worthy of the attention of all deaf persons as well as those who, from hereditary or other causes, may be suspected to have a tendency to deafness. Mr. Harvey is of opinion that the hearing, like other senses, is capable both of preservation and improvement by care and cultivation; in proof of which he instances the extraordinary perfection and acuteness of hearing frequently attained by the blind. We cannot conclude this high but well-merited eulogium, without regretting that Mr. Harvey has not more fully developed his views regarding those catarrhal affections of the external ear, which are the frequent cause of offensive purulent discharges, and which are so generally neglected by the patient under the false notion that they will spontaneously subside, or that the patient (if a child) will "outgrow" the disease. Three cases only are detailed in the work, which, as far as they go, throw light on the subject; but so common an affection as this, almost as commonly neglected, will, we trust, be considered by Mr. Harvey as worthy of a more detailed description in the next edition of his work. He will also allow us to suggest that a table of contents would be a valuable prefix to the treatise.

*Result of an Inquiry into the Invariable Existence of a Premonitory Diarrhoea in Cholera, in a series of Communications to the Registrar-General.* By DAVID MACLOUGHLIN, M.D.—It is earnestly to be wished that medical men, when writing on a subject so painfully and extensively interesting as cholera, would abstain from generalising on the very few facts which may happen to come under their individual notice. Dr. MacLoughlin cites about twenty cases of cholera which were returned by the registrar as having occurred without premonitory symptoms. He finds upon inquiry that the negative evidence in some cases is wanting; in others, he assumes it to have been unworthy of credit; in some, doubtless, he proves that diarrhoea had existed previously to the attack; in others he extorts, by leading questions, some admissions on the part of the survivors to the same effect; and he concludes that premonitory diarrhoea invariably exists in cholera! Why, on this kind of evidence it would be quite as easy to prove that such a thing never occurs in any case. We have only to make a selection of twenty cases returned as cholera after premonitory diarrhoea, and, by assuming the evidence of its existence to be unworthy of credit in one case, putting leading questions to the poor survivors in another case, and finding a third wholly unsupported by evidence, we shall prove that premonitory diarrhoea never precedes pure cholera. Indeed, let a man only determine to prove the truth of a preconceived idea, and let him assume a little blustering authority, and he may get ample evidence of any kind he wants from the cottages of the wretchedly poor, and from union workhouses. The poor, especially when depressed by affliction, are often slow to comprehend, and slower to question the truth of, any proposition which may be brought before them with a peremptory or determined air. They often give false evidence without intending it, from incapacity or want of firmness. The question before us is important, and should not be prejudged. During the epidemic of 1849, certainly very few cases comparatively were returned with premonitory diarrhoea, although the Registrar-General had particularly requested that this point should be inquired into. We have before us a copy of the *Times* newspaper, dated Oct. 4, 1849, in which is the Registrar-General's return of deaths from cholera, registered in London in the week ending Oct. 2. Out of 20 cases extracted from

the list, and taken at random for insertion in the *Times*, in 13 there is no mention made of previous diarrhoea; in 3, it is positively stated that there was no premonitory diarrhoea; and in 3 only it is stated that this complication did exist; and the one remaining was probably not cholera. This is a fair sample of the general proportions we remember to have observed during the epidemic of 1849. Dr. MacLoughlin must be familiar with these returns: does he consider them all unworthy of credit? The well-established truth is, that when the epidemic is mild in its type, although often fatal, it is frequently preceded by diarrhoea; but when it rages in its most severe and destructive forms, it is exceedingly common for an individual to have no one symptom of impaired health, until suddenly he is struck to the earth by choleric spasms, vomits, becomes cold and pulseless, loses all control over the sphincter, the bowels discharge quarts of serous fluid; and in one, two, or more hours, the heart ceases to beat. The public are liable to be deceived by the unwary zeal with which the doctrine has been promulgated, that there is always a premonitory diarrhoea, and that if this is checked in time, the patient is safe. People are thus led into the delusion that if they only apply to a chemist as soon as the bowels become loose they are safe. Whereas the truth is, they may be struck down without any warning; or, if the disease commence with diarrhoea, it is not so easily stopped as many suppose. The autumnal diarrhoea is a very different disease from the choleraic, and requires different treatment.

*On the Use of Vegetable and Mineral Acids in the Treatment, preventive and remedial, of Cholera and other Epidemic Disorders of the Bowels.* By J. H. TUCKER, Hon. Sec. of the Epidemiological Society. (Read before the society, July 3, 1854.)—The author of this pamphlet, who enjoys the distinguished honour of having founded the Epidemiological Society, was, we believe, one of the first practitioners who called public attention to the value of the mineral acids in epidemic diarrhoea and cholera; and he may, therefore, at least claim the credit of having brought into notice the present prevailing treatment, for we believe the treatment by sulphuric acid is now superseding almost every other. It is not necessary, therefore, for us to commend this pamphlet to general attention, as it will naturally be sought after, particularly as Mr. Tucker appears to have as much faith in the efficacy of cider and other vegetable acids in protecting the system against the attacks of the epidemic, as in the mineral acids having power to check its advance. Although the public has but too constantly been disappointed in all the vaunted remedies for cholera, certainly a paper from such a source, holding out the preventive value of an agreeable diet, is worthy of the special examination of the profession. We happen to know that what Mr. Tucker alleges of the exemption of extensive cider districts in Herefordshire and Somersetshire from the epidemic of 1849 is perfectly true; and it is certain that the forced abstinence from wholesome fruits and acids, which was formerly recommended in cholera times, was found to be no protection whatever. The subject, however, is full of difficulties, and Mr. Tucker does not pretend to solve them by any new theory. His facts are certainly important contributions to our very meagre knowledge of the subject, and we tender him our cordial thanks.

*Nice and its Climate, with Notices of the Coast from Marseilles to Genoa.* By EDWIN LEE. 1854.—*Notes on Spain, with a special Account of Malaga and its Climate.* By EDWIN LEE. 1854.—We have recently given a full and favourable account of Mr. Lee's work on the baths of France, Germany and Switzerland; and if we are to judge of the value of his writings by the number of works which have recently issued from his prolific pen on the subject of the different European climates, we should be bound to award him almost unlimited commendation. He is an elegant and graphic writer, and it is but fair to say that he has done as well in this department as could be expected from a rapid traveller, who surprises us as much by the diligence with which he has perambulated almost the whole of Europe, as the multiplicity of the sketches he has given us of what he has seen and heard. These volumes are in no respect behind his former publications, either in interest or, as far as we can judge, correctness; and we can entertain little doubt that they will become popular manuals. One defect, however, must necessarily attach to them. The great bulk of his descriptions must have had their origin in report; for it is impossible for a person, however observant, to become personally acquainted with a climate by a short residence of one season, or part of a season. Still much merit attaches to the diligence with which so much information has been collected and digested. Our limits will not allow a more extended notice of the contents of these works—a circumstance the less to be regretted, because those in search of information will naturally seek it from the volumes themselves.

*Sudden Death.* By A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D., F.R.S., &c.—A volume of some interest in a medical point of view, on the causes and statistics of sudden death. The style is familiar and amusing, and the contents multifarious.

*Peppercorne on Dyspepsy, Bilious and Nervous Disorders, &c. &c.*—A popular treatise, de omnibus rebus, addressed to the public, containing nothing cal-

culated either to enlighten or to interest the medical profession.

*Statement of Cases treated at Abington Abbey, near Northampton, during 1853, with a few Observations.* By THOMAS PRITCHARD, M.D.—The author of this pamphlet proposes, "should time and circumstances permit of it," to publish hereafter the cases treated at his asylum during the last seven years. This may prove to be of some statistical value: we can scarcely say as much for the few cases reported in this pamphlet. But there is credit due to the author, as to every practitioner who carefully notes and arranges his cases with a view to publication.

## II. EPIDEMICS AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

The *Times* has, as we think, set a good example, in abstaining from the publication of the particulars of the prevailing epidemic until after the pestilence has passed away. And, as we cannot but think that panic has much influence in multiplying the cases of diarrhoea, we shall content ourselves with expressing our hope and belief that, in this advanced stage of the season, the disease will subside as the temperature declines.

## III. MEDICAL CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

Every thoughtful medical practitioner who loves his profession must regret the rancour and personalities which recent events have been the occasion of exciting in the tone of several of the London medical periodicals. The hostilities engendered by the agitation of the question of medical reform have almost subsided into amity before the clang and din of hostile journalism. The profession is positively journal-ridden. Weekly medical journalism was set on foot some thirty years ago, for the avowed purpose of exposing and reforming hospital abuses; but, instead of their accomplishing that desirable end, nothing that then existed was half so disgraceful as the recently exposed abuses in the Royal Free Hospital. Of late, indeed, three events appear to have combined to disturb the equanimity of the weeklies—the dismissal of Mr. Gay, the death of the child Richardson, and the publication of the *Journal of the Provincial Association* weekly in London, instead of fortnightly at Worcester. To avenge the first and second offences the *Medical Times and Gazette*, the *Medical Circular*, and the *Association Journal* took up arms and made warfare each in its own way; the *Lancet*, for private reasons of its own, warmly advocating the cause of the culprits. To avenge the publication of the *Association Journal* in London, the *Lancet*, *Medical Times and Gazette*, and the *Medical Circular*, each alarmed lest the *Association Journal* should be preferred to their own, commenced a rancorous warfare against the unoffending editor of the latter journal—two of them kindly offering their own columns to the members of the association, and proposing to become their organ. Meanwhile the popularity of the *Association Journal* has added about 800 members to the society, some of whom have probably withdrawn their subscription to some one or more of the journals which so much abounded in abuse of their own chosen editor. Certainly there was ground for alarm and jealousy, not to say vexation; but we do not see how the position of either journal could be at all amended by vituperation directed against the acknowledged representative of more than two thousand medical readers, to many of most of whom one or other of the journals must have been indebted for its support, if not for its existence. The *Medical Times and Gazette* appears indeed to have seen its error, and to have become wise. But the most extraordinary piece of diplomacy yet apparent in these proceedings, is the editor of one of these opposition journals becoming a member of the Association, and getting his name enrolled as a member of the metropolitan branch (to be afterwards ejected), and all for the obvious purpose of dividing the Association and reducing its numbers, in order to put an end to the weekly publication of its journal. There is, we believe, but one man in England who would have devised such a scheme as this. The first act of this drama is to come off at Manchester, in the course of the present month. We only hope there will be a good attendance. The title of the piece is not yet published; but it is understood that it will either be "Measure for Measure," or "Love's Labour Lost."

## ART AND ARTISTS.

### CRYSTAL PALACE—GOTHIC COURT, ALHAMBRA COURT.

The Gothic and Mohammedan styles, as the twin offspring of one mother, the old Byzantine, present themselves naturally for consideration together. We may call Gothic art the brother, Mohammedan the sister—the one full of stern and bold expression; the other soft and feminine. The Gothic is the embodiment of the old Scandinavian character, gradually softened and refined. In Mohammedan art, the Arabian character asserts itself, noble, graceful, and luxuriant. Although in the Crystal Palace the Gothic restorations are taken from religious buildings, while the Alhambra Court is modelled from the most sumptuous of royal palaces, yet the tendencies of the two styles may be not unfairly compared by the inspection of these examples.



A marked characteristic of Mohammedan art is the exclusion of human and animal types, and of all actual representations of objects. The Alhambra walls are a labyrinth of beautiful outline, and a blaze of harmonised colours. The eye wanders interminably through these dreamy mazes. Everything contributes to lull the senses, and lap them in oblivion. The inscriptions which abound seem meant more to contribute to the ornamental character of the whole than to be read. Many of them are mere repetitions of mottoes. The effect of the Gothic building is very different. It teems with imagery everywhere, rousing the spectator to thought and action. Innumerable saints, angels, devils, men, and monsters, people every part—gazing solemnly from niches—groaning apparently under columns—peeping roguishly from beneath foliage, or clinging to the eaves. History, allegory, and legend are made manifest to the eye, and perpetually incite to reflection.

Mr. Digby Wyatt's Medieval Court is a rich collection of the most celebrated and remarkable specimens of Gothic art; but the grander features of the style, as we see it in our cathedrals, in the lofty arch and vaulted roof, and the peculiar expression which arises from its upward-pointing character, are of course wanting. The court presents an abundant study of details, which can here be viewed in greater perfection than the originals from which they have been taken. The polychromatic restorations are particularly valuable, as this is just that part of Gothic art which is least understood. The taste of many will doubtless be shocked by the vivid colouring of the Rochester doorway; yet without this crowning addition how imperfect an idea could be obtained of the enjoyment which our ancestors found in their sculptured representations. The religious imagery of those days was meant to make a deep and solemn impression, not to be looked at as the object of mere vulgar curiosity. Only a small portion of the carved work in this court is at present coloured; but we presume the rest is intended so to be. The effect of some of these finely-sculptured groups would be greatly enhanced by it; for instance, the Easter sepulchre, with the sleeping soldiers beneath, of which there are two excellent examples.

With regard to this subject of statue painting, on which we have already dwelt in our remarks upon some of the other courts, it may be useful to quote here the account given by Mrs. Merrifield, in the introduction to the ancient treatises on the arts of painting, &c. published by her in 1849, of certain statues in the Baptistery near the cathedral of Novara, which she mentions as the most remarkable example of the union of painting with statuary now in existence. The building is circular, and supported by ancient columns; the recesses between the columns contain the events of the Passion. The figures in plastic work are as large as life, coloured; and in some cases the resemblance to life is completed by the addition of real hair. The wall behind the figures, which is painted in fresco, serves as a background to them, and the light aerial tone of the painting contributes much to their effect. Mrs. Merrifield quotes from the "Handbook for North Italy" some further remarks upon these figures as follows:—"They are probably by Gaudenzio Ferrari, who excelled in this branch of art, and many of the figures are of exquisite workmanship. The two finest groups are the Garden of Olives and the scourging of Our Lord, which last, without being in the least disgusting or painful, is most deeply affecting. One of the executioners is sitting down, tired with his work; the Roman soldier looks on with pity; the other can no longer look, and turns away. These representations are so entirely at variance with our conventional rules, that it requires a considerable degree of mental exertion to appreciate them. The first step, in this and many similar occasions, must be for the observer to forget all that he has read upon the theory of the fine arts, and to form his opinion, as the judge tells the jury not to mind what they have heard out of court, but to give their verdict upon the evidence before them. In so doing, you must recollect that the only valid plea by which the introduction of images into churches is attempted to be justified by the Romanists is, that they are books of instruction to the common people; and certainly neither mere painting, nor mere sculpture, can realise the events of Scripture to the mind in a manner so vivid as this union of form and colour. You will rarely enter this Baptistery, without finding individuals employed in acts of devotion before these scenes; some reading appropriate selections from Scripture, some engaged in prayer, but not praying to the images, for the circumstance of their forming entire groups prevents any one being singled out as the object of worship."

Among the most remarkable of the sculptures collected in the Medieval Court are those from Wells Cathedral. They are the masterpieces of English mediæval sculpture. The female faces, in particular, are marked by uncommon beauty of expression. The figures from the angel choir of Lincoln Cathedral are remarkable as early examples of ascertain freedom and naturalness in design, which is generally considered to have been introduced by Giotto, who, however, was but an infant at the time of the execution of these works (about 1280). Whether they be the work of native or foreign artists (perhaps Italians) is a

question which remains doubtful, though Professor Cockerell claims them as examples of English skill. They are, after all, but rude efforts; strivings towards something better than was then known. The designs are the production of a learned theologian, probably the celebrated Grossetête or Greathead, Bishop of Lincoln, whose works were popular in the middle ages.

The French and German Mediæval Courts afford to a limited extent the means of comparing the continental art of the Middle Ages with that which prevailed contemporaneously in this country. The French has, perhaps, the more elegance; the German has something of the romantic wildness, which still marks the national character. The "Fools," or itinerant Jongleurs from the Town-hall at Munich, are admirable examples of the genuine German genius. The equestrian statue of St. George, from the Cathedral-square at Prague, is a work of high character, full of spirit and life. It belongs to the fourteenth century.

The result of a general survey of the mediæval works of art as here presented will hardly fail to be the conviction that these things belong to a period of incomplete intellectual development; at any rate, that they belong to a state of things which cannot be restored; and that the notion of a wholesale adoption of Gothic art, even for ecclesiastical purposes of the present day, is a chimerical one. Enormous efforts have been made of late years to recover and apply the principles of this period of art, and large cultivated classes have become impregnated with mediæval sympathies and a relish for the Gothic types. But we might as well hope to see another Chaucer or Dante, as another William of Wickham or Erwin of Steinbach. If the present age has not originality enough to produce an architecture and an art of its own, it must be content to be eclectic, and to borrow something from each of the several styles with which it is acquainted. The course of art is now quite a different thing to that which it was in the case of all other developments that we know of. How meagre seem to have been the resources of former ages, yet how rich their products. We are embarrassed with the extent and abundance of our knowledge, which seem to paralyse invention.

It is perhaps necessary for the mind, once stung by the desire of knowledge, to exhaust the field of the past before it can energetically set forth on its journey into the future. The Crystal Palace, with its diversified collections, will tend much towards this crisis. We have a presentiment of the decline of the strong Gothic tendency which has recently been in the ascendant. On the other hand, one may predict an increase of popularity for decorations of a Moorish character.

There is, it seems to us, a secret affinity between the style, with its anti-anthropomorphic tendencies, and the Puritan element so strong in the English character. There is nothing for the iconoclast to lay his hands upon. Neither veil nor figleaf is required; no creed is violated; even the Arabic inscriptions, could they be read, would not scandalise any one with the vague generalities of their pure Theism. The same can be said of no other style of art of which the Sydenham Palace contains examples. They are all more or less linked with creeds or systems of morality which the nineteenth century cannot frankly and fully accept. The Alhambra ornamentation is too gorgeous and rich for ordinary purposes; but the principles upon which it is based are capable of being applied with less prodigality than is here displayed.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. BOYS, the spirited print publisher (whose list will be found in our advertising columns), has added another to the series of engravings of scriptural subjects which have already become very popular. The subject of the present one is "Suffer little children to come unto me." Mr. Henning's embodiment of this injunction in the engraving before us is alike simple and truthful. The picture would immediately suggest its purport to the most careless observer—an evidence that the artist has caught the true meaning of Christ's words. The engraver has made of this picture a pleasing and effective engraving. A colossal statue of the late Duke of Gordon is about to be erected on the top of the monument at Lady Hills, in Morayshire. On Saturday, the anniversary of Prince Albert's birth-day, Mr. Albert Smith had the honour to give selections from his Mont Blanc adventures before the Queen, her princely Consort, and the royal family. The necessary permission has been obtained for placing the statues of Lord Jeffrey and Lord President Boyle in the recesses formerly used as Lord Ordinaries' Courts, on the east side of the Outer House of the Court of Session, Edinburgh. The inhabitants of the town of Brecon are about to raise a statue of the late Duke of Wellington. It will be placed on the Bulwark about fifty feet from the church. The height of the statue and pedestal will be eighteen feet, the former being eight feet and the latter ten. John Evan Thomas, the sculptor, will be the artist.—It is stated that the site chosen upon which to carry out the New Irish National Gallery is the lawn in front of the Royal Dublin Society-house, Merrion-square. The building is to consist of two extensive wings, running in parallel lines at the extreme verge of the lawn on

either side, and terminating at the Dublin Society-house, one of which will be set apart for a National Gallery, and the other as a National Museum.

All the chief painters of Vienna are preparing frescoes for the decoration of the *Allerheiligenfeld* Church.—It is stated in Continental journals that a rich inhabitant of Cologne has presented his city with the sum of 100,000 thalers, about 15,200*l.* English, for the purpose of building a gallery for works of art there.—Omer Pasha (remarks the *Athenæum*) seems bent on innovation. He not only confines himself to a single wife—who, contrary to Moslem etiquette, sits at his table, receives his friends, chats with them, gives them tea, and plays on a civilised piano—but positively carries in his suite an artist. As Horace Vernet goes with Prince Napoleon to the East to cover acres of canvass with heroic deeds—should the allies achieve them—for Versailles, a painter follows Omer Pasha, and is now engaged on a large picture to commemorate the glorious defence of Silistria. Horace Vernet is less fortunate than his rival in the subjects yet presented for his pencil—these, no doubt, will come in time. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to find this very remarkable man, Omer Pasha, combating in favour of the arts an old and obstinate prejudice of the Moslems against pictures.

#### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

##### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE is announced to be opened about the end of September for dramatic performances, under the management of Mrs. Seymour. —Dr. Roger has issued a prospectus of a series of volumes on modern Scottish minstrelsy, intended to comprehend all the modern lyrics of our best poets. —The forthcoming meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, at Worcester, which opens on the 4th Sept., promises to be one of the most successful ever held there.—The yearly festival of the Swiss Singing Societies was this year held at Winterthur, on the 17th of last month, and is described as having gone off with great spirit and success.—Seventeen thousand pounds is the sum to be paid to Mme. Grisi and Signor Mario for a six months' engagement in the United States. For this very trifling consideration, which is exclusive of the payment of all expenses of every description, they will sing three nights a week in whatever operas they choose. Mr. Hackett, the American actor, represents the speculation, and half the sum has been paid in advance.

#### DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

##### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

LYCEUM.—*The Bohemian Girl.*

SADLER'S WELLS.—*The Provost of Bruges.*

STRAND.—*Hard Times.*

HAYMARKET.—*The Gipsy Queen.*

THE eighth season of the Royal Italian Opera terminated on the 15th with a repetition of *Il Conte Ory*, and the last two acts of *Otello*. At the close of the performance, the National Anthem was sung by the entire company, and M. Costa received the applause which he so well deserves. Upon the whole, we have no doubt that the management has reason to be satisfied with the result of the season, although, considering the magnificent *troupe*, including Grisi, Bosio, Viardot Garcia, and Cruvelli, among the *prime donne*, with such tenors as Mario and Tamberlik, a barytone like Ronconi, and last, though not least, that Hercules of *bassi*, Lablache himself, the public are inclined to be dissatisfied that more has not been effected. Mr. Gye has, however, kept faith with his subscribers. Of the three novelties promised, two have been given, and one not in the list, viz., the *Conte Ory*. The operas produced were the *Tell*, *Matilda di Shabran*, *L'Eclair d'Amore*, *Otello*, *Fidelio*, the *Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *I Puritani*, *Rigoletto*, *Norma*, *Lucrezia*, *La Favorita*, *Don Pasquale*, the *Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, the *Conte Ory*, and part of *Masaniello*—in all seventeen and a half. Excepting of course the Grisi nights, perhaps the most interesting event of the season was the *debut* on the boards of Mlle. Sophia Cruvelli and Lablache, the last of Mr. Lumley's "Old Guard." The *Donna Anna*, *Leonora*, and *Desdemona* of Mlle. Cruvelli fully sustained the high reputation she acquired at the *Opéra Italien* and the Haymarket house. Madame Viardot Garcia's reappearance, after a secession of two years, also proved a great attraction. Her *Fides* still remains *par excellence*—the *Fides*; and in *Ginepro's Prova*, she succeeded to a miracle in throwing new life into a fossil rôle. The partisans of "high art" have raised a great cry against the system which has been introduced, of filling up the performance with fragments of operas. Why, it is urged, can we blame the way in which they murder Meyerbeer over the water, if Mozart is so mutilated at the great national establishment? To commence *Fidelio* with the grave-digging scene, as was done more than once this season, is decidedly a bad precedent.

Under the spirited management of Mr. Alleroff, Mr. Sims Reeves in the *Bohemian Girl* and *La Son-*

*nambula* has been drawing crowded houses to the LYCEUM. His *Thaddeus* in Balfe's delightful opera is perfect, and all the songs are exquisitely given. With two such able exponents as Mr. Reeves and Mr. Weiss, it is a pity that we cannot have an English opera, worthy of the name.

The classic *SADLER'S* was reopened on Saturday. The house was crowded in every part by the usual *habitués*; and it must have rejoiced the heart of "the legitimates" to have heard the enthusiasm with which Mr. Phelps was greeted. Lovell's five-act tragedy, *The Provost of Bruges*, revived for the purpose after a six years' slumber, was the first piece. Mr. Phelps, as the old Provost, delivered his denunciations against serfdom with a force which greatly inflamed the anti-Russian feeling of the pit and gallery. Mr. Planché's *Jacobi* followed, with the humours of *John Duck* capitalised expounded by Mr. Ball.

*Hard Times* is dramatised at the STRAND, and a lively piece it makes, with all the humour, and none of the melancholy, of the original, which, we may add, is not very strictly followed. Thus, the new public-house closing bill greatly excites the animosity of Mr. Gradgrind; and a happy ending takes the place of Mr. Dickens's *dénouement*. *Harthouse* is too much of a fop, and *Sissy* has too much of the ballet about her; but the plot is tolerably preserved, and the author's noble sentiments do not lose by the Strand interpretation.

The only West-end theatre open is the HAYMARKET, where the Spanish dancers still continue to attract. A new ballet has been brought out for them, entitled *The Gipsy Queen*. It is a charming little piece, in which we are introduced to the picturesque costumes of a fair at Seville, and the wild and graceful dances of the Zingali. *The Old Chateau* and *As Like as Two Peas* still keep their place in the bills.

Mr. Toole, a gentleman well known in provincial circles, will be the leading low comedian in Mrs. Seymour's new company at the St. James's.

VINCENTE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

HAMLET'S "SUIT OF SABLES," OR, SUIT OF SABELL (i. e. FLAME-COLOUR).

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—It would appear I was too prompt in the belief that Henry Peacham had put an end to all further speculation respecting the meaning which Shakespeare intended to convey in Hamlet's expression, "Let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables," by giving us the word *sabell* as signifying *flame-colour*.

I anticipated the *suit* would have terminated under Peacham's decision, in favour of Hamlet's right to the "flame-coloured small-clothes," so wittily alluded to by "D. G. H.," but the latter, with others, being inclined to think them "more honoured in the breech than the observance," I fear the said *suit* is virtually thrown into the multifarious wardrobe of the Court of Chancery, where the cause of Peacham v. Perplexity will remain, until Blacker's quotation from Martial is explained, and Warburton's mystic "for" is proved to be a fragment, lacking its incipient syllable, *be*, and its ultimate letter, *e*.

I would simply state, that I have ever looked upon the said "for" as the complete intended word, merely used as an expletive, just as in another part of the same scene, where Hamlet, in reply to a question by Polonius, "What is the matter you read?" says, "Slanders, Sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards," &c. It must, however, be remembered, that it is rather too late for Hamlet to say, "Let the devil wear black before I'll have a suit of sable," since he has already worn his "inky cloak" for "twice two months." I go with Warburton in thinking that "sables" refers to colour (if black may be termed a colour), and not to the fur of the weasel. But it is also to be noted that Peacham describes (in his book on "Blazoning Arms") sables as meaning black; nay, he says more—he describes the word as deduced from "a most rich fur worn by princes and great personages." It is brought out of Russia and Muscovia; the fur of a little beast esteemed for the perfection of the colour of the hairs, which are *in summitate nigerrimi*; in arms denoting *sadness, grief and constancy*. All this tends to show, that both the fur and its dark colour were alluded to; and then indeed Warburton's "fore" is necessary to make common sense of the expression, which otherwise would signify, "Let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of black." But I have explained why I conceive the term "before" to be questionable; and therefore it is I still adhere to the hope that the *contrastive* strength of the sense supplied by Peacham may be established by further evidence yet to be afforded.

Warburton and I, after all, only differ in this. He would read "let the devil wear black, I'll not"—at least, that is the sense of his reading. I would read (under Peacham's teaching) "let the devil wear black, I'll have a suit of flame-colour." In the latter case, Hamlet not only casts off his "customary suit of solemn black," but declares he will wear the colours of the "wench in flame-coloured taffeta"—of the "scarlet woman"—of the reckless antagonist to all

"sadness, grief, and constancy." If it be Ophelia's opinion (not that it is, but that Hamlet in his momentary ironical petulance assumes it) that a wife may reasonably forget a dead husband in two or four months, why, then, says the sarcastic speaker, the memory of a dead father by his son, for more than such a time, is ridiculous. If "rebellious hell can mutine in the bones of a matron,"—who has been at most only four months a widow—"to the flaming youth" of her son (of thirty years) "let virtue be as wax, and melt in her own fire!" Let the devil wear the garb of woe; for him, he'll wear the gauds of wantonness! And, indeed, I consider Warburton has no more right to conclude on "for" being the abridgment of *before*, than another might have for supposing the omission of the pronoun *me*; "for me, I'll have a suit of sabell."

But, Sir, I sought—with no presumption of sagacity, with no thought of anything but thanks to Henry Peacham, and certainly with no intention of fighting for mere victory in the event of dispute—to publish to the lovers of Shakespeare a mere accidental discovery, which, in the gladness of the moment, I thought genuine, and fancied would be most acceptable. The result has proved that I have been instrumental to nothing more than an additional suggestion as to the great author's intention. Let it then remain with the rest, a mere candidate for critical consideration, having at all events this claim to regard, that, if it shall ultimately succeed in its election, it will justify its choice with comprehensive eloquence. I would not be thought to have painted the face of my argument with the *ceruse* white of a false fairness; and therefore let not my martial opponent, Blacker, urge against me another quotation from the caustic epigrammatist—

"Cerusasta timet Sabella solem."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

GEORGE WIGHTWICK.

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(Continued from p. 362.)

Of the numerous territories annexed by Russia to her dominions during the last hundred years the Crimea must be regarded as, without exception, the most important. It is a large peninsula, situated to the north of the Black Sea, between 44° 28' and 46° N. lat. and 32° 33' and 36° 22' E. long. In shape it is quadrilateral, having the Black Sea on three of its sides, and the Sea of Azoff on the fourth or north-east side. On the north it is connected with the mainland by the narrow Isthmus of Perceop, which is about twenty miles long, and five broad; and on the east it stretches into a peninsular between the Sea of Azoff and the Black Sea, terminating at the Strait of Yenikale. From this a narrow strip of land extends, in a north-west direction, for a distance of about seventy miles, separating the Sea of Azoff from the Sivash or Putrid Sea, whose shores, as its name indicates, are exceedingly unhealthy. This tongue of land, which is called the Isthmus of Arabat, is in general only about 300 yards wide, and is separated from the mainland on the north by the narrow Strait of Yenitehi. The entire northern part of the Crimea forms a continuation of the great Russian Steppe, which extends almost uninterruptedly from the empire of China to the Danube, the Carpathians, and the Baltic. "There is no district," says Captain Spencer, "in the British islands to which the word *steppe* is strictly applicable. The word is of Russian derivation, and used to designate a vast tract of campaign country, destitute of trees, and unbroken by any eminence except the tumuli which everywhere abound, giving a peculiar character to these vast solitudes of nature." Such is the physical aspect of about three-fourths of the Crimea. The soil is either sand, or sand mixed with clay; and salt lakes abound in various parts, some of which are from fifteen to twenty miles in circuit. The climate here is far from healthy, being excessively hot and arid in summer; while it is both cold and damp in the winter. The country, however, affords excellent pasturage; and the Tartars, being accustomed to it, rear numerous flocks and herds where a less hardy race of peasants would not succeed.

Although there are many streams, only one river, and that not of any great importance, is to be found in the Crimea. It is called the Salghir, and flows from west to east of the peninsula. The country south of this river shows a totally different aspect from that on the north. "It presents a succession of lofty mountains, picturesque ravines, chasms, and the most beautiful slopes and valleys. The mountains, formed of strata of calcareous rocks, stretch along the south coast from Kadla, on the east, to Balaklava, on the west. The Tehadyadag (Tehatir-Dagh), or Tent Mountain, the highest in the chain, rises to the height of about 5110 feet above the level of the sea, and several of the other summits attain to a considerable elevation. The climate of the valleys, and of the slopes between the mountains and the sea, is said to be the most delicious that can be imagined; and, besides the common products, such as corn, flax, hemp, and tobacco,—vines, olives, fig-trees, mulberry-trees, pomegranates, oranges, &c. flourish

in the greatest profusion." Some writers have spoken of this part of the Crimea in terms approaching almost to rapture. Dr. Clarke observes of a portion of it: "If there exist a terrestrial paradise, it is to be found in the district intervening between Kutchukoy and Sudak, on the south coast of the Crimea. Protected by encircling alps from every cold and blighting wind, and only open to those breezes which are wafted from the south, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and situation. Continual streams of crystal water pour down from the mountains upon their gardens, where every species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects nor poisonous reptiles, nor hostile neighbours, infest their blessed territory. The life of its inhabitants resembles that of the golden age. The soil, like a hothead, rapidly puts forth such variety of spontaneous produce, that labour becomes merely an amusing exercise. Peace and plenty crown their board; while the repose they so much admire is only interrupted by harmless thunder reverberating on rocks above them, or by the murmur of the waves below." More recent travellers, if not quite so enthusiastic as Dr. Clarke, still concur one and all in praising the climate of the south coast; although it is admitted that clouds of locusts often devastate the country, and that, contrary to the evidence just quoted, tarantulas, scorpions, centipedes, and other venomous insects, are to be met with almost everywhere.

The climate of the southern districts is extremely favourable to the growth of the grape, and large quantities of wine are manufactured annually, both for home consumption and the markets of Moscow and St. Petersburg. A kind of champagne made here is what meets with the greatest favour. "These manufacturers of champagne," says Mr. Kohl, "are very common on this coast, where it is from the wine that the principal revenues of the estates are derived—the juice of the grape contributing in some measure to defray the expenses of the gardens and houses. The Crimean wines are already much used in Russia, and most of the great landed proprietors have agents in Moscow, Kharkoff, Odessa, and other large towns, who write up over the doors 'South-coast wines from the estate of the Princess X,' &c. The wines, of course, receive various baptismal appellations; and one may buy port wines, champagne, burgundy, and madeira, all manufactured in the Crimea. The vines for each sort are, however, always procured from the respective countries, and, as far as possible, they are managed in the same manner. They always have a certain peculiar flavour, which may be called the Crimean; but as this flavour, it is said, becomes every year pleasanter, and the wine more fragrant, it is likely that the care bestowed on it may in time place it on an equality with the growth of more favoured lands." The orchards are also very celebrated; more especially for the production of a favourite apple, called the Krim-tayeff apple, from the exportation of which large revenues are derived. Of the inferior apples the Tartars make a syrup called *beckmess*, which is usually partaken of at a Tartar repast, and is sold in large quantities from the Tartar orchards.

But the most important article of exportation from the Crimea is the salt, which is obtained in large quantities from the salt lakes in the vicinity of Perekop, Caffa, Koslow, and Kertch. It is a government monopoly, and yields a considerable revenue. In one year (1833) as many as 242,000 tons were collected from the several lakes. Corn is not at present much cultivated in the Crimea. It is said, indeed, that scarcely enough is grown for the consumption of the inhabitants. And yet in ancient times this peninsula formed the granary of Athens, which imported from it annually between 300,000 and 400,000 medimni of grain. Some writers affirm that the steppes are not altogether unfavourable to the growth of corn. The Tartars, however, prefer the free life of the herdsman to that of the husbandman. On these steppes they rear myriads of sheep and oxen; not to mention horses, which are also abundant. Some of the rich Nogai Tartars are said to possess as many as 50,000 sheep and 1000 horses. Wool, hides, and leather consequently form im-

portant articles of exportation; also camel's hair (the two-humped camel being naturalised in the Crimea), hare-skins, wax, isinglass, and caviare. The Crimea, indeed, has been always famous for the production of this article, which is prepared from the roe of the sturgeon and other large fish. Sturgeons are taken in large quantities in the Sea of Azoff, in the Straits of Yenikale and the Bay of Caffa.

The history of the Crimea is one of absorbing interest. Its first inhabitants, so far as can be ascertained, were a people called the *Cimmerii*, whose name still survives in that of the peninsula itself. These were conquered by the Scythians, and the greater part of them driven out of the country. A large body of them, however, took refuge in the mountains on the south coast, from which it was found impossible to dislodge them, and were thenceforward known by the name of *Tauri*; derived, it is thought, from a native word signifying "mountain." Mixing afterwards with the Scythians, they were sometimes called *Tauro-Scythæ*, and sometimes *Seytho-Tauri*. When the country became known to the Greeks they gave it the name of the *Taurica Chersonesus*, from that of its inhabitants—an appellation which was continued by the Latins, and is even still retained by the Russians in the name of *Taurida*, which they have given to the government of which the Crimea forms a portion. The *Tauri* were a cruel and savage race, who sacrificed all strangers, especially Greeks, to a virgin goddess, whom the Greeks identified with Diana. The beautiful legend of Iphigenia is known to every one; how she was sent for by her father to Aulis, on the plea that she was to be given in marriage to Achilles, but in reality that she might be sacrificed to Diana for the Common safety; and how the goddess had compassion on her, and when the fatal blow was about to descend, substituted a milk-white goat for the human victim, and then had Iphigenia conveyed to the *Tauric Chersonesus* to act there as her priestess; in which capacity while she acted, Pylades and Orestes, two strangers, were about to be sacrificed. But the youthful priestess recognises in the latter her beloved brother, and henceforward to the winds with all vows of religion! Her natural affection triumphs over all these, and she finally escapes with the two friends from the cruel and inhospitable shore, carrying with her the statue of the goddess. The place is still pointed out to enthusiastic travellers in which the temple of Diana stood. "The stupendous cape, called by the Tartars *Ai Bürüm*, or the Holy Promontory, has been fixed upon by Pallas as the Parthenon of Strabo; and here, therefore, the priestess Iphigenia celebrated her bloody rites at the fane of the demon goddess; while the shipwreck upon these rocks of Orestes, and her escape with him, led to the colonisation of this part of *Taurida* by the *Heracleans*:" (Oliphant.)

The Greeks became acquainted with the *Taurica Chersonesus* at an early period, and are supposed to have founded their first colony there in the sixth century B.C. Their first town was *Panticapæum*, which occupied the site of the modern Kertch, situated in the east of the peninsula. It was built by a band of adventurers from Miletus. *Theodosia*, now called *Caffa*, rather to the south-east, was another of their settlements. Subsequently, other colonies were founded by them on the south and west coasts, of which that of *Chersonesus*, now *Kherson*, on the south-west, must be particularly mentioned. The Greeks in these settlements carried on a thriving commerce for centuries; supplied Athens, as we said above, with corn; and covered the *Palus Maotis* and the *Euxine* with their ships. Those on the east coast were ruled by a king, or tyrant, whose dominion had the name of the kingdom of the *Bosporus*, of which *Panticapæum* was the capital. A line of kings is enumerated as having reigned here from B.C. 430 to B.C. 310. At first they paid tribute to the Scythians, but, as their power increased, refused paying any longer. The consequence was a series of petty wars, in which the Scythians obtained the upper hand, and the Greeks gradually declined in power and influence until their kingdom was absorbed in that of Pontus, under Mithridates the Great (B.C. 120-63). Mithridates reduced the whole of the *Chersone-*

sus to subjection; enlarged and beautified Panticapæum; and founded a city on the west coast, to which he gave the name of Eupatorium, from his own surname of Eupator. It was at Panticapæum that Mithridates met his death. His son Pharnaces succeeded him on the throne of the Bosphorus; and it was from Panticapæum that Cæsar dated his laconic dispatch "Veni, vidi, vici," announcing the result of his brief campaign against that monarch, B.C. 47. The kingdom of Bosphorus now fell completely under the dominion of the Romans, who, nevertheless, allowed the native princes to rule it under their direction. This state of things continued until the decline of the Roman power, when the Crimea was invaded successively by the Goths, Huns, and other savage nations, who contributed to the overthrow of the Empire. The commerce of the Chersonesus then gradually sunk; but Panticapæum continued to be a place of importance as late as the time of Justinian, and at the present time is one of the greatest objects of attraction to the antiquarian traveller from its numerous remains of Greek art and civilisation. There are also interesting ruins still extant of the cities of Chersonesus and Eupatorium.

Under the later Greek Emperors the Venetians and Genoese carried on some commerce with the Crimea, and the latter even founded one or two flourishing settlements of their own in the peninsula. The chief of these was at the town of Caffa, which they built upon the ruins of the ancient Theodosia, and which at one time possessed as many as 150,000 inhabitants. On the south-western coast, they also rebuilt the ancient Portus Symbolorum, to which they gave the name of Bella-Clava, since corrupted into Balaklava.

The Genoese, however, were but mere settlers for commercial purposes, and in 1237 the Tartars, under Ghenghis Khan, took possession of the entire country. The Tartar Khans thenceforward governed the Crimea until the year 1473, when Mahomet II. invaded it and made the Khans tributary to the Ottoman empire. The Genoese he expelled, but left the native government as he found it—always, however, dependent upon the Turkish Sultan. As the Tartars, like the Turks, were Mahometans, they had no great objection to this arrangement; and in the subsequent struggles which took place between the Russians and the Turks, they always sided with the latter as their natural allies. They were not, however, a commercial people, and "the destruction of the Genoese colonies was tantamount to an annihilation of commerce in their seas. For three hundred years the Cimmerian Bosphorus remained closed, and the ruins of once-flourishing cities lay strewn upon its shores."

Some of these Tartar Khans have left behind them a name famous in story. "Among the most distinguished we may number Hadgi Selim Guérai, who subdued, in a single campaign, the united armies of Austria, Poland, Russia; saved the standard of the Prophet, which had fallen into the hands of the enemy; and established on a firm basis the Ottoman power, which had been previously on the decline. This great warrior, whom his biographers, both Christian and Mahometan, represent as brave, magnanimous, and generous, was so popular with the Turks that the Janissaries proposed to elevate him to the throne of Turkey. In 1716, the twenty-fourth Khan, Devlet Guérai, in conjunction with the Turks, reduced Peter the Great of Russia to the last extremity, compelling him to sign the treaty of the Pruth, and abandon the whole of his conquests in the country beyond the Sea of Azoff. It appears, however, that the Crimea pleased the Russians, and that they were determined to have it; for we find, in a subsequent war with the Turks, they made it a pretext for invading that country, which they ravaged with fire and sword, and entirely destroyed Karassu-Bazaar, a town containing a population of 20,000 inhabitants." (Spencer.) In 1764 another Khan, Krim Ghiri or Guérai, at the head of a numerous army, opposed the Russians with much spirit. He was poisoned at Bender, by a Greek physician, at the instigation, it is said, of the Russians. "This Khan," says Captain Spencer, "is thought to have resembled his great ancestor Ghenghis Khan in his person and warlike spirit; and, although he only reigned seven years, he never permitted those eternal enemies of his country and race, the Russians, to cross the frontiers. His heroism and his virtues as a ruler are still the theme of all the Tartar bards in the Crimea."

On the death of this prince there were two claimants to the Khanship—namely, Devlet Guérai II. and Chahyn Guérai. The former of these was recognised by the Sultan, which was sufficient to cause the claims of the other to be recognised by the Empress Catherine. To support these she marched a numerous army into the Crimea, deposed the Khan Devlet, and placed his brother Chahyn on the throne. The new Khan became, of course, a mere puppet of Russia. Russian garrisons were placed in all the fortresses, the suzerainty of the Sultan was abolished, and the Crimea declared an independent state, under the protection of Russia. The Tartars, however, not wishing to submit tamely to this arrangement, broke out into an open revolt against their Khan, who was obliged to fly from their vengeance. The Russians soon quelled this insurrection in so merciless a manner, that to the present day it is not forgotten by the inhabitants. The puppet Khan was then offered a pension of 100,000 rubles annually for life if he would abdicate the throne, an offer which he declined. "The luckless prince," says Mr. Oliphant, "whose residence at the Russian court had taught him to estimate truly the value of promises emanating from such a quarter, persisted for some time in his refusal; but he found himself ultimately obliged to submit to the terms proposed, and, as he had but too justly anticipated, was confined as a prisoner at Kaluga, in which character he was, of course, considered undeserving of pension. After in vain petitioning to be sent to St. Petersburg, he was consigned, at his own request, to the tender mercies of the Turks. By them he was banished to Rhodes, where he soon after fell a victim to the bow-string. So terminated the inglorious career of the last of the Khans. An imperial ukase, issued by the Empress Catherine, annexed this magnificent province to her fast-extending empire. No wonder she thought it necessary to congratulate the Prince Potemkin, in the words of the Russian chronicler, 'upon the address and good fortune with which he had managed this important operation.' The last descendant of the Khans, of whom anything is known, appears not to have inherited any of the warlike propensities of his ancestors. "Having left his native country, he spent some time in travelling in Europe, and especially in England, where he became a convert to Protestantism, and, having married an Englishwoman, returned to the Crimea as a missionary, and settled at Simferopol. His daughter has since been received as a maid of honour at St. Petersburg." (Kohl). We should like to know more of this Tartar missionary.

The annexation of the Crimea took place in 1783. It was not, however, at once recognised by the Turks, and the sanguinary war which took place between the years 1787-92, and which was signalised by the victories and cruelties of Potemkin and Suvarrow, arose in a great measure from this proceeding on the part of the Russians. The great fact, however, was ratified by treaty at the end of the war, since which time the Crimea has continued to be a portion of the Russian empire.

It must be acknowledged that the Russians, since their acquisition of this territory, have governed it with wisdom and moderation. They have not interfered with the religion, national habits, or local customs of the Tartar inhabitants. The elders in the Tartar villages are still allowed, like their ancestors, to administer the affairs of the little communities over which they preside, and no unnecessary control is exercised by the Russian authorities. Much good feeling has of late years sprung up between the two nations, owing chiefly, it is said, to the conciliating policy of Prince Woronzoff, the Russian governor—a nobleman whose wisdom, justice, and benevolence all travellers have conspired to praise.

Notwithstanding this, however, the Tartar inhabitants are yearly decreasing in number. They are said not to amount at present to more than 300,000. There are various tribes of them, of whom the Nogai boast that they belong to the purest race. "They are generally robust and well made. The yellow brown, and even darker tint of their complexions, results more from continual exposure to the weather than from any constitutional peculiarity. Their features, although strongly marked with the usual characteristics of the Tartar race, are frequently not unpleasing, and derive considerable expression from an eye which, without being large, is intelligent and full of fire." The Tartars are all attached to the Mohammedan faith; they are

simple in their habits and manners, very hospitable, but not industrious. Hence the Russian Government have had recourse to the establishment of some colonies of Germans in the Crimea, to whom they have granted special privileges. The other inhabitants are Russians, Jews, Greeks, Armenians, and Gipsies.

The ancient capital of the Tartar Khans was Baktchiseraï, or Bagtché Seraï, signifying the "Seraglio of Gardens." The town is still thickly inhabited by Tartars, Karaite Jews, and Gipsies, and offers a striking contrast to some of the spick-and-span new Russian towns in the Crimea. "Built partly on the banks of the Djourouk-Sou, and partly on the craggy sides of two steep rocky mountains, the situation is highly romantic; the aspect of the town, the architecture of the houses, the manners, customs, and costume of the inhabitants, are all strictly preserved. There are bazaars, and mosques with their pretty minarets, chiosques and cemeteries, groves of cypresses and poplars, terraced gardens and vineyards, that seem to hang in air; babbling fountains, and ever-running crystal springs, to impart their freshness and cool the air." (Spencer.) Add to this that the palace of the Khans is still in existence, kept in good repair by the Russian Government, and easily accessible by strangers. Some of the apartments are beautifully fitted up in the oriental style, and are kept for the accommodation of distinguished guests. Over the palace, mosques, and fountains, inscriptions are still to be seen in the Tartar language, commemorative of those who built them. Many of these are curious; as, for example, the following over the principal fountain:—"Rejoice! rejoice! Bagtche-Seraï! For the enlightened Krim Guérai Khan, ever benevolent, ever solicitous for the welfare of his children, discovered this excellent spring of the purest water, and, through his own munificence, erected this beautiful fountain. Glory to God most omnipotent! If there exists such another fountain in the universe, let it be found! Scham and Bagdad have assuredly many glorious things; but they have no fountain so magnificent! Anno 1170." There are but Russian settlers in Bagtché Seraï. "The streets are narrow and abominably paved, although not worse than those of larger Turkish cities. On each side are to be seen the shops, which in the day-time are quite open, in the usual Moslem style, exhibiting their contents. The owner is seen seated cross-legged on a low cushion, in the centre of the place, which is usually of small dimensions; and he gravely hands the different articles to his customers, without rising, after regaling himself at intervals with a puff of his chibouque." (Macintosh.)

The modern capital of the Crimea is Simferopol—a word whose derivation, with the exception of its Greek ending, it has puzzled the learned to explain. Prince Demidoff has laboured over it in vain, and so we shall not attempt it. This is a large and handsome town, regularly built, with wide streets and handsome houses. It is about twenty miles from Bagtché Seraï, and is delightfully situated. "The mountains in the vicinity temper the great heat of summer, and the Salghir, running through the town, adds not a little to the salubrity and beauty of the place." Adjoining to it is a Tartar quarter, formerly known by the name of Akmetchet, or the White Mosque. Simferopol is said to contain about 14,000 inhabitants. From the summit of Tchatar-Dagh, or the Mountain of the Tent, which is seen in the distance, the traveller will obtain a magnificent view of the peninsula, which will well repay the trouble of the ascent.

Balaklava is important as being situated not far from Sebastopol, on the south coast, and as forming, to all appearance at least, the most convenient point for landing an army, should the allied forces resolve upon attacking Sebastopol simultaneously by sea and land. The port of Balaklava is rather narrow, but very deep, so that ships of war of any size can float in it. It is inclosed by rocks, on one of which to the right stands an old castle, generally supposed to have been built by the Genoese, but which may perhaps date as far back as the Byzantine Emperors. The town is "a charming little place upon the water's edge, protected by the fortress above. It is composed of neat white houses, shaded by poplars, containing a population of Arnaouts—a name given to the Greeks by the Tartars, when, as soldiers of the Russian Empire, they took part in the war which resulted in the conquest of the Crimea. In consideration of the services then performed, the Empress Catharine the Second



allowed them to settle in the old Genoese port of Cimbalo or Balaclava, where they reside to this day, maintaining their old religion, habits, and language, and employed on the revenue service—an occupation for which their former piratical habits have rendered them peculiarly adapted. They enjoy many privileges, and are not liable to be called out for active service, except during four months in the year. Many of them are merchants and shopkeepers in other towns of the Crimea. Balaclava itself is totally devoid of any mercantile importance; and this is probably owing in a great measure to the destructive ravages of the worm with which its waters are infested, and by which the hulls of ships remaining there for any time become perforated." (Oliphant.)

Of the other towns now existing in the peninsula, we can scarcely do more than mention the names of Kertch, Caffa, Koslow, and Eupatoria; also Karassu Bazaar, containing a population of nearly 15,000 inhabitants, near which place "the gallant Potemkin erected a palace expressly for the reception of the Empress Catharine, who was thus surprised to find herself surrounded by all the luxuries of civilised life in this remote corner of her empire." Yalta, which is one of the newest of the Russian creations, is described by Mr. Kohl in the following terms:—"The houses are all new, and the whole town has such a pretty toy-like appearance, that it looks just as if it were fit to be given for a plaything to a child at Christmas. There are three inns, a custom-house, a post-house, a little church, a little quay, a harbour about two ells long, two little shops, and a little apothecary's shop." It must be said, however, that since this traveller's visit Yalta has been much improved, although not yet a place of great importance.

We have left ourselves but a brief space for any notice of Sebastopol; a circumstance which we do not much regret, since all that is known about it must by this time be familiar to every one, so great has been the interest recently excited about that great stronghold of the Russians in the Black Sea. It will be sufficient to say, with Captain Spencer, that "the first view of Sebastopol, when seen from the sea, is most imposing. After the eye of the traveller has glanced over the capacious harbour studded with vessels of war of all sizes, he sees a noble town, with its numerous churches, barracks, and other public buildings, rising in the form of an amphitheatre, here crowning the heights, and there shelving down to the sea; where stately houses and vast magazines are seen mingling with the tall-masted ships lying at anchor in the various creeks and bays that branch off in every direction, all attesting the importance of the principal naval station in the Russian empire." It was an obscure Frenchman, about sixty years since, that first drew attention to the great natural advantages of Sebastopol as a naval station. His observations were communicated to the Empress Catharine, who forthwith sent skilful engineers to inspect the place, and report their opinions on the subject. This report was highly favourable, and was immediately acted upon. Fortifications were at once commenced, and from that day to the present, Sebastopol has increased in strength and importance. It is at present one of the strongest naval fortresses in the world, and is indeed considered by some as altogether impregnable from the sea. Others, however, have said that the soft limestone of which the batteries are built would infallibly cause them to tumble to pieces after a few discharges. It is also objected that the gun-rooms of the forts are so small, and so ill-ventilated, that the artillerymen who should long continue in them during an action would run a great chance of being stifled. Besides which, it is also said "that a hostile squadron would soon silence the forts, with their tiers of guns, because, being built in a position too high above the sea, their guns, if pointed horizontally, could at best only injure the rigging of a ship." However plausible these depreciatory remarks may be with respect to the fortifications of Sebastopol, it appears now to be the general opinion of competent authorities that an attack upon it, to be successful, must be made by land as well as by sea; and that if a sufficient force be employed, Sebastopol can be taken, though not without great difficulty. Major-General Macintosh is of opinion "that a descent made in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, even with a strong and well-appointed force, especially after so much time has been allowed to Russia to erect fortifications there—though these may be only

field-works—and to collect forces for their defence, would be a very bold, and indeed hazardous undertaking; and that while a subsequent hasty re-embarkation, should it occur, without any object having been attained, would, in itself, be inglorious, a great loss in men and materiel would hardly fail to attend such a repulse." He therefore advises a landing to be made at Theodosia or Kaffa, on the south-east coast. "It is an excellent and capacious harbour, and stands at the entry of a minor peninsula (Kertch), in which a body of troops of due strength might, after a short struggle, establish itself, particularly if a simultaneous descent were to be made at Kertch. They might then even fortify the isthmus, preparatory to pushing forward; for it will be understood that I consider it would be by no hurried *coup-de-main*, but only by a period of steady and continued warfare, that we could effect the subjugation of the Crimea." Captain Spencer remarks that notwithstanding all its strong fortifications, "Sebastopol labours under an evil which, up to the present time, has defied all the ingenuity of man to remedy. These waters swarm with a species of worm that attacks the bottoms of vessels, and often renders them unserviceable in a few years. With the hope of removing this evil, the Government went to the enormous expense of filling the basins with fresh water from the Tzerni-Retchka; but, lo! when the canal was completed, it was found that the muddy waters of the river, which so much pains had been taken to procure, increased the vermin!"

We have thus endeavoured to give a brief general sketch of the geography and past history of the Crimea. What its future destiny may be, who can tell?

Readers will be much assisted in studying the geography of the seat of war by Mr. Thompson's excellent map, with its accompanying "Distance Tables." The latter, which are published separately, contain information never before made public, compiled from the best and most recent authorities, English and foreign. They may be used with any good map of the seat of war.

(To be continued.)

*Lettres sur l'Adriatique et le Montenegro* ("Letters on the Adriatic and Montenegro.") By X. MARMIER. 2 tomes. Paris: Bertrand.

ONE good result, at least, must spring from the present war—namely, that it will improve the geographical knowledge of the mass of readers both in France and England. Already, indeed, some improvement in this respect is apparent. Go into whatever society you may, and you will hear people talk as glibly of the fortresses on the Danube as they formerly did of Gibraltar or Antwerp. The Moldo-Wallachian provinces are no longer a *terra incognita*, and even our mechanics stop at the map-sellers' windows to find out the situation of Silistria, before which the *Rossians* lost so many of their soldiers. The excellent engraved plans of Sebastopol and Cronstadt also attract their notice, and when they view the natural and artificial defences of those naval stations—the stone walls, the granite, and the cannon—and think of the thousands of men there are behind them—far from condemning, they applaud the prudence of our Admirals for not making any rash attack upon such tremendous fortifications, and commend old fighting Charley as much for his discretion as for his well-known bravery.

From the actual seat of war, as viewed on the map, the eye glances almost involuntarily to the neighbouring countries, and the mind follows the eye. In a great war, who can tell what limits shall confine its operations? Political intrigue, national and party interests, religious sympathies and ancient traditions, often hurry those into a share in it, who at first sight may appear to have no ground of interference. Montenegro, for instance, is one of those districts which, though nominally included in the Turkish Empire, is known to be inhabited by a race the most adverse to Mussulman rule. Its sympathies are altogether Russian, and more than once already during the present contest its hardy warriors have been on the point of rushing into it in support of the Emperor Nicholas. Farther than this, however, Montenegro is a country of which but very little is known; and we therefore propose, with the help of M. Marmier, to place some slight account of it, as well as of the neighbouring district of Dalmatia, before the reader.

M. Marmier is one of the most lively and intelligent of travellers. From every country

he visits (and he has visited several) he brings back with him a store of information, which he has the talent of communicating in the most agreeable manner. Having already made acquaintance with the Slaves of the North, he resolved the year before last to obtain some knowledge of those in the South, namely, on the shores of the Adriatic—in Dalmatia and Montenegro. Setting out with this intention, he visited several places of interest in the course of his route—which was not always a direct one—as Milan, Venice, Trieste, &c., of each of which he has noted down his impressions. Many pleasing and instructive extracts might be given from this part of his work. We have only room, however, for the following account of the institution called "The Austrian Lloyd's":—

The company called "Lloyd's" was formed at Trieste in 1833, by the fusion of the different assurance companies which then existed in that city. United thus by one common interest, these companies resolved not to confine their force and capital to the mere calculations which previously occupied all their attention. They undertook the task of giving an impetus to the navigation of Trieste, of opening for it new routes; and they have been completely successful in their efforts. With more prudence than the Oriental Company, which in the time of Charles VI. aspired to the commerce of the whole world; and the company of both Indies, which under Joseph II. cherished the same illusion; the "Lloyd's" of Trieste never launched into such bold conceptions. It confined its circle of activity to the neighbouring seas. It commenced its work prudently with only a few steamers, watching their career and fortunes with an anxious eye. One fortunate attempt led to another. Its success increased year by year. Its capital was multiplied, and its boldness increased with its fortune. By degrees it has succeeded in establishing a regular steam navigation over the whole of the Adriatic, the Mediterranean, and the Black Sea. In 1838 it had only ten steam-vessels; at present it has as many as fifty-three, and has given orders for several more in France and England—being about to create a line of steamers for the rivers of northern Italy, and another for the Lake of Garda, the Lake of Como, and the Lago Maggiore. Within the space of eighteen years this commercial company will have created by its intelligence a considerable naval force, and taken into its hands the direction of an immense line of navigation, from the Danube to the Black Sea, from the Po and the Adige to the shores of the Nile. To carry out this laborious enterprise Lloyd's neglects nothing by which it may be enlightened. Its organisation is remarkable at once both for its extreme simplicity and perfect harmony. The society is divided into three sections, each of which chooses two delegates, who constitute its direction. The first section continues those assurance labours, which formed the basis of the company. The second has charge of the steam service: it has its magazines, its arsenal, its workmen, a whole legion of overseers, of ropemakers, smiths, and carpenters. Upon it devolves the care of constructing and equipping their vessels, of regulating the service of the different lines, and of creating new ones, should the interests of the company demand. It is, in fact, the department of marine. The third section in this talented association represents other departments of administration; such as the ministry of public instruction and the ministry of foreign affairs. Throughout the Levant, as well as at various other points, it has paid agents, who transmit to it accounts of the neighbourhoods in which they reside, the appearance of the crops, the prices of provisions—in short, whatever may be said in any way to have a bearing upon commercial movements. These reports, which are often not destitute of political interest, are, with few exceptions, exposed to public view in Lloyd's reading-rooms. On the same tables are spread out the principal journals of the entire world. Moreover, this section, besides the trouble it takes to amass news and collect foreign publications, has its own periodicals, which it circulates abroad. It has establishments both for printing and engraving, and edits two large daily journals—the *Osservatore Italiano*, and the *Triest Zeitung*; also a little journal of popular interest called *Il Diavoleto*; a weekly paper called the *Istria*; and two monthly publications, embellished with engravings, one edited by Germans, and the other by Italians. By means of these several enterprises, Lloyd's has created for itself an honourable renown, and Trieste owes to it in a great measure its actual development—a development which it was not easy to acquire; for it does not occupy a very favourable situation, this city of Trieste, which its flatterers have called the new Venice. It forms the centre of a country which has no reason to boast either of its agriculture or its industry, and consequently has no materials for exportation. Around it is the rude girdle of the Carst, a chain of mountains, which bars against it the road from those provinces of which it ought to be the maritime outlet, even of Austria itself, of which it is the chief port. A railroad is about to open this lofty barrier, and the commerce of Trieste watches its labours with extreme impatience. But this railroad, which is of such

supreme importance, which is to unite the Danube to the Adriatic, and therefore Austria to Lombardy, is prosecuted very slowly. It stops at Glognitz, three hours from Vienna; then it stretches away at the other side of those magnificent heights called the Semmering, to halt again at Laybach. It is thought that it will not be finished towards these two difficult points sooner than in four or five years; and in the mean time the pitiless city of Hamburg possesses itself of the commerce of Styria, Austria, and Bohemia, stretching its commerce even to Laybach, to the great grief of Trieste, which observes its proceedings without being able to prevent them.

Arrived in Dalmatia, our traveller pens many curious particulars about the country and its inhabitants, observing of these, that from his own personal knowledge he has no hesitation in pronouncing them to be the most primitive people in Europe. "Among the poorest of the peasants in Iceland," he says, "in the extremities of Norway, in the bosom of Lapland, in central Russia and central Finland, I have discovered some aspirations after knowledge, some germs of education, some intuitions of a new life, which it would be vain to seek on the rough surface of the rocky isles called the Scogli, and the rude mountains of Dalmatia." Dalmatia is peopled for the most part by only two races, the Italians and the Slaves, the former numbering only about 16,000, and the latter as many as 350,000 inhabitants; in addition to which there are a few Jewish families, also a few Albanians, and some French settlers, who have remained there since the occupation under Napoleon.

Of the great Slavonic race, which at present occupies so much of the attention of Western Europe, our author gives the following brief general account:

The Slaves affirm that their national name is derived from the word "slavo" (glory)—a derivation which they have certainly justified by the place they have taken in the world's history. Although they have frequently entered into the arena of warlike enterprise, and although the annals of one of their chief tribes, the Poles, present but one long recital of daring deeds and continued strife, they are not in general of a very warlike nature. Historians, on the contrary, agree in representing them as a race of mild disposition, which manifested a tendency to take peaceable possession of such countries as were abandoned by warlike hordes, rather than to acquire them by force of arms. Advancing by little and little wherever they found an opening, they have finished by occupying a larger space than was ever filled by the Goths, the Huns, and those other warrior-nations which, like flocks of vultures, descended upon Europe to desolate it. Issuing like a powerful river from the regions of Asia, at an epoch which it is impossible to determine, the Slaves extended themselves in two broad streams on either side of the Carpathians. On the north they took possession of Mecklenburgh, Pomerania, Brandenburg, Saxony, Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Poland, and Russia; on the south, of Moldavia, Wallachia, Bosnia, Servia, Dalmatia, Carinthia, and Carniola. In the immensity of their domains, they thus reached from the savage shores of the Don to the flowery borders of the Elbe, from the dreary coasts of the Baltic to the southern regions of the Adriatic. Of these domains they still retain a considerable part. Of what number of men their first legions may have been composed there are no documents in existence to tell us. At present they form more than a third of the entire population of Europe. Their number is not less than seventy millions. Converted, for the most part, at an early period to Christianity, some have embraced the creeds of the countries in which they reside, but by far the greater number are attached to the Greek faith. By contact and intermixture with other races their primitive type has been altered in many respects, and their idiom and manners have undergone important modifications. They are not the ruling race in all the countries which they inhabit. Here they are the subjects of Prussia, farther on of Saxony, and elsewhere of Austria. But wherever placed, north, south, east or west, they all speak dialects of the same language, and, albeit under German governments, rally to their name of Slaves, from one extremity of Europe to the other. Among them is Russia, active and strong, intelligent and rich; acting upon them by all the means in her power; at one time by diplomatic intervention, at another by her arms or her presents; accustoming them by degrees to look to her in every crisis and alarm; and labouring to reunite their *disjecta membra* in one vast nationality. It is easy to perceive the influence which she has already obtained over them, especially on the borders of the Danube and the shores of the Adriatic; what she may yet do is a grave question, quite beyond my capacity as a mere literary man to decide.

The Morlachs are a tribe of Slaves, inhabiting the interior and mountainous districts of Dalmatia. They are a singular people, and differ so much, in many respects, from the other Slaves in Dalmatia, that some writers have supposed them

to be of a totally different race. They entered this country in the fourteenth century, since which time until the present day they appear to have retained their primitive manners, traditions, and superstitions. The Morlachs are brave warriors, and have often signalled themselves in their combats with the Turks. The Venetians found them most efficient auxiliaries in their long struggles with the Pashas of Bosnia. Although themselves extremely poor, they entertain the greatest contempt for the inhabitants of the towns on the coast and in the islands. They venerate their priests, and are scrupulously exact in all their religious observances. They are also religiously faithful to one another. One beautiful custom they still retain, which is common to them with the ancient Scythians—namely, of two persons, not of the same family, entering into a strict bond of brotherhood together, and swearing to remain faithful to each other during the course of their lives. In the steamer *M. Marnier* met two young Morlachs who were thus united together by an oath of brotherhood. They had just returned from California, after amassing a fortune of 300,000 florins. Notwithstanding all this wealth, however, they were only deck passengers, while they wore two huge breast-pins of virgin gold which made them quite conspicuous. "It was touching," says our traveller, "to observe the reciprocal affection of these two young Dalmatians, who, after braving together so many perils, were now returning in each other's company to the same port from which they had started. Occupied solely with one another, they did not care to join any of the groups that were sometimes formed on the deck, and they never quitted each other for an instant. Together they went down to their cabins, and together they mounted again upon deck; and often I saw them seated together on a bench, hand clasped in hand, like a pair of affianced lovers." These unions of brotherhood are sanctioned by religious ceremonies.

When two Morlachs have resolved upon forming such a union, it is celebrated almost like a marriage. On a day fixed by common accord, they repair to the church of their district, accompanied by their relatives and neighbours. They assist at mass, each holding a lighted taper. The priest gives them his benediction; and before the altar and before God, who searches the heart and the reins, they swear to be of mutual assistance to each other during the course of this mortal life. On leaving the church they are saluted by volleys of fire-arms and affectionate acclamations as if they were a newly married couple, and finally they occupy the place of honour at a repast, which has all the character of a nuptial entertainment. Henceforward, through joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, the feelings of both must be the same, and their interests regarded as identical. At any hour of the day or night, and on every occasion, they are bound to have full and entire confidence in each other. In war they must fight side by side, and if one of the two falls, the other must avenge his death.

We have not space to notice the interesting account given by *M. Marnier* of the legends and superstitions of the Morlachs. We must also pass over his description of their marriage ceremonies and other customs, in order to say a word or two about the Uscochs, another tribe of Slaves, almost as distinct from their neighbours as the Morlachs.

The Uscochs are no longer inhabitants of Dalmatia; but during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they were the terror of its coasts, being as famous a race of pirates and freebooters as any known in history. Like the Morlachs, they fled from the tyranny of the Turks, and carried with them into their new country a profound hatred of their ancient enemies.

The first place of importance (says *M. Marnier*) in which the Uscochs appeared, after having encamped in various parts of Dalmatia, was the fortress of Clissa. Peter Crusch, who commanded there in the name of the King of Hungary, opened his gates to them with delight, hoping by their means to make some profitable descents upon the frontier. But the Turks, furious at seeing him give an asylum to their enemies, besieged the citadel and took it, and the unfortunate Crusch atoned for his imprudence with his life. Minuccio Minucci, who has written a long and minute history of the Uscochs, mentions an episode in this siege which resembles one of the heroic incidents in the Bible. A Turk of colossal size was parading up and down before the walls of Clissa, while, like Goliath, he railed at all his adversaries, and challenged them to meet him. A page of the governor, named Milosch, asked permission of his master to go and fight against this insolent boaster; and when it was represented to him that he was too insignificant to do battle against

such a giant he replied, "I have faith in God, who made strong the arm of David; and should I fall even—I, who am but a mere child—under the sword of this giant, it will be no disgrace to the Christians, and no triumph for the infidels." So saying, he issues from the citadel, while all the besieged accompany him with their prayers. He advances boldly against his terrible antagonist, and with one stroke of his sabre disables one of his legs. The Turk, falling on one knee, continues the combat with increased rage; but soon, making an imprudent attempt to run his adversary through, he loses his balance, the scimitar flies from his hand, and Milosch finishes the combat by cutting off his head. It must be added that this same Milosch, although he may have shown a faith like that of David, did not, like him, become the model of a king blessed of God in Israel, but the head of a band of pirates, rapacious and cruel.

From the fortress of Clissa, the Uscochs were driven to seek another asylum, which they found in the little town of Segna, on the gulf of Carnaro. This was a strong natural position, protected on the land side by thick forests, and on the sea by various islands, as well as rocks and reefs. Here for a long time they formed a sort of rampart against the Turks, and rendered some service to Christendom by the successful wars which they waged against the common enemy. With the sea in front of them, however, they naturally took to that element; and with their light crafts captured many a Turkish vessel laden with merchandise. By-and-by the distinction between Turkish and Christian vessels began to grow less clear to their understanding; and it must be owned that eventually they became the most daring as well as the most merciless of corsairs. Their depredations, although not unnoticed, and often signally punished, still continued, in consequence of the frequent wars between the Turks, the Venetians, and the Emperor, until at length an unparalleled act of brigandage raised against them a storm from whose fury there was no means of escape.

It happened that one day they captured a Venetian galley, on board of which they found a high functionary of the republic, and several of the nobility as passengers. The Uscochs immediately cut the throats of three of the passengers; and, when they arrived in the canal of Morlachia, they cut the throat of the high functionary as well. They then severed his head from his body, plucked out his heart, which they all pricked with their poniards, in token of eternal fidelity to one another, and then sat down to a banquet, with the bleeding and mutilated corpse still before their eyes. The Venetians, having in vain demanded reparation from the Emperor for such an act of horrid barbarism, at last entered his territories and ravaged Friuli. The war lasted for a considerable time, but was at length brought to a close through the mediation of France, and by the treaty of Madrid, in which an article was inserted guaranteeing the suppression of this nest of pirates. The Uscochs then definitively quitted the ramparts of Segna, and went to settle in Croatia, not far from Carlstadt.

(To be continued.)

## HISTORY.

*History of the Ottoman Empire, including a Survey of the Greek Empire and the Crusades.* By SAMUEL JACOB, A.B., COLONEL PROCTER, REV. J. E. RIDDLE, M.A., and JAMES MCONECHY. Second Edition. London and Glasgow: Griffin and Co.

*Turkey Ancient and Modern: a History of the Ottoman Empire from the period of its establishment to the present time.* With Appendix. By the Rev. R. W. FRASER, M.A. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

THE history of the Ottoman Empire, from its root in the Saracen, is in the highest degree interesting and instructive; it is a picture of the crimes and the chastisements of Europe for more than a thousand years. The past is the key to the present, not on the principle of analogy, or the supposition that similar circumstances produce similar results—but as the record of acts which contain a logical consequence. If justice is true wisdom, crimes in violation of justice are the worst follies. The career of a man is prolonged by years; of a nation, by centuries—its existence is that of successive generations. In this point of view a grave truth lies under the doctrine of the Druses—that to virtue is attached no abstract merit; to vice no abstract blame; the virtuous and the vicious reap the harvest of the seed they have sown, and the effect of an evil unrepaid inevitably recoils upon its author.

The *History of the Ottoman Empire* adds an important volume to the excellent series of works comprised in the cabinet edition of the "Encyclo-



Metropolitana." The authors pass in comprehensive review the Byzantine Empire from the time of Constantine to the fall of Constantinople; the period of the Crusades; the rise and disruption of the Saracen power; the annals of the Turks, terminating at the present crisis; and the relations of Turkey with foreign powers.

Written in a clear and concise style, bearing evidence of extensive research, this is a standard book—not merely a compiled abridgment, but a good and complete history. Two portions of this work deserve especial notice—the copious account of the Crusades and a *Chronology of the Saracens and Turks*, from the year 569 to 1854, a very useful addition for purposes of reference.

Mr. Fraser's *Turkey, Ancient and Modern*, is also a valuable contribution to the general stock of knowledge—a careful and well-arranged narrative of events, reducing within moderate limits all that is necessary for the ordinary reader's information on the subject of Turkey. The author condenses in a comparatively brief summary the earlier portions of Mahomedan history, and devotes larger space and fuller details to the history of the Turks from the reign of Mohammed II. to the present time. An outline of the religious and civil constitution of the Ottoman Empire, and a sketch of the Christian Churches in Turkey, who, it must be observed, severally prefer the yoke of the Sultan to witnessing the prosperity of a rival creed, constitute two explanatory chapters. The appendix to Mr. Fraser's volume contains the text of the fatal treaties which have consolidated the preponderance of Russia in Europe since the treaty of Kainardji in 1774.

The learned Orientalist, Von Hammer, assigned as the reason for discontinuing his history after the treaty of Kainardji, the difficulty of obtaining adequate materials; because, from that period, Russia has been the "sole arbitress of peace and war"—"the oracle of diplomatic negotiations with the Porte"—"the soul of the most important affairs of Europe;" therefore the Russian archives and Ottoman annals can alone furnish full historic records from the treaty of Kainardji to the treaty of Adrianople. "Let us not be deceived," writes Von Hammer at the close of his elaborate work; "the weakness of Turkey is coeval with the first partition of Poland, which has rendered inevitable the partition of Turkey." The interference of Europe since the treaty of Adrianople has not diminished the danger; Europe, in Poland, has lost her point of attack on Russia; and States, like armies, confined permanently to the defensive, are already vanquished.

It is singular to trace the dawnings of this mighty power, whose characteristics were developed before near neighbours noted its existence. The first negotiations between Russia and Turkey occurred in the year 1492. The Czar John III. commissioned his ally, the Khan of the Crimea, to ascertain the disposition of Sultan Bayezid II. in reference to proposed commercial intercourse. "If the Monarch of Moscow is thy brother," replied Bayezid to the Khan's overtures, "he shall be mine also"—words echoing ominously through the space that divides four centuries. Three years later, the first Russian ambassador entered Constantinople: he was charged to maintain the dignity of his Government before the son of the great conqueror who had overturned the empire of the East; not to bend the knee in compliment to the Sultan; to treat personally with the sovereign of Turkey, not through the medium of his viziers. The ambassador exceeded the spirit of his instructions, haughtily refused invitations to the repasts given by the viziers in his honour, the rich dresses presented to him, and 10,000 sequins destined for his entertainment. Bayezid made no direct remonstrance; he granted the commercial advantages desired, but told the Khan that his ally was represented by a rude envoy, and to a court so barbarous he could not send a servant of the Porte. The Czar intimated that ambassadors of other powers were satisfied with their reception at his court, and the Sultan, if he chose, could make the experiment. Two causes forced the Governments into contact—the Czar's multiplied relations with the Khan, the Sultan's feudatory; and the frequent incursions of the Ottomans into Poland, which at that time inundated the European and Asiatic provinces with Polish slaves.

Negotiations with Turkey were renewed by the Czar Ivan Vasilowitch. Ivan, whose commercial enterprises were always subordinate to a diplomatic end, wished to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with the Sultan to hold in

check the Crimea, Poland, and Lithuania—a proposition repeated on subsequent occasions.

The circumstances of the earliest warlike demonstration in which young Russia bearded the powerful Ottoman, are thus related by Mr. Fraser:

#### FIRST COLLISION BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

It will not be uninteresting to remark, that the first collision known to have taken place between Turkey and Russia occurred soon after the accession of Selim II. to the Ottoman throne. During the reign of his father, great difficulties had been experienced by the troops in passing over those immense tracts of country which lay between Persia and the Ottoman dominions, and which, from their nature and extent, formed the strongest bulwark of the former kingdom. It occurred to the Grand Vizier that a navigable canal might be cut, so as to form a communication between the Don and the Volga. These two vast rivers flow towards each other for many leagues through the Russian territories; and after approaching to within about thirty miles, the Volga turns to the east to supply the Caspian, and the Don flows westwards into the Sea of Azof. It appeared to Selim and his advisers, that at the nearest point between the two streams they might be united, so as to permit vessels to pass out of the Black Sea into the Caspian. This was a noble project, and if it had been accomplished, might have proved in those days not less important than the admirable undertaking which will soon signalise the vigour of modern enterprise—the formation of a canal to enable ships to pass across the isthmus of Panama from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. This noble design had been spoken of ages before, and it is more than probable that the Vizier took the hint from its first projector. It was first suggested to Selencus surnamed Nicator, *i. e.*, the Victorious, who was one of the generals of Alexander the Great, a warrior celebrated among the Muslims, and to whom the Ottoman Sultans were always vain enough to compare themselves. Selim, having the command of the Sea of Azof, proceeded to put this design in execution. He sent up the Don a fleet conveying five thousand Janizaries and three thousand workmen; and an army of eighty thousand men was prepared to follow them, and aid as well as protect them in the execution of the work. The canal was intended to join the Volga at the city of Czaritzin, and a large part of the army was detached to take possession of Astrakan, situated on the principal branch of the Volga. But Astrakan was in the possession of a warlike people, fully capable of retaining their own property, or likely to deliver it up only after a most vigorous defence. The very name of the inhabitants of Astrakan was unknown to the Sultan. They were the Russians, a people destined to become remarkable in the pages of the future history of Europe. Long before the race of Othman had come into being, Vladimir, a prince whose dominions lay along the shores of the Baltic, had married the daughter of one of the emperors of Constantinople, and was, along with his people, converted to Christianity. The descendants of that prince were conquered in the thirteenth century by the Tartars, and in the fifteenth century Ivan Wasilowitch emancipated Russia from the Tartar yoke. Ivan II. had conquered the province of Astrakan, and Selim drew on himself the vengeance of his northern foe by his attack upon that portion of the Russian territory. Five thousand Russians unexpectedly fell upon the workmen engaged in forming the canal, which had already made considerable progress, and, slaughtering them almost without resistance, put an end for ever to an enterprise, which, although undertaken for the unworthy purposes of war and national aggrandisement by increase of territory, might have proved of infinite service in a commercial point of view, not merely to Turkey, but likewise to the dominions of the Russian monarchs.

We abstract from the chronological table appended to the *History of the Ottoman Empire*, the dates of some chief incidents in the long duel between the rival disputants for the Byzantine inheritance.

In 1678 the affairs of the Ukraine provoked a war with Russia; "the Ottomans were unfortunate in two campaigns, and the Russians, hitherto despised, began to be formidable at Constantinople." A peace concluded in 1681 left Russia in possession of the Cossack territory. In 1686 Austria and Venice, Poland and Russia, armed against the Porte. A disastrous war terminated in 1699 by the peace of Carlowitz. The Ottoman power, whose encroachments upon Europe had been arrested permanently by the valour of Sobieski in 1683, was from this period drawn under the influence of European diplomacy, and Russia secured a firmer step in her aggressive course. In 1710 the King of Sweden, with a true policy and heroic courage, rallied against the advancing foe. The Turks were involved in a fresh war; and the wit and jewels of the Empress Catherine rescued the Czar from utter ruin. Contrary to the urgent remonstrances of the Khan of Crimea and Charles XII., the Vizier closed, with an enemy he might have crushed,

the treaty of the Pruth in 1711. In 1722 the attitude of Russia towards Persia alarmed the Porte; but in 1725 the Czar entered into a treaty with the Ottomans to partition the territory of his Persian ally. These intrigues in 1736 terminated in war between Russia and Turkey.

In 1737 commenced the conquest of the Crimea; but the atrocities committed by the Russians in Bessarabia and Moldavia attached the Christian population to the Sultan's rule. In 1739 the treaty of Belgrade obliged Russia to relinquish her recent acquisitions. In 1743 the integrity of the Ottoman Empire became a recognised element in the balance of power; and in 1762, during the Seven Years' War, its alliance was sought by rival sovereigns in Europe. In 1764 Mustapha protested against the Muscovite aggressions on the liberties of Poland. The intrigues of Russia, to spread discontent amongst the Christians of Turkey, again provoked hostilities. In 1772 the Porte, pressed by her antagonist, offered to purchase the aid of Austria by a treaty to partition Poland—Poland which had saved Austria, and whose gallant leader, Sobieski, has been blamed by modern politicians for not having accepted the suzerainty of the Porte. "This proposition preceded by ten months the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the Court of St. Petersburg, when the project of dismembering Poland was concerted between him and the Empress Catherine." The partition was accomplished, not for the profit of Turkey, too late protesting, and destined by the same spoilers to the same fate. In 1773 the Russians for the first time crossed the Danube; and in 1774 was signed the treaty of Kainardji. We recommend our readers to pursue the thread of this eventful history, to test the truth of our assertion that, from this time, whether in peace or war, if we except the effort made by Napoleon, the states of Europe have never passed the line of the defensive, which is that of the defeated, in their intercourse with Russia. Russia subjugates Turkey by treaties which leave the Czar at liberty to act, and only bind his victims to inaction. The peace of Adrianople afforded lamentable proof of this inherent weakness in the policy of the Western Governments; we quote from the *History of the Ottoman Empire*.

#### THE WAR OF 1828.

Only a few months elapsed before Turkey was again involved in hostilities with Russia; for the Czar, who was fully alive to the necessity of seizing the opportunity now offered of farther humbling the Porte, and advancing the hereditary policy of his house, declared war in form on the 26th of April 1828. The time chosen for this last attempt on the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire was not indifferent, and would of itself serve to show the motives by which the Autocrat was governed on this occasion. The closure of the Greek war by the forcible intervention of the allies, the consequent loss of a province and of a fleet, and the diminution of material and pecuniary resources to a large extent, were all of them events barely six months old. It was impossible that much could be done in so short an interval to repair the disasters inseparable from an unsuccessful contest of seven years' duration; and while the Sultan had not a ship to protect his coasts, and keep his communications open by sea, one Russian fleet navigated the Mediterranean, while another, issuing from Sebastopol, had command of the Euxine. Two years had not quite passed away since the corps of the Janissaries had been suppressed, and the right arm of the Turkish militia had been cut off; and in addition to the loss of an efficient body of soldiers, whose history was more or less identified with the national reputation, the Sultan had to contend against the suppressed feeling of anger which that event had excited in the minds of the members of the old Turkish party, and which was fatally displayed in the subsequent campaigns. When, therefore, Nicholas forced a quarrel upon him in 1828, which his own diplomatic skill and the efforts of his ministers were wholly unable to compose, he was labouring under two of the greatest calamities that could under any circumstances have presented themselves—the want of a fleet, and the want of an army. Lastly, his position in regard to the leading European states, particularly England and France, was an uneasy one, in consequence of the attitude which these two powers had assumed in the recent struggle for Greek independence, and the overruling obligations of the Treaty of London, which not only prevented them from assisting him, but rendered them worse than neutral in a contest which did not affect Turkey alone, but was to decide with whom the empire of the European world was to rest. During the whole of his reign that energetic but unfortunate sovereign had been more deeply implicated in the tortuous policy of the Western powers than any of his predecessors for centuries, and, as had been well observed, had had, at one time or other, the whole of Europe on his shoulders; while at the moment which Russia chose for a fresh assault on his dominions he was under

what has been not unaptly called "the ban of political excommunication." Russia knew these things well, and she knew moreover that the greatest ignorance and indifference prevailed in Western Europe on the "Eastern Question," with which the principal cabinets evinced a marked disinclination to meddle; and now that the independence of Greece was secured, partly through her own instrumentality, she was aware that the sympathies of the popular mind were rather with her than with the Grand Turk, whose oppression of a people of classical descent and renowned history was deeply resented by the Christian nations generally. The wonder is not, therefore, that in the terrible struggle for national existence which followed the declaration of war by Russia in 1828, the Porte was defeated, and obliged to submit to the severe terms that were imposed upon her by the treaty of Adrianople, but that she should have outlived the struggle at all; and under these circumstances it is of less consequence than it would be otherwise to examine minutely the grounds of complaint which Russia urged against a power which a combination of internal and external incidents had rendered comparatively helpless. It is now well known that the meditated attack had been in active preparation for years, and that no observance of treaties, and no ordinary amount of submissiveness, would have averted the blow aimed at her so long as a single vestige of Turkish independence remained, or a single province in Europe or Asia continued to prefer the sovereignty of the Sultan to the protectorate of the Czar.

*The History of Russia from the earliest period to the present time, compiled from the most authentic sources, including the works of Karamsin, Tooke, and Segur. By WALTER K. KELLY. In two volumes. Vol. I. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1854.*

It may be right, perhaps, to cast aside as apocryphal, everything pertaining to the history of Russia prior to the middle of the ninth century—retaining only the brief record that "the most anciently known inhabitants were the Scythians to the south, the Slavonians in the centre, and the Finns to the north." The union of these tribes by Rurik, in 862, marks the commencement or epoch of the first grand period into which this history is divided. The conquest by Rurik and his two brothers is supposed to have given to Russia the name it now bears; but this is a point which still engages the attention of the learned, so little is there known of the early history of the people now occupying so vast a portion of the continent of Europe.

The author's arbitrary arrangement of his materials into five great periods, five capitals, and twelve remarkable princes, exclusive of those of the fifth period, which is not yet ended, is open to some objections; but it has the advantage of giving the mind fixed resting points, more distinct than those usually met with in the subdivisions of elaborately condensed histories.

The reign of Rurik, who, after the death of his two brothers, assumed the title of Grand Prince, lasted till 879. The first seat of empire was Novgorod; but Kiev may be regarded as the primal principality. To these succeeded Vladimir, Moscow, and lastly, St. Petersburg.

At the demise of Rurik, the regency devolved on Oleg, described as "a true specimen of barbaric greatness, brave, crafty, insatiable, adventurous, indefatigable; faithful as with respect to Igor, his ward, and yet capable on occasion of the most savage treachery." Of these qualities, especially the last, he gave a remarkable proof when he obtained undisputed possession of Kiev. His fidelity to his ward is certainly not confirmed by the fact that he continued to hold the regency thirty-three years, so that Igor, the son of Rurik, was nearly forty when he began to reign. The superior abilities of Oleg are the only palliation for this usurpation of power. An enormous extension of territory was the result of the prolongation of his rule. That Igor might have obtained a niche among the great had he been allowed sooner to exercise his energies is not improbable, from what he achieved after the death of his guardian. He died at an advanced age, leaving an only son, Sviatoslaf, an infant, the first prince who bore a Russian name. St. Olga, the widow of Igor, became regent. She is justly entitled to the highest rank among the celebrated female rulers of Russia. She was not only the first woman, but the first Christian, who exercised sovereign authority in the principality. Olga was baptised at Constantinople, and, "down to the period of the annals, her greatness continued to fill the memories and the hearts of the people." The vengeance she took for the murder of her husband, sullied her fame, and afforded a proof that the spirit of Christianity is not

always an essential ingredient in the character of a saint. A more charitable and humane demonstration of forbearance might have operated favourably on the rude and barbarous people she strove to civilise, and might have caused an earlier and more auspicious introduction of the Christian religion into Russia. It is strange, too, that a mother and a saint had not sufficient influence to remove the prejudice which made Sviatoslaf regard Christians as cowards, and which called forth the remark, when pressed to be baptised, "Would you have me a laughing-stock to my friends?"

After the death of Sviatoslaf, the monarchical power existed nowhere in the state; for Yarapolk, the eldest son, had no authority over the appanages of his two brothers, Oleg and Vladimir, who reigned independently in the divisions of the empire over which they were delegated to govern previously to the death of their father. A civil war was the result of these divisions, in which Vladimir triumphed, and laid the foundation of his future greatness. His renown attracted the attention of the neighbouring states, and made them desirous of attaching him to the religion they severally professed. The existing form of Christianity in Russia seems to owe its adoption in some measure to accident, improved, perhaps, by the misrepresentations of those who were intrusted to make inquiries. The Boyars sent forth to examine the religions in question had seen Mahometanism and Catholicism in poor and barbarous provinces only; but they had witnessed with rapturous admiration the solemnities of the Greek religion in its magnificent metropolis, and adorned with all its pomp. In addition to the prestiges of pomp and solemnity, so captivating to an uncultivated mind, it may be observed that of the four religions which presented themselves to the choice of Vladimir, his predilection was strongly in favour of the Greek Church. Mahometanism had its charms in the promise of a paradise peopled with houris; but Vladimir could not overcome his repugnance to circumcision and the interdiction of wine. Catholicism he disliked because of its Pope—an earthly deity which appeared to the conscientious worshipper of wooden images "a monstrous thing;" and he disliked Judaism, "because it had no country, and he thought it neither rational to take advice from wanderers under the ban of heaven, nor desirable to share their punishment." The report of the Boyars made a strong impression on Vladimir. "If the Greek religion was not the best," they said, "Olga, your ancestress, the wisest of mortals, would never have thought of embracing it." The Grand Prince "resolved, therefore," says the author, "to follow that example." He determined, however, that his conversion should be signalled with an *éclat* befitting "his times, his country, and himself." For this purpose he conceived the project of making war on Greece, and by force of arms to extort instruction, priests, and the rite of baptism, from the rich and powerful city of Kherson; yet, after six months' siege, he was in danger of never becoming a Christian, if a traitorous priest had not instructed him, by a letter attached to an arrow, how to cut off the only spring by which the inhabitants were supplied with water: the city was thus compelled to surrender.

After receiving the rite of baptism and the name of Basil, and marrying (with the design of obtaining a claim upon the Greek empire) the Princess Anna, sister of the Grecian sovereign, Vladimir returned to Kiev, his mind "wholly intent on overthrowing the idols which but lately were the object of his adoration. As Perune was the greatest of deities to the idolatrous Russians, it was he that Vladimir, after his conversion, resolved to treat with the greatest ignominy. He had him tied to the tail of a horse, dragged to the Borysthene, and all the way twelve stout soldiers with great cudgels beat the deified log, which was afterwards thrown into the river." Like that of most new converts, Vladimir's zeal was at first ardent. He carried to as great excess the virtues, or, more properly speaking, the vices of Christianity, as he had done before the vices of paganism. "He wasted the revenues of the state in alms, in pious foundations, and in public repasts to imitate the love-feasts of the primitive Christians. He no longer dared to shed the blood of criminals, or even of the enemies of his country. From this exaggeration, however, he was soon reclaimed."

Vladimir, who waded through the blood of his brother to the throne of Kiev, received from his nation the surname of the Great, was advanced to the rank

of a saint, and is recognised by the national Church as *cœqual with the Apostles*. He raised Russia to its highest degree of Gothic glory; but he undid everything by the partition of the empire among seven of his ten sons.

Passing over the atrocious rule of the successor of Vladimir, the next remarkable prince who claims attention, is Yaraslaf, the legislator. Renowned as a warrior and law-giver, but more so as the disseminator of instruction and of civilisation, it was he who caused the Holy Scriptures to be translated into Slavonian. It is said that "with his own hand he transcribed several copies of them." Russia is indebted to him for many schools, and for the encouragement which he gave to the Greek priests, the only teachers that could be given to the people.

Russia had kept pace with the rest of Europe in the advancement of civilisation, when it "stopped, tottered, and fell." The decline and fall are ascribed chiefly to the division of the empire into "appanages," and the alteration in the hereditary order of succession. But, looking back to the prosperity of Novgorod, when that flourishing state was a republic, we discern another and a more potent cause which paralysed and stopped the progress of its improvement—one which must always endanger the security of a state. The people, though partially Christianised (if the religion of the Greek Church, corrupted as it even then was, could be called Christianity), were still slaves—the slaves of a dismembered despotism. They had no hope of bettering their condition, and were content to submit to the tyranny which debased them. They fought as readily against each other, nay, perhaps more ferociously, for such is the perversity of human nature, than they would have done against a foreign foe. Thus weakened by civil discords, they became an easy prey to the invader who was at that time preparing to overrun Europe; and for upwards of two centuries the Russians were vassals to an Asiatic despot. They were released from this tyranny by one who has deservedly obtained a place among the celebrated princes of the empire. The invaders from Asia were vanquished by Dmetri II., who received the honourable surname of Donskoi. He left such an example to his successor that he seemed to have bequeathed to him his skill and good fortune; but the more important quality, greatness of mind, was wanting in Vassili; he is, therefore, excluded from a place among the illustrious men of the third period. The names of Alexander Newsky and Ivan I. are alone deemed worthy of being associated with that of Dmetri Donskoi.

Like a giant refreshed from sleep, despotism again lifted its head in the person of Ivan III. Autocracy was his ruling passion. From the age of twenty-three he proved himself capable of regulating its march and subjecting it to the slow movements of a policy, at once insidious even to perfidy and circumspect, even to cowardice, but ever inviolable. He aimed at independence out of his dominions, and autocracy within, and succeeded in the attainment of both his objects. Among the successors of this fourth period, Ivan IV., dignified by the title of the Terrible, is conspicuous. In reading the career of this miscreant, we behold all the abominations of the Cæsars concentrated in his character, and wonder how such a wretch was allowed to exist. What must the degradation of a people be when they submit to be governed by a maniac! But the race of Rurik was drawing to a close. Feodor, the eldest surviving son of Ivan the Terrible, succeeded his father, and the dynasty then became extinct. The murder of Feodor's brother Dmetri removed the only obstacle to the usurpation of Boris Godunoff. The child was assassinated while at play in the court-yard of the palace, and, though several persons were present, and among the rest his nurse and his governess, he was lost sight of for a moment, and the assassin escaped undetected. This want of proof gave rise some years later to what are called the false Dmetri. The first of these succeeded in making good his pretensions to the crown. He appears to have been, if not a Jesuit himself, an instrument of the Jesuits, put forth for the purpose of securing to that order the crown, and of introducing the Catholic religion into Russia. His own want of caution, and the more palpable imprudence of his wife, cut short a reign which, if it had continued, might have hastened the civilisation of the people.

The anarchy occasioned by the claims of the false Dmetri caused an interregnum, which ended in the election of Michael Romanoff to the throne, who thus became the founder of the



present dynasty. During his reign, which continued till 1645, he found sufficient employment in healing the wounds which faction had inflicted on his country. "Much that he was unable to effect was accomplished by his son and successor, Alexis." From the death of Michael Romanoff to the accession of Peter the Great war, rebellion, and intrigue continued to retard civilisation. Among the causes of disorders in the state the most ridiculous were the hereditary pretensions of the nobility to particular offices, according to their genealogies and servile registers. Feodor III., observing the pernicious effects of this fond conceit, hit upon an expedient for putting a stop to the disputes. He, with the advice of his sagacious minister, Prince Vassili, resolved to burn the ancestral *tallies* of precedence, which he quickly accomplished, without setting fire to his kingdom.

He caused it to be proclaimed that all the families should deliver into court faithful copies of their service rolls, in order that they might be cleared of a number of errors that had crept into them. This delivery being made, he convoked the great men and the superior clergy before him. In the midst of these heads of the nobles the Patriarch concluded an animated harangue by inveighing against their prerogatives. "They are," said he, "a bitter source of every kind of evil; they render abortive the most useful enterprises, in like manner as the tares stifle the good grain; they have introduced into the hearts of families dissensions, confusion, and hatred; but the pontiff comprehends it." At these words, and by anticipation, all the grandees blindly hastened to express their approval; and suddenly Feodor, whom this generous unanimity seemed to enrapture, arose and proclaimed, in a simulated burst of holy enthusiasm, the abolition of all their hereditary pretensions. "To extinguish even the recollection of them," said he, "let all the papers relative to those titles be instantly consumed." And, as the fire was ready, he ordered them to be thrown into the flames before the dismayed eyes of the nobles, who strove to conceal their anguish by dastardly acclamations. By way of conclusion to this singular ceremony the Patriarch denounced an anathema against every one who should presume to contravene this ordinance of the Czar; and the justice of the sentence was ratified by the assembly in a general shout of Amen!

The character of Peter the Great has hitherto been regarded in far too favourable a light. His zeal for the acquirement of the useful arts, and the ardour with which he sought knowledge in foreign lands have often been mistaken for genuine patriotism and pure philanthropy; but these are virtues unknown to Russia. They thrive only in states that are free, and where the people have a share in the government. The private vices of Peter I. were too enormous to be counterbalanced by his valour or his conquests, or by the "spurious civilisation which his early *hobby* for ship-building introduced. The ridicule he cast upon religion by his mock conacles with their horrid orgies—his wanton cruelties, often perpetrated by his own hand, against those who opposed his will—his shameless debaucheries—and, lastly, the murder of his son—show too plainly the inborn depravity of the man, and bar him for ever from having a just claim of being numbered among the great. His death was inglorious; and, if the cause assigned be the true one, it was a just retribution for one of his crimes. The materials for an account of his reign are abundant. The author appears to have made an impartial, if not a judicious, selection; some portions relating to the war against Charles of Sweden might have been curtailed, as more closely connected with the history of the mad monarch than that of his powerful opponent. Nearly one-third of the volume is occupied with the reign of Peter the Great. On the death of Peter, Catherine contrived to establish her claim to the succession. She is said to have acted the disconsolate widow in perfection, deceiving those who were not acquainted with the real state of the case, and even exciting tears as well as laughter in some who knew that her grief was simulated. Nevertheless, she was perhaps too good a consort for such a half-civilised tyrant as Peter. "The great reason why the Czar was so fond of her, was her exceeding good temper; she never was seen peevish or out of humour; obliging and civil to all, and never forgetful of her former condition, withal mighty grateful." These extraordinary virtues in a wife probably often diverted the Czar from the perpetration of many cruelties he would otherwise have committed; at least, they saved Catherine from the fate of her lover, and mitigated the punishment inflicted upon her for her infidelity.

The reign of Peter the Great may, as the author believes, have been the turning-point in the his-

tory of Russia; but the progress of improvement since has been slow, and civilisation must still be considered unstable, and to a very great extent spurious. From Peter I. to Catherine II. the sovereigns were only milder variations of the barbarian rulers who preceded them. The life of Catherine, commenced in this volume, breaks off, rather unfavourably for her, at the critical point of her husband's murder. The account of the assassination of the Czar is minutely given, and the reader can no longer have any doubt as to the extent of guilty participation of the Empress in that horrible affair.

The ability which the author has shown in selecting and condensing his materials for this work, leaves no doubt that the ensuing volume will be completed in the like impartial and masterly manner. The people will then have within their reach, at small cost, all that is historically worth knowing of that part of Europe which now engrosses so large a share of public attention.

*History of the Byzantine and Greek Empire from MLVII. to MCCCCLIII.* By GEORGE FINLAY. London: Blackwood. 1854.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

PUFFED up with the arrogance which the plenitude of power often begets, and which the prosperity of the Greeks of the Lower Empire possessed to no inconsiderable extent, the contemporaries of Isaac Comnenus, Mr. Finlay observes, believed that the Byzantine, or, as they called it, the Roman empire, had attained a degree of wealth and power which secured it a permanent superiority over every other government. Nor from the point of view in which a Greek of that age might be expected to debate upon the state and the prospects of the society of which he was a member, was such a conclusion wholly visionary. A period of progressive prosperity during the sway of the Iconoclasts of 151 years, and an age of stationary prosperity under the Basilian dynasty, during a further space of well nigh two centuries, would suggest to the least sanguine the probability of securing a continuance of the latter state of affairs, if not of enjoying another cycle of active and absolute progression. However probable these deductions from past times might have appeared to the philosophic spirits of Isaac's reign, they are scarcely to be compared with the revelations of history handed down by their matter-of-fact descendants, accompanied by the speculative disquisitions of modern criticism. These Greeks, without doubt, were unauthorised prophets; yet, as it is easier to perceive and to record an event after the accomplishment than to predict its probable result, we should, in the discussion of bygone theories, never be forgetful of this fact, and should always endeavour to lessen our contempt and disparagement of exploded theories by placing ourselves, as far as our own prejudice will permit, in the position of those mistaken men who advocated them. We have said, however, that Mr. Finlay has studied these ages with the assistance of new lights; let us see, then, under what aspect they present themselves when thus freshly illumined. To those, says the author, who study the causes of the decline in the Byzantine Government from a modern point of view, the empire presents a very different aspect.

To us (he continues) it is apparent that the administrative organisation of the Byzantine state, and the social and religious feelings of the popular mind, had already undergone a change for the worse. The power of the emperor had become more absolute in the capital, by the neglect of the official education and regular promotion among the servants of the state. The arbitrary will of the emperor had taken the place of the usages of the administration, and courtiers now assumed duties which were formerly executed only by well-trained and experienced officials. This increase of arbitrary power did not conduce to augment the energy of the central government in distant provinces; justice was administered with less firmness and equity; and the distant population felt fewer benefits from their connection with the emperor and with Constantinople. The concentration of all executive power in the cabinet of the sovereign, moreover, caused much important business, in which neither the emperor's interest nor authority appeared to be immediately interested, to be greatly neglected; for sovereigns, like private individuals, look with more attention to what relates to their own advantage, than at what concerns only the public welfare. The repairs of distant ports, aqueducts, and roads, the improvement of frontier fortifications, and the civil government of unprofitable possessions, were held to absorb more than a due proportion of funds

required to maintain the imperial dignity. The pageants of the palace, of the hippodrome, and of the church, became every year more splendid, for each emperor wished to surpass his predecessors; and in no branch of the imperial duties was it so easy to purchase popular applause. In the mean time, the facilities for provincial intercommunication and the defence of the frontiers were proportionably neglected.

The practice of conducting public business through the medium of a cabinet of private secretaries led to many evils. Councils of the ministers and great officers of state were laid aside, and the authority of established usages and systematic rules was diminished. Each minister and general received his orders directly from the emperor, and communicated with the imperial secretary charged with the correspondence of the particular department to which the affair in question might relate; and consequently, subservience to power became the surest means of advancing the fortunes of all public servants. Wealth was attained, and ambition was gratified, by affected devotion to the person of the emperor, by mean servility to the court favourite, and by active intrigue among the members of the imperial household, much more surely and rapidly than by attention to professional duties or by patriotic services. . . . We have seen that the Basilian dynasty transferred the direction of public affairs from the aristocracy to the stewards of the imperial household. These domestics carried on the work of political change by filling the public offices with their own creatures, and thereby destroying the power of that body of state officials, whose admirable organisation had repeatedly saved the empire from falling into anarchy under tyrants, or from being ruined by speculation under aristocratic influence. In this manner the scientific fabric of the imperial power, founded by Augustus, was at last ruined in the East, as it had been destroyed in the West. The emperors broke the government in pieces before strangers divided the empire. . . . As it was under the later princes of the Basilian period that scientific knowledge ceased to be a requisite for official rank, it is from this period that we must date the decline of every species of information and learning in the Byzantine society. The farther we advance in this history we shall see that the house of Comnenus only pursued the course traced out for the imperial government by its predecessors. Basil the Second was the last Emperor of the East who had a really Roman policy; and his views were confined too exclusively to military affairs. Circumstances henceforward directed the progress of events. . . .

The insecurity of property in the frontier provinces, and the ignorance resulting from the secluded life of the lower classes on large agricultural estates, reduced the judicial establishments of the empire. As communications became rarer, the business of the courts of law diminished; and, except in the commercial cities, there no longer existed a body of independent lawyers to watch the judges, and restrain the exactions of the fiscal administration and the territorial aristocracy. The judges themselves soon became an inferior class of men, as they were no longer able to procure the voluminous and expensive law-books required to qualify them for pronouncing their decisions with promptitude and equity. Justice consequently was ill administered, and the people in the distant provinces became more inclined to seek protection from the great landed aristocracy of their immediate neighbourhood, than to look, as formerly, to the emperor alone for security and justice. The spell which had for so long, and under so many vicissitudes, connected the people with the central authority, was thus broken.

The concluding pages of Byzantine history are divided by Mr. Finlay into three distinct portions. The first extends from the year 1057 A.D. to A.D. 1081, and includes the reigns of five emperors and of one regent, Eudocia; from the accession of Isaac I. to the deposition—after no less than five aspirants to the purple had appeared—of the profligate and prodigal Nicephorus the Third, of infamous memory. This era is distinguished as that in which the central government was modified by the destruction of the population in Asia Minor. This catastrophe is usually attributed to the "decided military superiority on the part of the Seljouk Turks, to the great ability of Alp Arslan, and to the rashness of Romanus IV." Mr. Finlay, however, considers that the fate of the population of the Byzantine empire was decided by the personal character of the Emperor; and attributes to the avarice and to the supineness of Constantine Ducas the ruin of the Christian inhabitants of a great part of Asia Minor. We think that, although the author is disposed somewhat to underrate the prowess of the "great Sultan Alp Arslan," and to magnify the difficulty which that warrior "met with in breaking through their country, even though he was aided by intestine discord, fomented by the ecclesiastical intrigues of the Byzantine court;" yet that, without doubt, an imperial army might, under competent leaders, "have repulsed the Seljouk Turks from the fortified cities of Armenia, and secured the inde-

pendence of the Christian tribes who occupied the labyrinth of the Caucasian and Armenian mountains, thereby preventing the Turks from reaching the Byzantine frontier."

The character of one, to whom future calamities in the Eastern empire can trace their commencement, is thus described by the historian:

Constantine XI. displayed on the throne little of the talent which Isaac I. had supposed him to possess. He had appeared an able minister as long as his conduct was directed by an energetic superior; but on the throne he acted as an avaricious pedant. He declared that he valued his learning more than his empire; and his reign must have convinced his subjects that his intellect fitted him for composing orations according to the rules of rhetoric rather than for governing men according to the dictates of justice. Avarice and vanity directed his whole conduct as emperor. Naturally sluggish, he hardly thought seriously on any subject but how to increase the receipts of the imperial treasury, and how to display his own eloquence. To satisfy the first, he augmented the weight of taxation by selling the public income to farmers of the revenue, who used every exaction to augment their profits; and, to give his people an opportunity of appreciating his eloquence, he sat as a civil judge when he ought to have been performing the duties of a sovereign. Yet even in his judicial capacity he constantly violated the laws, from a blind confidence in his own discernment, which led him to believe that he could measure out equity to individuals in opposition to the general principles of the law.

Let us compare the portrait thus finished with a sketch roughly though pointedly traced by the masterly pencil of Gibbon. "If Constantine the Eleventh," says the latter historian, "were indeed the subject most worthy of the empire, we must pity the debasement of the age and nation in which he was chosen. In the labour of puerile declamations he sought without obtaining the crown of eloquence, more precious in his opinion than that of Rome; and in the subordinate functions of a judge, he forgot the duties of a sovereign and a warrior." A comparison of these extracts is curious, as showing the differences of style and of manner in which these two writers treat that portion of history of which they mutually are the chroniclers.

A period of one hundred and four years, and the reigns of four princes of the house of Comnenus, of Alexius I. and II., of the first John, of Manuel I., and of Andronicus I., brings the story to the year A.D. 1185. This era is remarkable for the commencement and for the conclusion of the first two crusades; for the degrading treaty of Alexius I. with the Seljouk Emir Sulciman, by which, under the pressure of actual successes on the part of the Turks, and of probable reverses at the hand of Robert Guiscard, the boundaries of the empire were reduced to such narrow limits that "the mountains of the Turkish territory were visible from the palace of Alexius and from the dome of St. Sophia;" for almost continuous wars with the Normans, the Patziaks, the Seljouks, the Hungarians, the Venetians, and the Servians; for the invasion of Egypt by the empire, and the invasion of the empire by Sicily; and for the bootless insurrection of the celebrated Anna Comnena and her brother Isaac; for the more successful usurpation of Andronicus—who himself in turn fell a victim to lawless violence—and the subsequent murder of Alexius the Second.

Mr. Finlay's remarks upon the decline of the Greek navy under Manuel I., and his strictures upon the causes of the decay in this and in other times, will be read with interest. After some general observations upon the connection of the system of centralisation with the disposition of the public revenue, the author records that in the adoption of this policy, it was decreed by the Emperor that all moneys "which the Greek commercial communities had hitherto devoted to maintaining local squadrons of galleys for the defence of the islands and coasts of the Ægean should be remitted to the treasury at Constantinople." The ships, he adds,

The ships were compelled to visit the imperial dockyard in the capital, to undergo repair, and to receive provisions and pay. A navy is a most expensive establishment; kings, ministers, and people are all very apt to think, when it is not wanted at any particular time, the cost of its maintenance may be more profitably employed in other objects. Manuel, after he had secured the funds of the Greeks for his own treasury, soon left their ships to rot, and the commerce of Greece became exposed to the attacks of small squadrons of Italian pirates, who previously would not have dared to plunder in the Archipelago. It may be thought by some that Manuel acted wisely in centralising the naval establishment of his empire;

but the great number, the small size, and the relative position of many of the Greek islands with regard to the prevailing winds, render the permanent establishment of naval stations at several points necessary, to prevent piracy; and, unless local interests possess considerable influence in appropriating funds required for this purpose, it is a duty which is always in danger of being neglected by the central administration. The monarchy established in Greece by the three protecting powers has annihilated the navy of Hydra, Spezia, and Psara, and piracy is at present only kept down by the steamers of the protecting powers. But no general rule can be safely applied to a problem in practical administration. Manuel and Otto ruined the navy of Greece by their unwise measures of centralisation; Pericles, by prudently centralising the maritime forces of the various states, increased the naval power of Athens, and gave additional security to every Greek ship that navigated the sea.

The third and last period comprises, under the reigns of Isaac II. and of the third, fourth, and fifth Alexius, the fall and extinction of the Byzantine empire—an event which took place in the year A.D. 1204; and it will not form an uninteresting conclusion\* to this article to quote from the work before us the terms of the treaty by which the Eastern Roman empire was divided between the conquering crusaders and Venetians. This treaty, writes Mr. Finlay,

This treaty was concluded by the Doge Henry Dandolo on the part of the Venetians, and by Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, Baldwin, Count of Flanders, Louis, Count of Blois, and Henry, Count of St. Pol, on the part of the crusaders, in order to avoid all disputes, should it please God for His honour and glory to grant them the victory over their enemies.

The Venetians were to enjoy all the privileges in the conquered territory which they possessed in their own country, and were to be governed by their own laws. Twelve electors were to be chosen as soon as Constantinople was taken, who were to elect an emperor; and they were to choose the man best able to govern the new conquest for the glory of God and the advantage of the Holy Roman Church: six of these electors were to be named by the barons and six by the Venetians. The emperor was to possess, as his immediate domain, the palaces of Blachem and Bucoleon, with one quarter of the Byzantine empire; the remaining three quarters were to be equally divided between the crusaders and the Venetians. The clergy of the party to which the emperor did not belong were to elect the patriarch of the Eastern Church, and the ecclesiastics of the two parties were to occupy the benefices in the territories assigned to their respective nations. The two parties bound themselves to remain united for another year—that is, until the 31st of March, 1205; and all who then established themselves in the empire were to take an oath of fealty, and do homage to the emperor. Twelve commissioners were to be chosen by each party, in order to divide the conquered territory into fiefs, and determine the service due by the crown vassals to the emperor. No person belonging to any nation at war with the parties to the treaty was to be received in the empire as long as hostilities lasted.

Both parties were to exert all their influence to induce the Pope to ratify and confirm the treaty, and excommunicate any who should refuse to execute its stipulation. The emperor was to swear to observe the treaty; and in case it should be found necessary to make any modification in it before his election, the Doge of Venice, and the Marquis of Montferrat, with twelve electors, were empowered to make the change required.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Nicholas I., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias: a brief Memoir of His Life and Reign, with Notices of the Country, its Army, Navy, and present Prospects.* By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., &c. &c. London: Shaw.

*The Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Medjid Khan: a brief Memoir of His Life and Reign, with Notices of the Country, its Army, Navy, and present Prospects.* By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., Author of "Nicholas I.: a brief Memoir of His Life and Reign." London: Shaw.

THESE memoirs of Nicholas and Abdul Medjid comprise an excellent and complete summary of all the information collected relative to the present condition, resources, and prospects of Russia and Turkey. The author's liberal views and popular style will ensure a welcome to his small and well filled volumes.

"The life of the Emperor Nicholas I.," writes

\* It is impossible to give in this place even a summary of Mr. Finlay's concluding chapters on the empire of Nicea and on the Greek empire of Constantinople, under the dynasty of Paleologus.

Mr. Christmas, "formed the first of a trilogy which I have some time contemplated giving to the world: the second is now before the reader, and it will be followed in due course by that of the Emperor Napoleon III. I trust that the age has past in which the emphatic words of Byron were applicable:

The foe, the victim, and the fond ally  
That fights for all, and ever fights in vain."

The labours of the late Sultan Mahmoud have been compared incorrectly to those of Peter I.; for the Czar toiled to construct a power, the Ottoman ruler to restore a people. A stronger point of resemblance exists between the present sovereigns of Russia, of Turkey, and of France; they are inheritors, not originators of a policy, it is the faculty of genius to create circumstances which infallibly bind or destroy those who succeed. Destined to re-open the wounds of Europe, which a peace (mis-called) of forty years has not sufficed to heal, the two hereditary combatants encounter an hereditary name, whose resurrection strangely completes the fatality of events. There is philosophy even in external things: the impossibility of Napoleon III., the stern aspect of Nicholas, the melancholy impressed on the features of Abdul Medjid, represent the consciousness of their subjection to an inevitable law.

Louis Napoleon is the inheritor of an idea, Nicholas of a vast work, Abdul Medjid of a sublime struggle: the difficulties presented to the Emperor are material; to the Czar, moral; the Sultan has to contend against both. The situation is dramatic, but not new; it constitutes a history of which the first part is already written, and the second, like the termination of a romance too long deferred, has lost its original vigour of style and hold on the general interest, however necessary still for the development of the plot.

In the affairs of the present moment Nicholas occupies the most prominent place: he owes it not to his own character, but to that of his predecessors, and to the throne they built for him. It would be difficult to find two authors agreed in their estimate of this monarch and this man, although his long reign has furnished facts on which to found a tolerable judgment. Nicholas has continued the policy of his family with a firm and remorseless determination, yet in his acts we trace no element of greatness. His external diplomacy has been a skilful profiting of the position in which Russia was placed at the fall of Napoleon—reaping advantage from the fears and jealousies, the errors and the corruption of European statesmen. His internal government has not ameliorated a system he denounced, and the man cannot be individually honest whose power is founded on the demoralisation of a country. The Empress Catherine had no scruples, but she had bold conceptions, and the energy of despotism; she could not be enslaved even by the dread of a free thought, and her administrative measures were distinguished in many instances by a truly liberal and enlightened tendency. Ideas of liberty imported from the West lose their vitality in Russia, and Russia never yet possessed a national government. Alexander, more imaginative and less resolute than Catherine, longed in the depths of his mystical nature to disengage the Slavonic element and inspire a people; in the moment of victory he tasted the bitterness of defeat; he had the vision of a nation, but it changed to nightmare, and stifled him; in his agony Alexander returned to the traditional principle, repression within, extension without; and Nicholas entered upon that inheritance.

Mr. Christmas truly remarks:—"There is no country of which it is so difficult to obtain reliable information as Russia; the accounts given of her sovereign, her power, her people, and her policy, all differ, and often in the most extraordinary way; who, for instance, would imagine that Golovine and Ustrialoff were describing the same sovereign, or relating the events of the same reign? The author of this small volume has thought it advisable to strike a balance of probabilities among the varying statements of the so-called authorities. If the Emperor Nicholas appears in these pages as a man having many high and noble qualities, as well as many great and grievous faults, the portrait is but the more likely to be a correct one."

Carefully extracting evidence from the mass of conflicting statements, the author has accomplished his work with great impartiality. For the Czar's private character he professes no admiration, and asserts that "the morality of the court of St. Petersburg is the lowest



in Europe, if Madrid be excepted." Yet, in extenuation of some acts of imperial severity, Mr. Christmas remarks that the mind of Nicholas "does not seem to be exempt from the scourge of his race"—insanity. We are disposed to think there is too much method in the madness of the Czar; when he threatened to demolish Warsaw, the commentators on his violent speech exclaimed, "Nicholas is mad;" but Europe answered, "Order is restored."

#### THE CZAR'S PUBLIC CHARACTER.

It is now generally admitted, and would a few months ago have been universally conceded, that Nicholas is by far the ablest sovereign of Russia since Peter the Great; and it would not be too much to say, that in point of natural ability there is scarcely a reigning sovereign to compete with him. What he has done for Russia can only be estimated by comparing the state of his empire as it now is, with what it was when it came into his hands. Commerce incalculably increased, the arts fostered and encouraged, universities and schools established, public order maintained in an extraordinary degree, civilisation advancing at a rate scarcely seen in the history of the world before: the emperor himself is a man of scientific taste and acquisitions, and is most anxious to secure the aid of scientific men in developing the resources of his vast empire.

We cannot take so favourable a view of the Autocrat in his public capacity, and in support of our dissent appeal to a few only of the author's facts.

#### RUSSIAN CIVILISATION.

The policy of Nicholas seems to have been in everything arbitrary and restrictive, instead of gentle and enlightened. What other country so large as his boasts so few places of renown; and even where arts and commerce were found to be in their vigour, and flourishing before the invasion of Russian power, let the authority of the Autocrat once gain a footing, and everything is changed. . . . The spy system is a kind of chronic malady at St. Petersburg. The Emperor himself is a spy on all the world, and finds time to play the part even at home. A Russian can never be sure of not being denounced by his own servants, his own clerks, or even his own family. At Moscow, however, the nobility have found means to form, as it were, a walled inclosure to their saloons: thus they enjoy full and entire liberty of speech. . . . If the Emperor Nicholas possessed that true greatness of mind sometimes claimed for him, he would scarcely have raised to power, and honoured with his confidence, such men as we shall presently depict, with their vile offices and contemptible conduct. . . . The Emperor Nicholas would perhaps think it rather a strange application of the Latin proverb, "*Pares cum paribus facillime congregantur*;" but what can be thought of his own natural tastes and feelings, when we see him preferring such unscrupulous personages as those we have mentioned, to men who far excel them in intelligence and virtue? . . . The Emperor likes civilisation—he wishes for it; but he would have it innocent and simple, despoiled of its formidable array of liberal institutions, submissive as a child to the ukase, and praying constantly in the church of Kasan for the prosperity of the Czar and his family. He has allied it with an idea of absolutism, as an instrument which is not to resist the direction he gives it: he would have it in his own hands, just as he holds the military and ecclesiastical authority; govern it like a pope, discipline it like a recruit, and pass it, as it were, through a sieve to be clarified, and then distribute it in small doses by degrees at his will. Thence arise so many efforts to prevent the spirit of civilisation from infiltrating itself without his permission into the minds of his people: so many newspapers cut to pieces by his pitiless scissors; so many books, with passages marked to be expunged; and thence such a police! such censors! posted like sentinels on the frontiers of the domains of science and literature, in order to arrest any phrase that may be too eccentric, or any very hazardous idea. . . . In what other country, in the old world at any rate, could we pass over a distance of 420 miles without meeting with some interesting traces of ancient grandeur, or some startling display of modern industry? Here, in Russia, such a distance may be passed without a sigh of reminiscence or an exclamation of pleasure.

We step, as only student travellers can, from Russia to Turkey—from the Tartars of the north to their better brothers in a lovelier land. The recent visit of Mr. Christmas imparts additional interest to this description of the Sultan and his dominions. We will not analyse the contents of a book which, although replete with information, historical and statistical, can be so cheaply purchased and so easily read. We shall content ourselves with a single extract, which interesting in itself as illustrating an Eastern peculiarity, helps also to elucidate a classic legend.

#### THE CANINE ARMY.

They are, as we said, a fierce race, but if unmolested will not attack you, in Constantinople at least, though dangerous to meet in the open country, if you have no stick to defend you; but from a stick or a stone

they will fly, knowing the effect of both by experience. An English traveller some years ago had strayed from the city where he was—either Adrianople or Constantinople,—and was enjoying his classical stroll exceedingly, when he found his progress suddenly interrupted by a pack of dogs, all barking at once, and making a dead set at him; he quickened his pace, and they tore after him; he stopped and faced them, then they halted too, and then again the pursuit recommenced until, quite exhausted, he sunk on the ground to rest for a moment; the dogs immediately sat down in a semicircle before him, left off barking, and patiently awaited his rising, and then the hunt recommenced until he sat down again, when his canine foes very gravely did the same. Provoking as it was, he could not help laughing, as it recalled a similar circumstance in the "Odyssey," which he had regarded as a poetical fiction: however, most luckily for him, a shepherd came in sight, who, seeing his dilemma, called off the dogs, and told him how dangerous they were; indeed, as he justly observed, the story of Actæon, who was devoured by his own dogs, might not be all a fiction.

### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Travels on the Shores of the Baltic, extended to Moscow.* By L. S. HILL. London: A. Hall and Co.

*A Military Tour in European Turkey, the Crimea, and on the Eastern Shores of the Black Sea.* By Major-General A. F. MACINTOSH, K.H. In 2 vols. London.

*A Volunteer's Scramble through Scinde, the Panjab, Hindostan, and the Himalayah Mountains.* By HUGO JAMES, Bengal Army.

MR. HILL contributes valuable information upon a subject just now of extreme interest—the practicability of an attack upon Cronstadt. He is well acquainted with the entire coast of the Baltic, and with many parts of the country inland, and he is, therefore, well qualified to form a judgment upon the question, which has been unhappily wielded for party purposes by unscrupulous political partisans, and for still viler purposes by unprincipled newspapers, in hope to damage the Government by charging upon it, as an insincerity or a neglect, the caution with which approaches are made to the formidable batteries that frown upon these dangerous seas, where wreck is to be feared even more than the guns of the enemy. These would-be war critics take no account of obstacles they have only to encounter upon paper. They conveniently forget that behind the fortifications of Cronstadt lies a powerful fleet; that, if this allied fleet could be materially damaged in an unsuccessful assault upon the batteries of Cronstadt, the Russian fleet would instantly avail itself of the crippled condition of ours and come out of its hiding-place, and then, with such advantages on its side, the result might be, at least, doubtful. But what would be the consequence of a defeat to us? Why, the victorious Russian fleet would be in a few hours upon our own defenceless coast, doing to us what we are endeavouring to do to them, only, instead of gloomy fortresses to fire at and destroy, it would sack our fair and flourishing towns and carry death and ruin to thousands of our own people. From such a catastrophe, which, however improbable, is far from impossible, we have only the prudent caution of the Government and of Sir C. Napier to protect us; and, therefore, we look upon it as a crime in those who, for the vilest personal motives, endeavour to raise a howl against the conductors of the war in the Baltic for not daring an enterprise where the consequences of failure would be so terrible. We would recommend all sober-minded people, who recognise the wisdom of the adage that the better part of valour is discretion, to read Mr. Hill's volume, which describes so graphically the difficulties and dangers of the Baltic coast; and then they will pass a very different opinion upon the conduct of the war there, from that which is but too prevalent in society among those who really have no knowledge of the subject they talk about.

We take a few of his descriptions of the points of greatest interest.

#### THE BAY OF CRONSTADT.

The bay of Cronstadt is about seventeen or eighteen miles in length, and seven or eight in breadth soon after passing the island. The lands on either side are generally low, and exhibit nothing that the eye can rest upon with pleasure. The bay is shallow, and is only passed by an intricate channel, which we found marked as we proceeded, by the tall stripped stems of fir-trees stuck in the ground, with their heads left to appear above the water. In some parts it never exceeds twelve feet.

#### HELSINGFORS.

The town of Helsingfors is built upon a peninsula, or promontory, and more immediately defended by the two forts of Braberg and Ullricaborg, placed on the main land within the port, which is said to be capable of admitting sixty or seventy line-of-battle ships, all riding at anchor under the cover of these forts. The proper strength of the place, however, lies in the magnitude of its outer defensive works, which are of the most formidable description, and go under the general term of the fortresses of Sveaborg. They occupy no less than seven islands, several of which are united by bridges. Casemates appear to be formed in them for no less than 6000 or 7000 small arms; and the united fortresses are said to mount 800 cannon, and to possess a garrison of 12,000 men. Some of these formidable works are formed by cutting and fashioning the solid rock; and there are magazines, arsenals, and barracks both upon one of these islands and upon the mainland. There are even docks upon the same tongue of land upon which the town stands, that have been partly cut out of the solid rock.

#### ST. PETERSBURG.

The two principal disadvantages which the city of Peter the Great has encountered, and which it will continue more or less to labour under, are, the intensity of the cold of its climate in winter, and the low and swampy character of the country in which it has been placed. For six months in the year, its port cannot be entered, by reason of the ice, and it can never be supplied with provisions for the consumption of its inhabitants at proportionate prices with those of cities whose neighbouring fields produce wine and oil, or even bread and cheese, like our own. Nature, it must be confessed, however, has bent her stern character before the labours of men and the arts of civilised life, more here than in any other land possessing a similar climate. But there are bounds beyond which the elements will not cede to enterprise, ambition, or caprice. The greatest indeed of the apparent obstacles to the city's progress, arising out of the low character of the country, has been in a wonderful manner overcome; for, incredible as it appears, all the splendid show of palaces, and the noble quays, and public and private edifices of the modern capital of Russia, are built upon piles sunk in the mere morass upon which the city stands; and there remains on this account nothing but the unproductive character of the land about the town to regret. But in another respect the position of the town, taken in conjunction with the effects of the climate, has appeared to some to leave it exposed to dangers which threaten even its sudden and utter dissolution. There are occasional swellings of the waters of the bay and the Neva, caused by the winds on the one side, and the heavy rains on the other; and these are sometimes so great, that the whole town becomes inundated to the depth of from six to twelve feet above the level of the street. Every provision has been made to negative as much as possible all the effects of this inconvenience. Siaches, or watch-towers, have been erected in all parts of the town, upon which watchmen are stationed, provided with the means of making signals by night and by day, of the rise of the waters, inch by inch, when an inundation is threatened, which enables every one to retire to his house, and seek the upper stories in time to avoid the consequences of being suddenly overtaken by the rush of the invading flood. The same watchmen serve too to give the earliest alarm of fire, which is of more frequent occurrence in every town of Russia than in any other towns in any part of the world, partly arising from the quantity of wood used, even in their brick and stone buildings, and partly owing to the method of warming their houses by stoves set in the mass of the building, and yet more, perhaps, from a certain carelessness habitual to the people. In relation to the inundation, it is even said by some not wholly visionary alarmists, that the entire city, with all its edifices, from the palace of the sovereign to the meanest habitation, is yearly exposed to the danger of being swept from the very surface of the soil, without scarce leaving one stone upon another to record to future generations the glory of its short reign.

Major Macintosh's work relates entirely to the other seats of war in Asia and Europe. His information has been collected in the course of several visits during the last twenty years, which he has paid to the Turkish provinces—as we presume, with professional objects, but whether commissioned by Turkey or England we cannot gather. His particular attention was given to the Balkan range, with a view, it may be supposed, to the more efficient use of them for the protection of Constantinople; and of these now famous mountains he appears to have explored every pass. He has also surveyed the Caucasus, inspected the frontier line of Turkey, Russia, and Persia, and visited Sebastopol and the Crimea. Such a work cannot but be consulted with eagerness by all who desire something more than mere newspaper knowledge of the localities in whose fortunes we are just now so deeply interested.

The first inquiry with which the reader will consult Major Macintosh is similar to that with

which he will turn to Mr. Hill—Is Sebastopol practicable? It has been stated over and over again that, although impregnable from the sea, it may be approached by land, and that, in truth, it is on that side almost defenceless.

It might have been so formerly; but the Emperor of Russia was not likely to leave it so when war was imminent; and we may be sure that whatever art can do to make it secure from an enemy by land has been done during the last twelvemonth. Hear what the experienced Major says of

#### SEBASTOPOL ON THE LAND SIDE.

So late as last year (1853) travellers, who, however, were not military men, reported that the town was still altogether open to the land side. Detached works may, however, have existed even then which escaped their observation; and there is little doubt that since the occurrence of war the Russians have been busy in extending the defences on that side. The landing-places near the monastery of St. George are too precipitous to be surmounted in the face of a defending force prepared for such an attempt; and any force landing on the level shore between Cape Kherson and Sebastopol would most probably find itself at once engaged in a general action, and would have to fight for a space large enough to encamp upon. I am, therefore, certainly of opinion, that a descent made in the immediate neighbourhood of Sebastopol, even with a strong and well-appointed force, especially after so much time has been allowed to Russia to erect fortifications there—though these may be only field-works—and to collect forces for their defence, would be a very bold and indeed hazardous undertaking; and that while a subsequent hasty reembarkation, should it occur, without any object having been attained, would in itself be inglorious, a great loss in men and material would hardly fail to attend such a repulse. When we consider the great scale on which arrangements must be made for attacking even an imperfectly-fortified place, the heavy and cumbersome cannon and siege stores which it would be necessary to land here, the great quantity of provisions requisite for the support of the besieging corps, to last possibly some months, and which must be collected in a secure situation; and when we take into calculation what a large force ought also to be kept in front to resist attempts to raise the siege; when we consider further that the army must land on a level shore, commanded at no great distance by heights of very considerable strength, and that the area where it would have to make all its preparations is too confined for the operations of so large a force as would be required for such an attack,—I feel persuaded that my view of the subject will be admitted to be just by all who have had experience in such matters, though it may not meet the wishes of many who are too impatient that a blow should be struck at any cost in that direction.

This will, we hope, cool the ardour of our newspaper warriors, who only fight with the pen.

A great portion of these volumes will be too professional for the general reader, who will doubtless declare them to be heavy; and so they are; they are books for reference—books to be consulted—not books to be lounged over as a pastime. Few passages are to be found of personal adventure, or of mere description; and the author has not the faculty of enlivening dull topics by his manner of handling them. We suspect that it is one of those works which will be more frequently consulted and cited than read, and that its reputation will be greater than its sale; for, in truth, it is not adapted for the circulating libraries, who are nowadays the principal patrons of new books that are not "cheap."

Of his few descriptions, this is one of the best.

#### THE KOORDS.

Having expressed a desire to see a well-equipped Koordish horseman before I left the encampment, the chief addressed a few words to his eldest son; who left the tent, and in a few minutes reappeared outside splendidly mounted and equipped, in company with his youngest brother, who, although only about eighteen years of age, was six feet in height. The eldest son rode a white Arab, upwards of fifteen hands high, which he had procured near Bagdad, and which, he said, was from the province of Nedjid. Half of the animal's tail was dyed crimson, in conformity with a custom very general in Persia. The other son was mounted on a bay horse of somewhat smaller size, but equally handsome. Their arms and accoutrements were of the best description, and the horse-furniture was in part mounted in gold and silver. . . . The condition of the horses and the state of the arms and clothing were very superior, and great attention seemed to have been given to cleaning and polishing the arms. The Koords, before proceeding to battle, pay the most scrupulous attention not only to their equipment, but to what in Europe would be termed a very particular toilet; a custom which, with the more effeminate practice of applying powdered antimony to the eyelids, is very prevalent among these tribes, being adopted even by the hardest warriors, and alluded to in their national songs. The young chiefs

carried at the pommel of their saddles a slender steel javelin, fitted in a velvet case, and which, with a small steel battle-axe, is, I believe, the distinguishing mark of a chief. They were also furnished with a small round shield or target, covered with skin, and studded with metal bosses, which is used by Koords of all ranks. When we had full scrutinised their equipment, they began galloping about, and performed a kind of exercise called the Key Kaj; following each other in turn, and enabling us to form a very good idea of their expertness as horsemen, and of the speed and action of their steeds. The eldest son informed me that the number of horsemen in Koordistan mounted and appointed equally well with themselves, was very great; which I can easily believe; for, when leaving Persia, some time afterwards, I met part of the tribe a short way to the north of Teheran, proceeding under Achmet Aga, the second son, to join the Shah's camp before he went to Herat; and a great many were, as his brother has said, quite as well mounted as himself. He asked whether I thought cavalry of that description would not be very formidable if accompanied by a few light guns. I told him that in India the British Government maintained a great force of irregular cavalry, who acted in conjunction with artillery; and that a similar Cossack force was employed in Russia, a part of which had light guns of their own. He said he had seen the Cossacks, and he thought it was impossible there could be worse cavalry; but the body he referred to were a very ill-mounted force, which I afterwards saw performing duty along the left bank of the Araxes, and I was alluding to the regular corps at St. Petersburg, belonging to the Imperial Guard.

Mr. James received a characteristic welcome from Sir C. Napier, whom he found sitting on a high desk-stool. "Ah!" said he, "I know your brother well; only had one fault to find with him, and that was when he married—never you marry, and you'll make a soldier—a soldier ought never to marry; but, never mind, dine with me at three to-day; I am busy now, goodbye." Thus introduced, Mr. James went forward upon an excursion to the Himalayas, partly for pleasure, partly for health. Being a keen sportsman and a spirited and energetic man, he found many adventures sufficiently amusing to justify their being committed to print. He took an active part with Major Edwards in the siege of Mooltan, of which he has given us the most graphic account yet published. His style, which is somewhat coarse, but vigorous withal, will be best shown by extracts. Here is a sketch of

#### WILD SPORTS AT DARJEELING.

Those who have never frequented mountainous districts can have little idea of the fatigue attending the descent of a cud, aggravated not a little by the stinging nettles, the thick stems of which, the size of a man's arm, bristling with prickles, inflict terrible punishment, if unluckily a false step or sudden jerk send them in your face. Raspberry bushes, creepers, and the prickly cane impede the hunter's progress considerably, besides disfiguring his personal attractions. I fancy I hear the reader exclaim, with a sneer: "And this is what you denominate Indian sport!" "Bide ye yet," is the reply. "Ah! my friend—I told you so—look at yonder cave; take care, here she comes," and true enough out rushes a noble female bear, betraying by her vivacity the possession of two or three cubs. One barrel is fired, another follows its example, the rifle then discharges its contents. If all be unsuccessful, it is a regular "case." Down charges the old bear, head over heels, or "all of a heap," as the saying goes, and then knives come into play. Reader, once and for all, if you wish to shoot a bear, do not pitch your tent some three miles from the station, in order to be within reach of luxuries; no, for once in a way, let the blue firmament of heaven, or the clouds, be your only canopy for a day or two; never mind marring the beauty of your physiognomy by bramble scratches, or falling down a hole; for rest assured that, with patience and a little skill, the above is the only way to shoot hill bears. From the commencement of the rains, when the "Terai" is mostly under water, tigers take up their quarters at the foot of the hills; but, owing to the malaria arising from the jungles, Europeans never venture to attack them in their insalubrious haunts. The natives, however, urged on by pecuniary motives, set snares for them, and, by taking the skins to the superintendent's office, receive for the same five rupees, a sum much under that obtained in Scinde, where thirty rupees are bestowed as a reward for killing a tiger. A native rarely enters the lists in personal combat with these animals, but prefers the less dangerous mode of capture by stratagem. A favourite method, and one which seldom fails of success, is to plant sharp poisoned arrows, in a sloping direction, amidst the long grass and shrubs. A number of men then draw themselves up in a line, and with shrill, unearthly noises, accompanied by the unceasing "tom-tom," commence beating the jungles. The frightened animals rush headlong through the bushes, until a concealed arrow pierces their flesh; the poison, being of a very deadly nature, soon takes effect, and after wandering about for a few minutes, the wounded creature drops down dead. Deer also

are frequently snared in this manner. Many of the residents during the cold months leave Darjeeling, with its frosts and snows, to enjoy a huntsman's life at the base of the mountains. Bullfrogs and buffaloes are always grazing in the Terai; so that tigers at all events have no cause to complain of the paucity of prey. The Terai abounds with every species of game, whilst fishermen can enjoy their peculiarly English pastime, either with or without the fly. This is rarely employed with success in the Bengal rivers, as the fish seldom rise to an artificial bait. In some of the hill streams noble specimens of trout leap over falls and rocks with wonderful agility.

#### Now for

#### FISHING IN UPPER SCINDE.

Few of the fish caught in this river are worth eating; they possess little flavour, and an inconvenient quantity of bones. The "pullah," or Indian salmon, however, amply compensates for the poorer species; but even this delicious fish loses half its value, on account of its osseous nature, so that a ravenous epicure should be careful how he devours the tit bits, tantalising though it may be. Some have not the patience to separate the bones from the meat, but collect the roes and fabricate them into a variety of palatable dishes. A roe curry, such as Bombay people alone can make, is a perfect luxury, and worthy of being placed on a regal table. The singular method employed in catching these fish may amuse the reader. The adventurous fisherman's boat consists of a large earthenware pot, capable of containing eight or ten gallons, having at one end an orifice about four inches in diameter, which of course is uppermost when launched. Over this hole the fisherman horizontally places his stomach, so as to prevent the water from entering the vessel; his legs are free, dangling in the stream, and are converted into paddles for either steering or propelling the boat. The net, which is made of very fine though strong material, assumes a triangular shape, and is attached to a long bamboo stick. Notwithstanding the velocity of the current, the fisherman boldly launches out into the very centre of the river, when, dropping his net into the water, and firmly seizing the bamboo with both hands, he carefully commences his avocation. Often and often have I anxiously watched the operations of these men, and trembled for their safety, on beholding them whirling round and round in the numerous eddies they so frequently encountered. Yet, strange to say, accidents seldom if ever occurred. So light are these frail barks, that when enough fish have been captured the owner makes for the shore, and without any apparent exertion lifts the boat upon his head, and in this fashion proceeds homewards.

#### This was

#### THE FIRST PEEP OF THE HIMALAYAS.

Those who are anxious to behold the noblest efforts of nature should visit the Himalayah mountains. The grandeur of the scenery, diversified as grand, baffles description; and scarcely a spot in the world can surpass in beauty this glorious range. The loftiest flights of imagination must fall short of the exquisitely beautiful view of the snowy mountains from Darjeeling. For some days after my arrival the weather continued so cloudy, that the perpetual fogs, and hazy state of the atmosphere, prevented me from obtaining even a glimpse of the snow-clad peaks. One morning, however, during the course of a pedestrian excursion, just after turning a sharp angle, the whole of the snowy range burst suddenly into view. At first I could scarcely believe my senses; but thought the awfully grand panorama thus stretched before me must be the work of imagination; the chimera of a feverish, or sickly constitution. For a long time I stood gazing up and along the stupendous icy barrier; and when retracing my homeward steps, kept continually turning round to obtain another look at the splendid prospect. Until lately the height of the Himalayahs was a disputed point; some asserting that none of the peaks reached a higher elevation than that of Dewalghurhy, 27,000 feet above the level of the sea. But Mr. Smart, attached to the survey department, has within the last few months returned from accompanying Captain Sherwell's expedition, and very kindly placed at my disposal some tables relative to the altitude of the higher mountains round Darjeeling. On referring to these, it appears that the loftiest peak seen from the Sanatorium, and denominated by the natives Kunchinginger, is 28,176 feet, or upwards of five miles above the level of the sea. To describe, or even to give any idea of this majestic peak, whose towering heights pierce the clouds, is altogether beyond my power. It seems a fit emblem of the pure road which leads to heaven. At about the height of 18,000 or 20,000 feet commence the regions of perpetual snow, so that a huge mass of some 8000 feet, consisting, it is supposed, of nothing but frozen snow and hard rock, towers above its neighbours.

#### Let us return to

#### MOOLTAN AFTER THE SIEGE.

On entering the shattered city, now sadly deserted, whilst the streets were miserably filthy, one could not help feeling for the wretched inhabitants who had been obliged to remain within the walls. Aged men with long grey beards, lads in the prime of life, together with a few women, were weltering in their



crimson gore; whilst some of the bodies lay buried in the deep mud that had collected and been suffered to remain in the streets. Most of the deceased owed their untimely fate to our shells. But to describe such heart-rending scenes of bitter anguish can afford no pleasure to the reader. Wives and mothers, the very pictures of unutterable woe, were struggling through the slimy mud in search of their husbands or other near relations. The ghastly corpses were already denuded of all clothing, and with wide gaping wounds presented a most appalling spectacle. Horses, donkeys, and camels crawled along or sunk on the ground to die where they fell, their carcasses filling the air with a horrible effluvia. In many of the houses, particularly those of two or three stories, several of Moolraj's soldiers met their death; too late to escape out of the town, the poor fellows barricaded the doors, and, entertaining the idea that the victors would offer no quarter, fought with desperation to the last. Here and there, in some less frequented locality, a pariah dog might be seen feasting upon a human corpse; and, being disturbed from his horrid meal, would reluctantly retreat to a short distance, and then with gory fangs and blood-shot eyes kept up a low snarling growl until his amovements had departed, or the dog himself received a bullet in his loathsome carcass—the latter mode of stopping its mouth being generally adopted if a European perceived the creature at his disgusting repast. No spectacle shocks the feelings of a civilised man more than that of witnessing one of his fellow-creatures being devoured by an animal. The buildings were in a sadly dilapidated state; many were uninhabitable, and few indeed remained unscathed from the murderous effects of our shells. For a short time after the capture of the city nearly all the tradespeople deserted their business; however, the generous forbearance of the troops soon restored confidence amongst those who had been hardly enough to reside in their houses during the siege. Long before the termination of the war those inhabitants who had quitted the city in alarm returned to Mooltan, and carried on business as if nothing had interrupted them. Dr. Cole established a hospital for all who felt disposed to seek his aid; the wounded prisoners gladly availed themselves of this kindness; and the nourishment, combined with his skill, soon relieved most of the sufferers. In fact, too much praise cannot be bestowed upon our charitable doctor, who strove his utmost to relieve the agony of his patients, no matter whether friend or foe. The prize agents now commenced seeking after and collecting treasure, or whatever valuable property fortune spread in their way; but they did not reap such a profitable harvest as was expected. The wealthier inhabitants, who had escaped from the city ere it fell into the hands of the besiegers, either carried away their property with them, or buried it in some secure place of concealment that defied all chances of discovery. Occasionally a "ready-made mine," as the European soldiers termed a hidden box of gold, would be dug up. Silks and satins were collected, besides a variety of other articles, including a quantity of brass utensils. Manifest were the localities wherein the people concealed their treasure; some would insert 3000 or 4000 rupees in a hole, neatly excavated in the wall of their house; others preferred throwing their money down a well. In fact, to describe all, or even nearly half, of the places devised for the concealment of property, would occupy a whole book.

## WAR POLITICS.

*Solutions de la Question d'Orient* ("Solutions of the Eastern Question.") By EMILE DE GIRARDIN. Paris.

*La Question d'Orient devant l'Europe* ("The Eastern Question before Europe.") By M. A. UBICINI. Paris: Dentu.

*Recueil des Documents et d'autres Pièces historiques, pour le plupart secrets et inédits, utile à consulter dans le crise actuelle* ("Collection of Documents and Historical Statements, chiefly secret and hitherto unpublished, useful for reference at the present crisis.") Paris: Pagnerre.

*De Commerce de la Mer Noire, au point de vue de la Question d'Orient* ("The Commerce of the Black Sea, in connection with the Eastern Question.") By ALEXANDRE BONNEAU. Paris.

How to check the progress of Russia, menacing equally to the honour and the security of Western Europe, is necessarily the first consideration presented to every writer upon the subject. M. E. de Girardin is never destitute of intellectual resources; but ever prepared to solve the most knotty questions, social and political, in an incredibly brief space of time. He can remodel, with the same celerity, the organisation of a republic or an empire; and his talents, it is said, are appreciated by the highest authority in France, whose acts he supports upon all important occasions, reserving a right to quibble upon

minor points, that might escape the discernment of ordinary minds.

At the present crisis, says M. de Girardin, France and England are alone to act; Prussia is condemned at all events to neutrality; and Austria, which should have been the buckler of Europe against the Muscovites, strikes on their side at the independence and liberty of nations. England is summoned to the rescue, in the name of her true interests; and the French are reminded of the declaration fulminated in 1828 by the *St. Petersburg Journal*, to the effect that through Constantinople Russia would march on France.

M. Proudhon is the author of a celebrated work entitled "The System of Contradictions," in which, with a power of analysis and vigour unparalleled, he proves satisfactorily that everything in existence possesses a right side and a wrong. M. Girardin's solutions form no exception to the general rule; they contain many suggestions that deserve attention, undoubted evidence of mental ability, and unmistakable traces of moral confusion. His book is admirable when treating of past errors and future need, but weak in the proposition of immediate remedies.

To the present moment, the author writes, "the integrity of the Ottoman Empire" has been simply a diplomatic falsehood—a snare for Turkey and for Europe. "Diplomacy, navigating without a compass, wanders, the sport of events; it has no principle, and no longer a policy." M. Girardin rapidly sketches a summary of the negotiations and treaties concluded with the Porte from the year 1774 to 1840. Turkey, during that period, remained a steady and faithful ally in her relations with England, France, and Austria; yet she was abandoned in 1756, 1774, 1792, 1812, 1829, and unjustly attacked in 1664, 1669, and 1828. She has been encouraged and not assisted, feebly served, and almost invariably delivered without defence to the power of her enemy.

The author's solution consists in the operation, by the interference of France and England, of a revolution in the internal affairs of the Ottoman Empire. We cannot enter into the details, which present, as we before observed, a compound of strength and weakness; although Girardin complacently arrives at the conclusion that both the Turkish government and the population would gratefully assent to these proposals. It is always much more easy and agreeable to set in order (theoretically) our neighbour's house, than (practically) our own. If Russia disapproves—

Then the two parts of the situation will be clear; and neither Austria, Prussia, nor Russia, will have cause to complain, if Italy, Hungary, Poland, or, in other terms, all the oppressed nationalities, invoke the disinterested concurrence of England and France, and obtain it openly, not under the disloyal, indirect, and disguised form of revolutions encouraged, but under the form, loyal, direct, and effective, of armed assistance.

*La Question d'Orient devant l'Europe*, is a collection of all the official documents having reference to the points at issue between Russia and Turkey, and the volume includes an exposition of the question of the Holy Places. The student of cotemporary history will not fail to be edified by the ingenuity at least of the pretexts put forth by Russia, sometimes in the spirit of Pan-Slavism, and sometimes in the spirit of orthodoxy, to justify her claim to universal domination. M. Ubicini's name will be remembered as the author of an extremely interesting work, *Lettres sur la Turquie*, in which the internal state of the empire is well described.

The *Recueil des Documents* affords a very curious insight into the history of Russian diplomacy, especially with regard to the intrigues and religious motives for interference which preceded the partition of Poland. For example, Catherine announced the truth that "liberty of conscience is a divine right, and interests every citizen;" the Czars are fond of fulminating similar truths in other people's dominions, as compensation for their habit of suppressing them at home. The Empress, inspired by this sublime sentiment, declared that she could place no limits to the protection offered to the dissenting Poles in Poland without injury to her own dignity! On the 20th of April 1766 she announced to the Polish Diet, by the mouth of her ambassador the Prince de Repnine, her programme of the protectorate she intended to assume on behalf of the non-united Greeks and dissidents in the kingdom. The dissertation is sufficiently diffuse; but we extract a single characteristic passage.

The prolonged denial of justice to the claims of the dissenters inevitably releases them from any obligation towards a society in whose advantages they have no share; and its continuance will constitute them a community of men perfectly free, and entitled, without violating any human or divine law, to choose among their neighbours judges between them and their equals—neighbours whose alliance they are at liberty to seek, if by no other means they can escape persecution.

A singular commentary on the Czarina's text, liberty of conscience under Russian protection, is contained in a petition from the United Greeks of the province of Usacz, who, in the year 1835, complained of the modes employed by a commission deputed to operate their conversion to the orthodox faith. The commission, it appears, proceeded from words to blows, striking the heads of the most obdurate heretics, and their teeth also, till they bled, tearing their hair, putting some in prison, and sending others into banishment. We cannot multiply examples: their application is obvious.

It is difficult to find in any single work a correct and impartial account of the internal resources of the Russian empire. They are generally over or under-stated, according to the passions or fears of the writer; and it is only by the careful comparison of statements, and consideration of facts, we are enabled to obtain a just idea of this important subject. The history of the commerce of the Black Sea, traced from the earliest periods, constitutes an instructive sketch, from which we select some interesting passages.

## COMMERCIAL POLICY OF RUSSIA IN RELATION TO THE BLACK SEA.

Russia has no design to extend her conquests towards the west. The Czar rules about a seventh part of the habitable earth; he is not impelled by the ridiculous passion of aggrandisement, or urged by the madness of conquest. His object is a commercial one. He has already realised the dream of Rome; he desires now to accomplish that of Carthage, and appropriate the commerce of the world. This is the ambition which attracts the Czars to Constantinople. No state indeed, in a commercial point of view, possesses a topographical position comparable to that of Russia. This immense empire, bathed on the north by the Ocean, on the east by the Behring Straits, which separate it from America, on the south-east by the Aral and the Caspian, on the south, by the Black Sea—which extends to China, touches Bucharia, Turkistan, Persia, and Armenia—watered by the largest rivers and lakes in Europe, which may be united by innumerable canals. . . . Peter perceived to what point of prosperity Russia might one day be elevated by commerce. "Embracing at a glance," said Balbi, "the lakes of Ladoga, Onega, Ilmen, and Bielo-Ozero (White Lake), with all the waters that supply them, and the principal tributaries of the great rivers, which are not far from the basins, he conceived the idea of uniting, by means of canals, not only their respective hydraulic systems, but also to effect their communication with other rivers belonging to other systems entirely different." His successors continued this gigantic work so vigorously, that Russia at present profits by the most extensive system of canalisation in Europe. Communications long since opened by the interior navigation exist between the Baltic, the White Sea, the Black Sea, and the Caspian. The commerce of Russia has proportionably developed, as also the different branches of industry.

To render Russia powerful as a commercial state was the great object of Peter and his successors. The Czar remembered that the Black Sea had long been the centre of the richest commerce of the world, and he desired to restore the stream of wealth to its old channel. A chart is preserved in the archives of St. Petersburg, on which Peter had traced a plan of communication between the Black Sea and the Caspian.

To accomplish such a project required the conquest of Turkey, and Peter originated the gorgeous dream. The Ottoman Empire had entered the period of its decline. The Christian populations subject to the Porte manifested a disposition to revolt; and it was believed in Europe that the conqueror of Charles XII. could with ease overturn the Crescent. "The time," said Voltaire, who compiled his work from official sources, "the time seemed to have arrived for rising upon the ruins of Turkey." . . . "Peter," continues the same writer in another place, "long considered the project of ruling on the Caspian, and of causing to pass through his states the commerce of Persia and part of India." The policy of Russia from the time of Peter the Great is perfectly described in these two passages.

The possession of the Caspian and Aral, with the adjacent countries, formed a necessary part of the Czar's scheme. In 1695 Russia did not possess a single port on the Black Sea. Peter,

advancing from preparatory attempts, resolutely attacked Turkey; and in 1711 commenced a conflict inaugurated and maintained to the present moment by violence and fraud. For thirty-seven years after his death in 1725, the grand project received no further development. The genius of Catherine gave a new impulse to Muscovite ambition. She surrounded the frontiers of Russia on all sides with a network of intrigue, and openly avowed her intention to reconstruct an Eastern Empire under the sceptre of her grandson, who was named Constantine in anticipation of his future destiny and the fall of the Ottoman power. In the year 1768 the Turks, justly alarmed by the influence the Czarina had obtained in Poland, demanded the withdrawal of her troops from that unfortunate country; a war ensued on her refusal; and Voltaire encouraged his imperial patroness to "drive the barbarians into Asia." The consequences were disastrous; the treaty of Kainardji, in 1774, gave Russia the freedom of the Black Sea, an entrance to the Dardanelles, an important accession of territory, an indemnity for war expenses; and Turkey was also compelled to acknowledge the independence of the Crimea.

Whilst Catherine thus prepared the way on the south of her Empire, she had accomplished the first dismemberment of Poland, in concert with Austria and Prussia. This great crime scarcely excited the attention of the other European powers. The Czarina, strong in their inertia and their blindness, meditated still vaster projects, and aspired to replace the cross upon the dome of St. Sophia.

The Crimea was the next prey; and it was not difficult to discover or seize a pretext for marching 60,000 troops into the dominions of the Khan, for his protection. The Prince abdicated in favour of his disinterested ally, who, it is said, omitted soon to pay the stipulated pension of 800,000 roubles to the deposed Khan. Three words at Cherson were engraved by order of Potemkin on the monument recording the Czarina's triumph—*The Way to Byzantium*. Through the mediation of France a treaty was concluded at Constantinople in 1784, by which the possession of the Crimea and other territories were guaranteed to Russia.

In 1787 the Porte perceived at length that treaties and engagements were the sport, and not the barriers, of Russian ambition. Turkey declared war; and her existence at that period appeared seriously menaced. Catherine had entertained with Joseph, Emperor of Germany, secret conferences, whose purpose had transpired notwithstanding every precaution. The design was to expel the Turks from Europe, and establish a Greek Empire in favour of the Grand Duke Constantine. Russia endeavoured, at the same time, to arouse Moldavia and Wallachia; she urged the Greeks to revolt, and held covert communication with the Mamelukes of Egypt. She therefore commenced hostilities. Fortune favoured the Russians, excited by religious fanaticism, and proud of being the heroes of what they termed a holy war and a new crusade. Catherine offered France the possession of Egypt as the price of her co-operation. During these negotiations the Russian army continued its victorious march. Potemkin raised the important place Ochakov, at the mouth of the Dnieper, after a horrible massacre which destroyed 25,000 persons, Dec. 6, 1788. The Sultan Abdoul Hamid died four months afterwards, and the young Selim III., his successor, continued the war with greater firmness than happiness. The Russians marched from triumph to triumph, and in 1790 Suvarow, after an obstinate defence, took the town of Ismail, where the Turks had concentrated all their means of resistance. There, as at all were massacred without pity, and of a garrison of 40,000 Mussulmans scarcely a man escaped to carry to Constantinople the news of this disaster. So great a step made Europe tremble. Sweden declared against Catherine; Prussia put an army in the field; and England, which began to comprehend more clearly the policy of Russia, equipped a formidable fleet, which was destined for the Baltic. "As your Government appears desirous to chase me from St. Petersburg," said Catherine proudly to the English ambassador, "I hope at least it will permit me to retire to Constantinople." The Russian army indeed marched towards that capital; but the attitude of Europe alarmed the Czarina; even Austria abandoned her; she checked the advance of her troops, and signed with Turkey the treaty of Jassy 1792, which deprived the latter power of the country included between the Bug and the Dniester. The Dniester was assigned to mark the limit between the two empires. The Porte recognised the sovereignty of Russia over Georgia and the neighbouring cantons, and confirmed the ancient privileges of Moldavia and Wallachia.

#### COMMERCE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND CHINA.

The Czars neglected no efforts to create commercial relations between their states and China. The first Russian embassy sent into that country dates in the year 1656. It was organised by the Governor of

Tobolsk, and had no other result than to point out the road. Subsequently associations of Russians and Bucharians were formed to cultivate commercial intercourse with the Celestial Empire, and in 1670 a huge caravan left Tobolsk for Pekin, where it arrived without difficulty; and from that time caravans followed with tolerable regularity.

The encroachments of Russia, the jealousy of the Chinese, occasioned frequent interruption in the course of these transactions. A quarrel occurred in 1684, concluded by the peace of Nertschinsk in 1691. Two years afterwards a Russian embassy obtained fresh privileges on behalf of the merchants, who were authorised to send annually to Pekin a caravan not exceeding 200 men. For twenty years a profitable trade ensued; but the excesses of the Russians again disquieted the Chinese Government, which in 1722 finally interdicted their entrance into the Celestial Empire.

But the commercial transactions between China and Russia had then acquired too much importance to be interrupted. A treaty, signed in 1727 by the two Governments, appointed a place on the frontier, where the merchants of the two countries might effect their exchanges. Kiakta on the Russian, and Zoukoutai on the Chinese frontier, were chosen, and, to the present day, on these points are operated all their commercial negotiations. In the reign of Catherine, the value of this double exchange was estimated at twenty millions of francs, the Russian exportations at ten millions. This commerce has continually progressed; and in 1850 the Russians exported to China merchandise to the value of twenty-eight millions of francs. To manifest the importance of the commerce of Russia with the different Asiatic countries, it is sufficient to say that she imports by the Caspian merchandise to the value of eight millions of francs, to which may be added ten millions to represent the products she receives by land from the Turkish and Persian provinces; that she purchases Chinese products to the value of one hundred and sixteen millions; draws seventy-six millions from Bucharia and Tartary; and that her exportations by land in Asia amount to one hundred and seventy millions of francs. This commerce, already so important, would increase in gigantic proportion if Russia could attain the end she proposes; and it then would be easy for her, without injury to her northern provinces, to attract into the Black Sea the greatest quantity of Asiatic commodities. Russia, to fix the basis of her commercial power, seeks to extend on every side, like an immense polytop, her thousand arms over the Oriental world. At the same time she labours to naturalise in her provinces all the branches of western industry, and has made in this respect also a real and apparent progress too little appreciated in Europe.

#### DEVELOPMENT OF THE INTERNAL RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.

The Czars, profiting by the various climates which prevail throughout the empire, attempt to introduce every description of culture. They have no colonies for the cultivation of the sugar cane; but the governments of Orak and Saratof are covered with immense plantations of beet root. Their southern provinces furnish corn to a part of the west, and the exportation of cereals in 1850 amounted to 19,208,187 pounds. The north produces a prodigious quantity of flax and hemp; cotton is cultivated in Georgia, and the countries taken from Persia; the merino sheep are spread by thousands towards the Baltic, around Moscow, and on the shores of the Black sea. Silk is produced in the southern provinces; the gold mines of Asiatic Russia are the most productive in the world, and furnish annually to the treasury a hundred millions of francs of fine gold. The Czars conceived the thought of dispensing one day with the vines of France, and the Crimea is now covered with excellent vines. At the spectacle of this rapid and powerful development of Russian activity, we are struck with astonishment and apprehension; for the genius which has given and gives the impulse to this great movement of Oriental Slavism is the implacable adversary of liberal institutions, and every tendency towards religious and political emancipation. A nation that elevates itself, progresses and enlarges, is entitled to our respect and sympathy. But in Russia it is not the people who are elevated, but the autocracy. Russia, mistress of the Black Sea and the Straits, evidently would exercise over Europe the most dangerous influence. Unassailable in the Black Sea, transferred into an immense arsenal, she might, choosing the hour and the moment, constantly profit by our embarrassments to impose her will. The Czar, reusciating the ancient commerce of the Black Sea, would create for his own advantage a monopoly weighing upon all the southern and western nations of Europe. Heavy duties would necessarily be imposed on the products of our industry to protect those of Russia unable to sustain the competition. The produce of Asia would reach us loaded with charges; for the system of Russia, reflecting the despotic constitution of the Government, is remarkable for its tendency to increase the pressure of taxation. Thus, in 1844 the revenue of the customs formed nearly a third of the total receipts of

the treasury. Europe, which has carried so far the development of its industry and its commerce, and established as a principle the liberty of the seas, cannot exert too much energy in opposing the projects of the Czar, which, directed towards Constantinople, threaten at the same time our moral and material interests.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*England and Russia: comprising the Voyages of John Tradescant the elder, Sir Hugh Willoughby, Richard Chancellor, Nelson, and others, to the White Sea, &c.* By Dr. J. HAMEL. Translated by JOHN STUDDY LEIGH, F.R.G.S. London: Bentley.

*Letters of an American, mainly on Russia and Revolution.* Edited by WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. London: Chapman and Hall.

*Turkey Past and Present: its History, Topography, and Resources.* By J. R. MORELL, Author of "Russia as it is." London: Routledge.

*The Caucasus.* By IVAN GOLOVIN. London: Trübner and Co.; and T. F. A. Day.

*The Nations of Russia and Turkey and their Destiny.* By IVAN GOLOVIN. Part II. London: Trübner and Co. New York: John Wiley.

*Kossuth: in Six Chapters.* By a HUNGARIAN. London: Robert Hardwicke.

Dr. Hamel's book is a compilation of records, historical, descriptive, and scientific, connected with the earliest intercourse between England and Russia, derived chiefly from English sources, and interspersed with remarks and statements loosely scattered, but curiously developing the former state of the country, and the consistently aggressive policy of the Czars, from the earliest period when they commenced to assume a rank beside European sovereigns. The author's style is diffuse, and contains matter that might have been rearranged and condensed with advantage. Yet from old stores of print and manuscript a volume is produced, containing much that in its English dress will be new to the general reader and interesting to the student.

The early commercial intercourse between Russia and Europe was long monopolised by the Hanseatic towns, whose factories, from the year 1276, existed at Novogorod and Pleschof. The discovery of Archangel in 1553 opened a new channel to British maritime trade, hitherto considerably restricted, and a correspondence between the sovereigns of England and Russia commenced at this period chiefly in reference to mercantile affairs. A short time previously the "Muscovy regions" were a *terra incognita* to the Western States.

Dr. Hamel, alluding to the events of the year 1503, quotes a passage in which, by a curious coincidence, the Muscovites make their first appearance in company with the Turks.

In the first year of the reign of Henry the Eighth, in 1510, a *bal costumi* was given in the Parliament Hall, at Westminster, at which the King himself appeared in Turkish costume; but Henry Stafford, at that time just created Earl of Wiltshire, and the Baron Fitzwalter, afterwards Viscount and Earl of Sussex, presented themselves in Russian dresses, with caps of grey cloth "in two long gomes of yellowe satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of whyte was a bend of cremson satin, after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of greye on their heles, either of them having an hatchet in their handes and bootes with pykes turned up."

The juxtaposition was not then dangerous; the Porte was not then compelled to seek aid from the Western powers to curb the ambition of her rising foe—

In November 1553, when Chancellor visited the Dwina for the first time, Jenkinson was at Aleppo. We are indebted to him for an interesting description of the powerful army which the Sultan was then leading against Persia, to make war upon the Shah. Of a thousand pages clad in gold cloth, one-half carried arquebuses, and the others Turkish bows and quivers of arrows. "After the Great Turk followed six young ladies, mounted upon fine white hacknies, every one of them having two eunuchs on each side, and little bowes in their handes."

Yet a little later, when Elizabeth had appointed John Merrick agent at Moscow, it is related:—

In March of the same, and in January of the following year (1597), the Queen exculpated herself to Godomoff from the calumnious accusations which the Pope and the Emperor had transmitted to the Czar, as to her having rendered assistance to the Sultan, to the prejudice of the Christian world.

Accident conducted the first English vessel to



the Russian coast. In 1553 three ships had been carefully fitted out under the direction of a company entitled "The Mystery, Company, and Fellowship of Merchant Adventurers, for the discovery of unknown Lands." Their destination was India and China, then called Cathay, and by the Russians still, Kitai; their object, to realise the idea of Cabot, and, sailing northward round Norway, find a strait similar to the Strait of Magellan, intending by this route to compete with Portugal and Spain. Sir Hugh Willoughby was chief, and Richard Chancellor second leader of the expedition; and the three vessels weighed anchor at Deptford on the 11th of May 1553.

Sir Hugh Willoughby, with two ships, the *Bona Esperanza*, and *Bona Confidentia*, sailed to the north, and reached as far as the 72nd degree of latitude, to the coast of Spitzbergen. Forced to take refuge in the bay of the river Arzina, in Russian Lapland, Sir Hugh and the crews were frozen to death, having no protection from the inclement weather.

The *Edward Bonaventura*, commanded by Richard Chancellor, had been separated from the two vessels by a heavy storm in the North Sea. More fortunate than her companions, she entered the White Sea, and Chancellor landed near the mouth of the Dwina, at a bay called by him the Bay of St. Nicholas. Provided with an open letter from Edward VI., several copies of which had been furnished to the expedition, addressed to the rulers of any countries they might chance to visit, he proceeded from a convent near the port of Archangel to Moscow, and was admitted to an audience with the Czar. The result of his negotiations was the establishment by Queen Mary, in 1558, of a Russian company. Ivan Vassilovitch granted to the merchants of this incorporated society exclusive privileges and liberty of trade in any part of his dominions, unburdened by duties of export or import. Returning to England, after another voyage to Russia, in 1556, the *Edward Bonaventura* and the two ships, which had been brought with fresh crews from the Bay of Nokajeff, were lost. With Richard Chancellor perished the first Russian merchants bound for the British shore, and the ambassador, Nepeja, alone miraculously escaped. The elements refused to bless this new alliance—or was the incident prophetic that, from the wreck of our relations with Russia should survive nothing but diplomacy. It is singular that Dr. Hamel, writing in 1846, should suggest 1853 as an appropriate period to commemorate, by a jubilee of the two nations, the three hundredth anniversary of their first encounter.

The charter of privileges accorded by the Czar Ivan Vassilovitch, and numerous letters from Elizabeth, are preserved in the Archives at Moscow; the greater number are published in Hakluyt's Voyages. No nation beside the English, and no persons unconnected with the Russian Company, were allowed to trade in Russia. The company flourished in Ivan's reign, and planted colonies in various parts of the empire, on lands assigned for that purpose. The profits of this commerce must have been considerable; for it is stated that Hudson, who was head of the English factory at Moscow about the year 1562, sold goods for 13,644, which had cost him but 6608*l.*—a profit of more than 200 per cent. The conquest of the Tartars of Casan and Astracan had extended the Russian dominions to the Caspian Sea, and established a communication with the Persians and Bucharians. The English company obtained a patent for this trade also, and several merchants passed through Moscow to the countries beyond the Caspian. Under successive Czars the exclusive privileges of the company were abolished, and even the trade itself threatened with annihilation. The English were eventually admitted upon the footing of other nations, and allowed to pursue their traffic in the Muscovite dominions on payment of export and import duties. Archangel continued to be the only port for Russian commerce, till the building of St. Petersburg transferred it from the White Sea to the Baltic.

There are some curious passages in the correspondence of the Czar and the Maiden Queen. It has been a disputed point whether or not Ivan Vassilovitch offered his hand to Elizabeth; Camden asserts that he only proposed a divorce from one of his wives then living—he married seven times—for the accomplishment of a union with Lady Mary Hastings; the records of this negotiation, closed by the death of Ivan, are amongst the archives. Yet probably Ivan had once contemplated a strengthening of the political by a

matrimonial alliance with Elizabeth. A learned physician, Dr. Bomel, is said to have "deluded the Emperor, making him believe the Queen of England was young, and that it was very favourable for him to marry her." The wretched Bomel, whose astrological pretensions had procured him favour with the Czar, was afterwards accused of conspiring on behalf of the Kings of Poland and Sweden. "The Emperor sent word they should roast him," and he accordingly was roasted, but not before the public. He quickly died in a dungeon after the close of the barbarous punishment.

Ivan desired to enter into a treaty of friendship with Elizabeth, of which the following were the principal articles:—1. That each should reciprocally be kind to the friends and hostile to the enemies of the other. 2. There was a particular stipulation that Elizabeth should not become friends with the King of Poland. 3. That instructors in the art of ship-building and navigation, "masters which can make shippes and sayle them," might come to Russia, and artillery and warlike stores be sent from England. The most remarkable was a secret clause, to be ratified by oath, assuring to the sovereign of either country an asylum in the other, in case disturbances should arise in their own dominions. Sigismund, King of Poland, endeavoured to obstruct these ominous communications, and sent Elizabeth several letters of remonstrance, complaining that Russia was receiving materials and instruction in the art of war from England. "Owing to the navigation thus recently opened," wrote Sigismund, on the 3rd March 1568, "we see the Muscovite, who is not only the temporary enemy of our kingdom, but the hereditary one of all free nations, well instructed and armed."

The Czar, however, was not always content with the replies of Elizabeth, who confined her attention almost exclusively to the commercial question. The document containing the treaty, dated May 18, 1570, is preserved in the Archives at Moscow. In a letter signed in presence of her secret council, the Queen assures Ivan that "he would be very well received in England with his consort and dear children;" but it appears she had declined taking the proposed oath, observing that an intimation of the possibility of her seeking an asylum in Russia would displease her subjects. Ivan was dissatisfied because Elizabeth had not agreed to all the clauses of the treaty originally proposed. In a dispatch of the 24th May 1570, the Czar angrily withdrew the privileges previously allowed to English merchants.

In 1571 we find Elizabeth complaining that the Czar had entirely, without grounds, confiscated the whole of the property of the English in Russia. She requested the renewal of the charter, and begged to acquaint his grace "that no merchants do govern our state and affairs, but that we ourselves preside over the dispatch of business as it behoves a virgin and a Queen, appointed by the great and good God." The Queen's explanations mollified the Czar, and the privileges of the company were renewed.

The child is father of the man; Dr. Hamel mentions anecdotes and circumstances which prove a tolerably striking resemblance between Russia of to-day and Russia 300 years ago:—the eagerness of the Government to procure the aid of foreign talent and foreign artisans, and absence of scruple with regard to the means of obtaining them; the superstition of the people, illustrated by the story of a captain who secretly offered a mess of oatmeal and butter to propitiate a rock he had to pass. Travellers too, in that day, told strange tales of the interior life of Russia. Hans Jordan, in 1526, "imposed on Herberstein the absurd story" that Muscovite wives regarded the blows they received from their husbands as a proof of love. "Jordan," says Herberstein, "told me himself that his wife loved him much more than she did before, because he had beaten her."

We hear of the laughing philosopher and of the crying philosopher. No philosopher was ever much under the influence of either emotion. To laugh at human infirmities is not human, much less is it wise; to weep at what is irremediable is folly; to weep at what is remediable is worse.

This admirable aphorism, truly wise, truly moral, and applicable equally to man in the active and contemplative mood, we extract from the *Letters of an American*, edited by the veteran Walter Savage Landor. Full of vivacity, full of spirit, full of youthful republicanism, the reader accustomed to the respectable order of publica-

tions and compilations, which soberly and with credit accompany the present sober and creditable war, may be refreshed by their perusal not solely on account of the old name on the title-page. We will not anticipate his entertainment.

*Turkey Past and Present* is a new production from a prolific pen. Mr. Morell writes with a purpose, and communicates to the reader his own interest in the subject he treats—a task not so easy in a little book crowded with matter. The author combines three excellent qualities in writing: clearness, conciseness, and the art of placing facts in a striking point of view for the development of character. His sketch describes the internal life, the moral, material, and intellectual resources of the Turks.

*The Caucasus* is an interesting book, and contains interesting information. The historical and descriptive portions are varied by the introduction of tales and extracts from Russian authors—M. Golovin understanding the effect of blending truth with fiction. One of these episodes, a "Farewell to the Caspian," by the Russian martyr Bestoujef, is strikingly beautiful, but too long for insertion. It breathes the pining, restless, and imprisoned spirit of the Muscovite mind, in the fervour of its ambition, the feeling of its wrongs, the fever of its revolt, that great volcano whose smothered fire may one day burst in flame over the ruins of Europe; for we have yet scarcely turned the first page of Russian history. "The English do not relish the notion of having the Russians for neighbours" (in India), writes Golovin, with a kind of natural exultation. "But is it in their power to prevent it?" Not unless they assert a moral influence in Europe as "the generous defenders of liberty," is the author's answer to his own question.

#### PROGRESS OF RUSSIA.

Russia has, silently and unperceived by Europe, extended her power in the East. Whilst the English were only discovering Archangel, the Czar Ivan made the conquest of Astrakhan. Louis XIV., by calling the Russian Czar Prince of Cabadin, was not aware that he mutilated the word Kabadah. Peter I. settled on the Caspian Sea, with the view of opening a road to India, long before England began to suspect the strength of the Russian Colossus. In fact, the designs of that monarch are fully revealed by his will, by which he urges his descendants to aim at the conquest of the world. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether Catherine II. would have been able to seize upon the Crimea, had she not been supported by Joseph II., and by the hatred which then existed in Europe against the Mussulmans. It was only after the partition of Poland that the European Powers began to see clearly into the designs of Russia. Louis XV. was heard to say, "That he would have given his last carriage to prevent the accomplishment of that iniquity." But France was too far removed from Russia; and so she was in 1830.

So much, however, is Russia nearer France. M. Golovin assumes that the conquest of Circassia will be accomplished, notwithstanding "the heroic deeds of populations which magnificently teach all oppressed nations how to fight and struggle for national independence;" because England, "disregarding the warning of enlightened politicians, has recognised the right of Russia to blockade the eastern coast of the Black Sea."

M. Golovin writes clever books; he also possesses a power to keep the reader in suspense as to the meaning he designs to convey. Nothing can be more distinct than his bold sharply-turned sentences, except the neutralising shock of the sentence that follows. Nothing can equal his disgust at the tyranny of the Czar's Government, except that inspired by the enemies who oppose the advance of the Russian power. Thus, although he condemns the Circassian war, he exaggerates the prospect of its success, and demolishes the arguments brought forward in England to prove its illegality. These he declares have no weight with persons who have impartially examined the question under its different aspects. With regard to the treaty in 1829, he affirms that the Ottomans, although not "suzerains of Circassia, yet were its protectors," and had therefore a right to abandon the sea-shore to Russia—an odd version of the duties of a protectorate.

M. Golovin considers the war in Circassia "neither more nor less just than that of the French against the Arabs, and that of the English against the Caffres," and finds that the "heroes" he has admired so recently are, after all, a race of plunderers and slave dealers. On this, as on many subjects, M. Golovin concludes there is much to be said on both sides—and perhaps the non-orthodox arguments are the

most convincing. We will not, however, enter upon that hopeless labour, an analysis of opinions, but devote our limited space to a brief extract from the author's picture of the scene of war at the Caucasus:—

#### CIRCASSIAN WARFARE.

The Circassians never leave the corpses of their brothers on the field of battle, or in the hands of the enemy. They prefer to give up victory rather than abandon their dead, and they come to demand them of the Russians. One day General Raieffski, who commanded on the right flank, restored them their fallen countrymen, saying, "That he did not wage war against the dead." The Circassians answered, that "They prayed to God he would not leave his body without burial, if he ever fell in battle." The Russians also carry off their dead, when they can do it. The Cossacks especially show themselves scrupulous in paying the last duties to their brothers killed in the fight.

The retreat, embarrassed with the wounded and the prisoners, is always difficult, and beset with hardships. In general the march of the army is more harassing than fighting itself. Moreover, fever and dysentery ravage the Russian army, to the extent of carrying off 20,000 men annually. When is, then, an end to be put to the war? The aouls just subdued rebel as soon as the Russians have withdrawn, or the Murids come there. Peace, say the Russian military men, cannot be obtained unless all the inhabitants are slaughtered. That measure has always been rejected by the Russian Government, which plumes itself on its humanity; but which shows so little concern for the chronic effusion of blood, caused by this protracted war.

We noticed at some length the first part of M. Golovin's work, *The Nations of Russia and Turkey*—a description historical, statistical, and illustrative of the numerous races composing and subject to those powers. M. Golovin is liberal, but the liberalism of Young Russia is not that of the West, and, with much information, many warnings are scattered through these pages.

The author asserts, "to create perplexity ought sometimes to be the aim of political men." Perhaps for that reason his decisions are not invariably final. In the first of these volumes he pronounced a constitutional Government inappropriate for Russia and Poland; in the present, he draws the project of a Muscovite constitution, observing, as encouragement, "Russia has given a constitution to Poland." We thought, on the contrary, she had annihilated one. "Nations die like individuals," writes M. Golovin, "and the absorption of smaller nationalities by larger is doubtless the goal to which mankind are irresistibly advancing." This is the most subversive of revolutionary ideas: read, the appropriation of the weak by the strong, the swallowing up of the minority by the majority, and we shall understand its sense; but M. Golovin does not always weigh carefully his expressions. He states:—

Historians are obliged to admit the superiority of the conquering to the conquered race. Therefore I have no doubt that the Turks are more worthy than the Bulgarians, the Servians, and the Greeks, whom they subdued; and, indeed, we hear very little of wars between the Mahometans, who are truly more united than the Christians.

The writer forgets that the most energetic period of Mohammedan history presents a series of sanguinary contentions, political and religious disputes, ending in the disruption of the Saracen Empire. The wars between the Turks and Persians assumed a religious character, and were by turns cause and effect of bitter sectarian persecutions. Orthodox Turks pronounced the act of killing a single heretic follower of Ali more meritorious than the extermination of forty Christians. The Wahabites, in their victorious progress, permitted the Christians they placed under tribute to preserve their lives and faith; but Mahomedans subdued were compelled to adopt the practices of these reformers of Islam, or suffer death.

M. Golovin's book contains an excellent chapter entitled "The War," including facts and remarks that well deserve attention. The chapter on "Russian Literature since the time of Pushkin" confirms the statements we have already presented to our readers. "Byronism," remarks M. Golovin, an exception in English literature, is "the general feature of superior minds in Russia. I have just now," he adds, "a Russian poem before me, so full of despair, there seemed nothing for the author to do but to destroy himself." All the heroes of Lermontof are "personifications of the idea expressed by Prince Viazemsky in his verse, 'He was in haste to feel, in haste to live.'"

The following anecdotes illustrate the character of Muscovite despotism:—

#### THE CZAR'S RESPECT FOR ART.

The iron palisades of the summer-garden are universally celebrated. An eccentric Englishman went to St. Petersburg for no other purpose but to see these palisades, and, after having looked at them for a few minutes, left the town. The suspension bridge close to the summer-garden, and the Anitchkin bridge, both on the Fontanka, deserve notice as well. The latter of these bridges is ornamented with the statues of four horses, which at the time when they were erected, were honoured with a salutation of some miserable verses, to the effect that four beasts had been exhibited to the astonishment of Europe. The Emperor Nicholas answered them by an order to the chief of the police, saying, also in wretched verse, that they should seek for the fifth beast (the author), and whip it, so as to mark it like a map of Europe. But happily the author was never found.

#### MUSCOVITE MILITARY "ORDER."

We have spoken of the Russian Commissariat, as the greatest plague of the Russian army. In the Turkish war, the soldiers remained whole weeks without food, and 60,000 horses died for want of hay. Even the arms are of the worst kind; the non-commissioned officers in the cavalry have alone swords that would cut, the common men being obliged to break the shoulders of the enemy with their sabres, in which way many of the Turks were wounded. The muskets of the infantry are generally spoilt by the frequent use of the ramrod in cleaning them. Still the whole war of 1828 was carried on because the Russian Commissioners would not give in their accounts. As an instance of the blind obedience of the Russian soldiers, may serve the following anecdote. Standing before a besieged fortress a recruit said to an old soldier: "Uncle, isn't the fortress a very strong one?" "Very strong indeed." "It is not to be taken." "Oh no!" "But if ordered to take it?" "If ordered, we shall take it." There is a gulf between the Russian officers and the common soldiers, the former all being noblemen. Twenty-four years of service, had bread, being earned almost every day, three farthings a day for pay, is all the Russian soldiers have to look forward to, and all his reward for braving death. The French army owes its victories to every soldier "wearing a Marshal's staff on his back." The Russian soldier, even after twenty-four years of service, cannot become an officer unless he knows how to read and write; though even to such, some encouragement should be given. The following episode of the Revolutionary War in Hungary may furnish an example. A Magyar hussar had his head split in two, and lay in an inn as dead. Neither sprinkling his face with water nor any other means could bring him to himself. Suddenly the trumpet resounded for a charge, the hussar got up, bound up his head with a handkerchief, jumped into the saddle, and being convinced that he should die, he made a dreadful carnage among the enemy. General Bem observed him, and after the battle addressed him as an officer. "Pardon me, General, I cannot, I do not know how to read and write." "Well then, what would you like to have?" "The officer's pay would satisfy me!" "Well, you have it, and a gold sword-knob too." The hussar lived, and when he had to go on guard, the sergeant politely requested him to go on guard. How different the conduct of Nicholas in the Turkish war of 1828, when he went to a military hospital. A soldier dreadfully wounded was shown to him; he turned away from him with disgust, and said: "Give him the Order of St. George." The dying man answered: "Rather let your Imperial Majesty set up a wooden cross for me." The Russian soldiers willingly go to death, to escape a worse life.

#### Cæsar, morituri te salutant!

Kossuth, the pamphlet in six chapters, is a vehement attack upon the Hungarian chief—too vehement to be free from suspicion of partiality. It is true M. Kossuth wanted many qualities indispensable to the leader of a nation; his character was deficient in solidity and consistency; his views, in penetration; his conduct, in firmness and principle; but neither he nor any human being possessed the power ascribed to him by this earnest advocate of Austria—the power of exciting to revolt a prosperous people. The faults of M. Kossuth are as nothing in comparison with the least crimes—if there are degrees in crime—committed by a Government which never kept faith with subject, friend, or foe; which by system fomented jealousies and procured dissension amongst every class in its dominions, and replied to the explosion of its own intrigues by the bombardment of three capitals.

Governments, like individuals, must be judged by their acts; and it would require something more than the assertions of "a Hungarian" before the English people placed reliance on the promises, or were excited to sympathy with the policy, of Austria.

*The Greek and Latin Churches: Russia and Turkey. An Historical Retrospect.* By THOMAS FOWKES. London: Whittaker and Co.

*Autocracy in Poland and Russia; or, a Description of Russian Misrule in Poland, and an Account of the Surveillance of Russian Spies at Home and Abroad, including the experience of an Exile.* By JULIAN ALLEN. New York: John Wiley, London: Trübner and Co.

THE pamphlet entitled *The Greek and Latin Churches* contains the substance of a lecture recently delivered upon the ecclesiastical and political events which have stirred and distracted the nations of the East and West, in connection with the rival Churches. It is an account compiled from sources of acknowledged authenticity, well arranged, well written, and presenting in moderate compass a clear outline of an important subject.

The *Autocracy in Poland and Russia* is an unpretending volume; the simplicity of the style, the temperate language, the plain statement of circumstances occurring under the author's personal observation, inspire conviction of the truthfulness of his detail. Implicated in the premature and unfortunate revolutionary movements of 1844, M. Allen found an asylum in America; and from thence he sends his testimony with regard to the state in which he left his native country. The work is significant at the present moment. On the eve of a European crisis, Poland, instinctively obedient to her old historic bias, pleads the identity of her interests with those of the Western Powers—drawing a logical conclusion that the attitude assumed by France and England in opposition to Russia implies reversal of the act by which the common enemy has virtually been placed in possession of Europe. However diplomatists may shuffle away realities under figures of speech, the Polish question is not worn out. A nation cannot die, cannot cease to act, whilst the population by which it was constituted continues to exist. The name of a powerful state may be effaced from the map; but the fertile country whose produce would suffice to supply the wants of Europe, stands where it stood. The 22,000,000 who were a barrier against aggression from the North and East, although overpowered by a threefold strength, are not bound hand and foot; they are a great force still acting, if not for us, against us. The question is reduced to this, whether the only people of the vast Slavonian family bound to the Western alliance by sympathy, interest, and historic tradition, shall be rescued to fight our battles as they have fought the battles of Europe in other days, or be abandoned to swell the armies of the foe. Poland still stretches her hands towards us, perhaps for the last time: the nation whose heroic names are the most brilliant in the annals of Europe, whose bravest soldiers shared the triumphs and followed the fortunes of Napoleon, whose representatives have been conspicuous on every field where freedom has struggled against despotism—may be destined sooner than we imagine to become the soul, as she is now the slave, of military Russia. There are Poles who, sick of hope deferred, reject the traditions of their youth, and turn for refuge to Pan Slavism and the Czar. There are Poles ready to pour a bitter libation from the dregs of the cup they have been made to drink: their last appeal is to the sword; their last hope, the utter subversion of the present order of societies. They are not of us; we neither applaud nor condemn; but we know the danger of these tenets, and their immediate effect to the profit of the Czar. Poland is more necessary to the Western powers than they are to Poland; and it may be that the cause of a generation of martyrs, who have trusted us and been deceived, may find avengers even amongst those of their countrymen whose efforts and principles they combated for our sakes so faithfully and so long.

Nicholas, writes Mr. Allen, was crowned Emperor of Russia in 1826; and again in 1828 was crowned King of Poland at Warsaw.

He was desirous of avoiding the last-mentioned ceremony, that he might not be required to assume the responsibility of the constitution which guaranteed to Poland the privileges avowed by Alexander.

A systematic oppression, that weighed equally upon all classes of the people, provoked the insurrection of 1830. It is characteristic of Muscovite rule, and the grievances of which Poland had to complain, that one of the first acts of the revolutionary leaders was the arrest of about 300 spies, remorseless agents of an atrocious government; characteristic, too, was the conduct of the Poles in the first moments of successful resistance.

As morning approached and the quiet of the city



was somewhat restored, the patriots gathered in the long street, to advise as to measures for the coming day, and to consider the manner in which the nation should be appealed to. In the address they recounted the cruelties of Government, and the gradual demoralisation of the people under the tyrannical exactions imposed upon them, urging the imperative necessity of a revolution in order to preserve any degree of national honour. They besought the people to be of one mind—to unite their efforts in the holy cause; but on no account ever to do violence to humanity, by perpetrating deeds of cruelty. "Dear brethren," they said, "let no one have a right to accuse us of cruelty. May the sanctity of our cause never be polluted by barbarous passions. Having a single end in view—national freedom and justice—may we prove lions in battle, mild and indulgent to defenceless foes and repentant apostates! Let us forget private rancour and selfish interest—children of one mother, our dear Poland—let us save her from ruin." The people manifested their enthusiasm by repeated shouts of "Poland for ever!" They swore to defend her cause, and never to yield unless death put an end to their struggle. They then knelt before the Almighty, to return thanks for their signal deliverance, and pray that His mercies might be continued. The scene was one of overpowering interest. An immense concourse of people bowed upon their knees, whilst the glare of street fires shed a lurid and fitful light over the uplifted countenances; these people, surrounded by perils, yet sending up the offerings of trusting thankful hearts to the Great Dispenser of justice—it was a sight that might be placed in the moral records of sublimity. . . . Poland was free, for a little time Poland was free! Alas! that it was of short duration. The prelude of the struggle I have recounted; it were needless to follow in succession the vicissitudes of that memorable contest, in which might prevailed over right, and the power of the oppressor again raised the standard of despotism. The force ordered against Poland was, at least, 200,000 men, and some 300 pieces of cannon; and to this she could only oppose some 32,000 infantry, about 13,200 cavalry, and ninety-six pieces of cannon.

A French paper, *La Presse*, lately reproduced some interesting extracts from an article published in a Polish journal, dated Lisbon, Feb. 1834, written and signed by General Bem, who subsequently bore so large a part in the events he foretold. The applicability to actual circumstances of remarks made twenty years ago induce us to translate a striking passage. Bem controverted the idea that France was too far removed to lend effectual assistance to the Polish insurrection.

#### FRANCE AND POLAND.

We have demonstrated, first, that the co-operation of Turkey, and a slight assistance on the side of Lithuania, would have turned the balance in our favour; secondly, that, if the French Government, in fear of war, had not tendered promises of intervention, we should have depended on our own strength, and, acting with vigour, should have triumphed; thirdly, that, even without any assistance, and notwithstanding the loss of time caused by the hope of intervention, the Polish cause would still have been victorious had Prussia been forced to guard a strict neutrality. . . . We are, however, far from believing that the loss of Poland entered into the political views of the cabinet of the Tuileries, which probably did not feel its power, and was circumvented by Russian diplomacy. It believed in the protestations of the Court of St. Petersburg. The French Government did not suppose the generosity of the Autocrat would transport into Asia a part of the nation; that the property of those who had fought for a holy cause would be delivered to the Russians; that the Poles would be compelled to accept the bread of misery impregnated with every kind of humiliation; that Poland would be exposed to the most iniquitous oppression, her language and her religion persecuted, her schools closed, her museums and libraries despoiled, her children carried away! God grant that Russia may never more impose on France and England. These two powers must be aware at length that the cabinet of St. Petersburg is prodigal of promises when about to strike a decisive blow, and respects none when her designs are accomplished. She knows they will not dare pursue her to her snows and deserts. How terrible the destiny awaiting civilised Europe if, after the destruction of Poland, the Russian Government succeeds in absorbing the two great states she has now in view, Turkey and India.

*The Military Achievements of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, contrasted with those of Alexander, Pyrrhus, &c. By a Peninsular and Waterloo Officer.* 2 vols. London: Hope and Co.

To prove that the Duke of Wellington was indisputably the greatest military commander, either in ancient or modern times, is the avowed object of the "Peninsular and Waterloo Officer." Contrasting the Duke's achievements with those

of the most famous of the world's captains, from Cyrus to Napoleon, he arrives at the conclusion that he was the only perfect master of military science amongst them all. This opinion, which is evidently most sincerely entertained by the writer, is plausibly supported by a reference to the numerous instances in which the skill and caution of Wellington enabled him to obtain advantages unparalleled in the history of warfare, even when opposed by the ablest commanders, and by troops numerically superior to his own. No one can doubt that the hero of Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo possessed military abilities of the very highest order. But the "Peninsular and Waterloo Officer" goes a step further than we care to accompany him. When, to exalt the merits of his idol, he denies to nearly all other commanders the possession of superior military talent, we cannot but feel that he is deficient in judgment and discernment, and that his notions are too narrow and superficial to suit our taste.

We have in these volumes, in fact, a practical exemplification of the truth of the old proverb that "comparisons are odious;" especially when attempts are made to compare together men and events that have really nothing in common. Thus in contrasting the achievements of Gelon of Syracuse with those of Wellington, the "Peninsular and Waterloo Officer" discovers the following marked resemblances in their fortunes:—

At the close of the campaign Gelon, on his return to Syracuse, was received by the inhabitants with every demonstration of joy and gratitude; the Duke of Wellington, on his return from the Peninsula, was greeted with the enthusiastic acclamations of his grateful countrymen. In a full assembly of the people, Gelon was proclaimed king; the Duke of Wellington was congratulated on his first appearance in the House of Peers on his having attained to all the dignities of the peerage which the Crown could bestow. The Syracusans erected a statue to their victorious chief before his death; of the Duke, in his lifetime, two equestrian statues were finished and placed in commanding positions in the metropolis, and others in Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c.

And much more to the same effect; especial reference being made to the fact that the Syracusans mourned over the death of Gelon, and the Duke went down to his grave lamented by all classes of Englishmen!

Our Peninsular Officer is more in his element, and appeals to the true sympathies of his English readers, when he contrasts the bravery displayed by the British troops in the Peninsula with the far-famed valour of the Spartan band which perished at Thermopylae. Deeds of heroism, worthy of Rome or Sparta, have been displayed on modern battle-fields by the English private soldier. Take the following incidents which occurred at the battle of Maya, 25th July 1813—"an action designated by the great hero now no more as one of the most gallant fought during the Peninsula contest":—

Private John Brooke was struck on the throat by a musket-ball, but, the ball being turned aside by his stock, he refused to go to the rear, and so did private William Dougald, though he had been hit by three half-spent balls on the same thigh. Private William Bisket of the same company, being shot through the thigh, proceeded to the rear; but, turning round when about 200 yards from his friends, and seeing them still contending against numbers ten times their own, he returned, and on being asked why he had done so replied, "To have another shot at the rascals before I leave you." Poor fellow! he fired once, and was on the point of doing so again, when another ball passed through his arm, compelling him to retire a second time, amid the regrets of his admiring countrymen. Now, mark the result. An action appearing inevitable, all men not able to keep up with their companies were ordered on the morning of the 30th July to be sent to the rear. Brooke's throat being so much inflamed that he could not speak, and Dougald so lame that he walked with great pain, were, with Hugh Johnston, a servant, ordered to proceed to the baggage. Dougald positively refused, saying he would die first; the other two left the bivouac. The regiment being called upon two hours after to take part in the business of the day, Dougald, though unable to keep up with it, kept it in view till it arrived at the first position assigned it, when, being halted for a few minutes, he overtook his friends. In a few minutes more the regiment was warmly engaged. Dougald forgot his wounds; and Brooke and Johnston, who were supposed to be far out of reach of danger, appeared in their usual places in the ranks of the company. Gallant fellows! ere a quarter of an hour had expired, Dougald was stretched lifeless on the bed of honour; and immediately thereafter Brooke, who most singularly was shot through the neck, the ball entering at the same spot struck by the ball on the 25th; and Hugh

Johnston was mortally wounded. And in regard to W. Bisket, his arm being amputated, he fevored, and a few weeks after followed to—

"The Land of the dead!"

those gallant members of his corps, who ever since that memorable period have soundly reposed on the heights of Maya and La-Zaza.

We shall not attempt to follow our author through all his historical parallels and comparisons. It is sufficient to state that he contrasts the military character of Wellington with that of Alexander, of Hannibal, of Julius Caesar, and other great captains, and, with little hesitation, awards to the illustrious Englishman the palm of superiority. Such questions, however, cannot be settled by dogmatic assertion, and we have neither space nor inclination at present to enter upon the discussion of them. The task of comparing the great men of one age with the great men of another is obviously one of considerable difficulty and delicacy. A vast variety of circumstances must be taken into consideration before we can expect to arrive at any safe conclusion; and in passing a flippant, off-hand opinion, great absurdities are oftentimes committed and grave injustice done.

Though the "Peninsular Officer" is well versed in military affairs, he is no great adept in the art of literary composition. Still his work will be read with interest, both on account of the varied information which it contains, and the intelligent spirit that pervades it. In many instances he presents us with vivid descriptions of scenes in which he was himself an actor; and of these one of the most remarkable was the far-famed field of Vittoria, of which he gives the following spirit-stirring account:—

Proceeding onward on our important journey, we arrive at Vittoria, the scene of the most magnificent of all Wellington's battles, particularly when viewed from that part of the position on which our brigade was posted—the heights of Puebla. Let a man fancy himself on the summit of a high hill, looking down upon a plain some miles in extent, covered with nearly 150,000 soldiers of the first nations in Europe, and 300 pieces of artillery vomiting fire and death in every direction, and thousands of the infantry pointing their deadly weapons at each other—the space between the belligerents barely permitting their doing so without crossing the muzzles of their pieces; and he will have some faint idea of what passed on the plains of Vittoria, and be able to paint in imagination a few of the extraordinary and exciting scenes to which we were witnesses—scenes which to the latest moment of my existence will never be obliterated from my memory. From the commencement of the battle (ten o'clock) till half-past twelve, the French in our immediate front on the heights made three several attempts to wrest them from us; but seeing, at the latter hour, that the grand struggle for supremacy was about to take place in the centre, they desisted from all offensive operations, save to tickle our ears occasionally with a rifle-ball or two when any of our heads became visible to them. For being on higher ground than our opponents, my own commanding officer, who had succeeded to the command of the troops on the heights, ordered all officers and men to lie down, and keep their persons out of the view of the French in their front, that no unnecessary casualties might occur. This order none of us relished, the grand attack in the centre being about to be made. Taking advantage of the colonel walking a few paces to the rear, I made a similar movement to the front; but I had scarcely squatted, before my kind French friends favoured me with a few of their pellets, which, passing over me, their music roused the ire of my chief to such a pitch, that he angrily exclaimed, "Who is it that is again drawing the enemy's fire on us?" Half tempted to leave my hiding-place and confess my error, and yet anxious to witness the result of the grand *mêlée* in the centre, I remained, in hopes that the French would, as far as regarded myself, "cease their funning," and that our brigadier would forget the matter—watching with unbounded delight the progress of the struggle, not altogether unmixed with some degree of anxiety, it being evident, from the close and desperate nature of the attack and defence, that the conflict could not be of long duration. But my anxiety was soon relieved, by seeing the enemy, in little more than a quarter of an hour, turning to the rightabout, and walking off towards Vittoria. Being the only person in the regiment who could then see how matters were proceeding, I started up, and, at the full extent of my voice, cried, "They run! the victory is ours!" and the glorious news being received with the reiterated cheers of the whole, the colonel, thinking the enemy were about to renew their attack, came hurriedly towards us; but on being undeceived as to the true cause of the cheers he favoured me with a severe reprimand—first for disobedience of orders, and then for exposing myself unnecessarily to the fire of the enemy. But who, under similar circumstances, would not have run all risks of reprimands and bullets to have witnessed so splendid a sight?

With this glowing reminiscence of one of the hardest fought battle-fields of modern times, we shall take leave of our military friend, whose work is by no means an unimportant contribution to the martial literature of these fighting times.

MR. JOHN HUGHES, of Stationers'-hall-court, has published a sixpenny coloured *Map of the Baltic Sea and adjacent Coast*. It measures 10 in. by 14 in., appears to be accurate, and is encased in a cover that renders it portable and suitable to the pocket.

### GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

MR. GILFILLAN is about to publish another "Gallery of Literary Portraits." It is to be brought down to the present time, and will include Gerald Massey and Stanyan Bigge. Arrangements are in progress for the publication of the correspondence of the late Daniel Webster, in two volumes, uniform with Little and Brown's edition of Mr. Webster's speeches, under the editorial supervision of his son, Mr. Fletcher Webster.—The Religious Tract Society is at present advertising a series of tracts which they state are written *bona fide* by working men and women in their hours of leisure.—Lamartine has sold a history of Turkey, from his pen, to the proprietors of a Paris daily newspaper for 4,800*l.* sterling.—M. Thiers is occupying his leisure in writing his book on Italy and the Five Acts in the Sixteenth Century.—Madame George Sand's "History of Her Life" is about to be published in one of the principal Paris newspapers. It is to fill altogether five volumes. The newspaper proprietors esteem its popularity so highly that they have paid Madame Sand 4000*l.* for the copyright.—The Rev. A. P. Stanley, the author of the "Life of Arnold," has been appointed one of Prince Albert's chaplains.—Thomas K. Hervey, the late editor of the *Athenaeum*, was born in 1814 on the banks of the Cart, near Paisley. He resided (says the *Commonwealth*) in Manchester from his earliest infancy, and was educated for the bar. His poems appeared under the title of the "Poetical Sketch-book," and their merit was largely acknowledged. He is also author of the "Book for Christmas," while his wife is known as a delightful writer of fiction.—America has started a candidate for the honours of Junius. A Mr. Frederic Griffin, in a book called "Junius Discovered," sets up Governor Pownall as the proper man, on evidence which the reviewer pronounces a failure.—Mr. David Blair, of Melbourne, whose lecture on Alexander Smith we recently alluded to, was lately a sub-editor of the *Argus*, but he is now employed as secretary to the Victoria Liquor Law League—a total abstinence society, of which Mr. Langlands, late of Dundee is president.—The *Northern Standard* states that the subscription for the monument to Professor Wilson progresses most favourably. The subscriptions already exceed 900*l.* The sum required is about 1400*l.*—From a statement published by Mr. Routledge, it would appear that the sale of the cheap edition of Lytton Bulwer's novels has been gradually decreasing. Of *Polham*, the first published, the number sold was 35,000; *Paul Clifford*, 27,000; *Eugene Aram*, 27,000; *Rienzi*, 23,000; *Last Days of Pompeii*, 23,000; *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 18,500; *Last of the Barons*, 18,000; and *Ernest Maltravers*, 18,000; the sales thus growing gradually less, though, of course, the last issued had been the shortest time in the market. It is believed that the sales of the cheap edition of Waverley have also fallen below the expectations of the publishers.—Mr. James Hannay writes to the *Dumfries Courier* as follows:—"In the article which you have been good enough to devote to my new book, 'Satire and Satirists,' you let fall a conjectural remark on the subject of my appearing to belong to the 'Jerrold School,' which calls for a slight explanation at my hands. I have, indeed, for some years enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Jerrold, and testified to the literary merit of his writings. But I have no pretensions to rank as a disciple of his school. Mr. Jerrold is the editor of a journal of Radical principles; while I have the honour of professing myself to be a Conservative—one of the followers of that new Toryism described by *Blackwood*.

Professor Maurice, of King's College, delivered a lecture on Saturday at the Mechanics' Institute, Leeds. The subject was "Shakspeare's Historical Plays."—In consequence of the great influx of advertisements since the abolition of the duty, the publishers of the *Times* have found it necessary to raise their charges ten per cent., which will probably compensate for the loss caused by the advance in the price of paper.—The expense incurred in taking the census of Great Britain in 1851 was 125,487*l.*, or not quite 1*½*d. per head.—Amongst the curiosities to be transmitted from India to the Great Exhibition in Paris next year, is a carpet of ivory. It is 20 feet long by 6 feet broad, and made of long strips of ivory, plaited like matting. The price fixed upon it is 300*l.*—The Geographical Society have received information of the arrival of Dr. Livingston, at Cassange, in the interior of the province of Angola, having traversed with the most insignificant resources the whole of the interior from the Cape of Good Hope,

whence he set out on his journey.—The local committee appointed to revive the ancient custom of Dumfrow have received a communication from Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, to the effect, that he will gladly present a fitch of bacon to any one couple who may claim it next summer, and who can justify their title to the prize. He will also be happy to contribute five guineas towards the expenses of the entertainment on the occasion, which he feels certain will be well carried out.—The Lords of the Treasury have directed that the weight allowed for publications bearing newspaper stamps, but not being strictly newspapers, which are permitted to pass through the post under the newspaper privilege, be limited to three ounces. The paper is to be so folded as to expose the stamp to view; and there is not to be any outside wrapper, with the exception of a loose cover for the address.

Dr. Schiff, of Frankfort, read a paper lately to the French Academy, in which he professes to have discovered the mystery of spirit-rapping. His attention was called to the case of a young girl near whose person noises attributed to the spirit-rappers were produced. Dr. Schiff's observations led him to conclude that the knocking had taken place within the body of this young girl, not outside; and he has shown experimentally that such noises can be produced by the reiterated displacement of the tendons of the long muscle of the shin-bone (*muscle long peronier*) from the sheath in which it glides in passing behind the external ancle-bone (*mallole externe*).—In a letter from Chamounix, given in the *Savoy Gazette*, we read:—"A new ascent of Mont Blanc has just taken place, having been accomplished by Mr. Blackwell, a young Englishman, twenty-two years of age. During the ascent, Mr. Blackwell observed a rather singular phenomenon. In the night of the 10th, after eleven o'clock, a guide having come out from the cabin of the Grands Mulets, saw the ridges of this mountain cluster all on fire. He immediately communicated what he had observed to his companions, who all wished to assure themselves of the fact, and they then saw that, through the electricity generated by the tempest, all the rocks of the Grands Mulets were illuminated. They found the same phenomenon on their own persons. When they raised their arms, their fingers became phosphorescent.—The *Athenaeum* in King's Lynn, projected some years ago by a few local residents, and just completed at a cost of about 7000*l.* (Lord Stanley having subscribed 1000*l.* for the purchase of books), was opened last week, in the presence of a large number of influential inhabitants. The building comprises a music-hall, museum, news-room, class-rooms, &c. A library will be opened for the working classes at a nominal subscription, the corporation contributing 50*l.* a year to its maintenance, and another annual grant of a like amount to the *Athenaeum* generally.—A meeting of the subscribers to the Lawson Observatory, was held in Room No. 30, of the Exchange, Nottingham, on Thursday, for the purpose of receiving the report of the committee, and considering what further steps should be taken, owing to the withdrawal by Parliament of the proposed grant of 2000*l.* The report proposed the carrying out the objects of the Observatory, by acting independently of the Government. This recommendation was opposed by Mr. Denison, M.P., who complained that the secretary's letter convening the meeting, had stated that it had been determined to give up the project, and return the subscriptions; yet they then came forward with a proposition directly opposite. Earl Manvers concurred with Mr. Denison, and moved that the money be returned to the subscribers, which was seconded by Mr. Alderman Bukin. The Rev. J. Griffiths, M.A., moved an amendment, that the committee be instructed to revise their report, and to call an early meeting of the subscribers. The amendment was carried, and the meeting then separated, after a vote of thanks to the chairman.

### OBITUARY.

CUBITT, Frances Maria, relict of the Rev. B. Cubitt, and sister of the late Henry Kirke White, on the 21st ult. at Stoley-house, Norfolk.  
DESMOISEUX, M., at Paris, one of the old actors of the *Théâtre Français*.  
LANGLOIS, Mons. S. A., at Paris, member of the Academy, who succeeded M. Caussin de Perceval in 1835.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Allister's (E.) *Relief in Special Providence*, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*  
Arnold's School Class: Horace, with English Notes, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*  
Barrett's (Rev. A.) *Little Arthur's Latin Primer*, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*  
Beale's (L. J.) *Health, Disease, and Longevity*, 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*  
Bonet's (Rev. B.) *Art in the House*, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*  
Boyle's (G.) *Difficulties of the French Language Explained*, 3*s.* 6*d.*  
Boyle's (G.) *German Handwriting, How to be Learned*, 1*s.* 3*d.*  
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Chalmers's Educational Course: Architectural Drawing, 3 Books, 2*s.* each.  
Convent (The) and the Manse, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*  
Cyclopedia of Sacred Poetical Quotations, edited by H. G. Adams, 6*s.*  
Dendy's (W. C.) *Book of the Nursery*, 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*  
Dendy's (W. C.) *Delicacies of Dietetics peculiar to Sculp*, 12*s.* 6*d.*  
Diprose's *Funny Book*, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*  
Engineer's and Contractor's Pocket-book, 1854-5, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*  
Female Visitor to the Poor, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*  
Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio, second series, 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*  
Flower's (Rev. W. B.) *History of Scotland*, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*  
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Gold, a Story for the Times, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

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Gurney's (J. J.) *Journal*, Select Extracts from, 4to. 3*s.* 6*d.*  
Hannay's (J.) *Sand and Shiela*, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*  
Harding's *Guide and Companion to "Lessons on Art"*, 12*s.* 6*d.*  
Harvey's (W.) *Ear in Health and Disease*, 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*  
Heathcote's (The), by J. F. Cooper, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*  
Hildreth's (H.) *Despotism in America*, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*  
Household Words, Vol. 9, royal 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*  
Illustrated Magazine of Art, &c. Vol. III. Imp. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*  
Kaye's *Nine Charges* delivered to Clergy of Lincoln, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*  
Knox's (Dr.) *Fish and Fishing in Glens of Scotland*, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*  
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Lardner's (Dr.) *Museum of Science and Art*, Vol. III. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*  
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Mayhew's (E.) *Dogs, their Management*, &c. post 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*  
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Moore's (J. C.) *Complete Cyclopedia of Music*, royal 8vo. 2*s.*  
Mulligan's *Grammatical Structure of English Language*, abridg. 3*s.*  
Nat. Illustr. Lib.: Rabbe and Duncan's *Hist. of Russia*, Vol. II. 2*s.* 6*d.*  
New Pocket Dutch Dictionary, 18mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*  
Ogilby's (W.) *Course of Practical Chemistry*, post 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*  
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A PORTABLE AND CHEAP EYE-BATH.—A closer intercourse with our continental friends has resulted in the exchange of many useful appliances in the arts and medicine; and, among our gains in the latter, is the local use of cold water (mediated or otherwise), and in particular its application to the eye. Heretofore the apparatus employed as an eye-bath was far from being complete, owing to complexity or cumbersiveness. Within the last few days it has been our pleasure to examine and to employ the simplest and most efficient of all eye douches, manufactured by Mr. W. T. Cooper, chemist, Oxford-street, under the direction of Mr. Haynes Watton, surgeon to one of our ophthalmic hospitals. It is without valves—very simple and portable. A caoutchouc tube is used instead of a metal pipe. It gives an uninterrupted stream of several jets for ten minutes at a time. Respective of the actual treatment of disease, those who have to employ their eyes continually over minute work, as well as those engaged in reading, writing, or designing, will derive the utmost advantage from its employment.

MARYLEBONE FREE LIBRARY, 27, GLOUCESTER-PLACE, NEW-ROAD.—The following were among the books issued to readers at this institution in the past six months, and were delivered out the number of times specified in each instance:—*London Journal*, 910; *Illustrated London News*, 698; *Arabian Nights*, 561; *Chambers's Journal*, 475; *Robinson Crusoe*, 310; *Bleak House*, 291; *Oliver Twist*, 225; *Valentine Vox*, 242; *Nicholas Nickleby*, 190; *Wild Sports of the West*, 183; *Macaulay's History of England*, 178; *Don Quixote*, 177; *Half Hours with the Best Authors*, 170; *Pendennis*, 156; *Shakspeare*, 152; *Barnaby Rudge*, 155; *Bourrienne's Napoleon*, 150; *Southey's Life of Nelson*, 150; *Thiers's French Revolution*, 147; *Penny Cyclopaedia*, 153; *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 147; *Chambers's Miscellany*, 145; *Naval and Military Sketch-book*, 144; *Paul Clifford*, 140; *David Copperfield*, 139; *Grote's History of Greece*, 137; *Goldsmith's Animated Nature*, 136; *Jack Hinton*, 128; *Collection of Travels*, 126; *Ivanhoe*, 125; *Pelham*, 115; *Thorp's Yule-Tide Stories*, 119; *Old Curiosity Shop*, 113; *Tom Burke*, 112; *Scott's Pirate*, 110; *Rob Roy*, 105; *Shipwrecks of the Royal Navy*, 101; *Layard's Nineveh*, 95; *Hume and Smollett*, 91; *Byron's Poems*, 98; *Fireside Journal*, 86; *Working Man's Friend*, 78; *Martin Chuzzlewit*, 77; *Strickland's Queens of England*, 67; *Colonies of Australia*, 77; *Handbook of London*, 63; *Bancroft's America*, 62; *McClulloch's Geographical Dictionary*, 59; *Waverley*, 57; *Boswell's Johnson*, 54; *My Novel*, 53; *Caxtons*, 58; *Rudiments of Painting*, 56; *Russell's Modern Europe*, 50; *Turner's Chemistry*, 45; *Life of Wellington*, 42; *Gulliver's Travels*, 42; *Goldsmith's Greece*, 40; *Chaucer*, 39; *Humboldt's Cosmos*, 39; *Bacon's Essays*, 33; *Lardner's Steam Engine*, 30; *Hood's Poems*, 30.

CRUIKSHANK'S BOTTLE.—The author of these popular illustrations sent 15,000 copies of them to America, and paid a duty upon them to the United States Government of twenty-six pounds. One or two New York publishers got hold of copies and made transfers from them, and thus brought out cheap editions of their own. In consequence of this the 15,000 copies were obliged to be sold for mere waste paper, and the artist not only received no profit, but suffered considerable loss, although the enormous sale of the work in America must have given the publishers there a large return.

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